

# THE



# SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

## THE PASCHAL SEQUENCE

CHRIST the Lord is risen today,  
Christians, haste your vows to pay.  
Offer ye your praises now,  
At the Paschal Vision where,  
For the sheep the Lamb has died,  
Smilest in the sinner's eye.  
Christ the Lord is risen on high,  
Now He lives, no more to die.

Christ, the name wonderful,  
Man to God hath reconciled,  
When in strange and awful state  
Met together Death and Life,  
Christians, on this happy day,  
Haste with joy your vows to pay.  
Christ the Lord is risen on high,  
Now He lives, no more to die.

SONG OF THE ANGELS  
Sing ye, ye angels of God,  
Sing ye, ye angels of God,  
Sing ye, ye angels of God,  
Sing ye, ye angels of God,  
Sing ye, ye angels of God,  
Sing ye, ye angels of God,  
Sing ye, ye angels of God,  
Sing ye, ye angels of God,  
Sing ye, ye angels of God,  
Sing ye, ye angels of God,

SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS  
Sing ye, ye shepherds of God,  
Sing ye, ye shepherds of God,  
Sing ye, ye shepherds of God,  
Sing ye, ye shepherds of God,  
Sing ye, ye shepherds of God,  
Sing ye, ye shepherds of God,  
Sing ye, ye shepherds of God,  
Sing ye, ye shepherds of God,  
Sing ye, ye shepherds of God,  
Sing ye, ye shepherds of God,

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ AMEN. ALLELUIA. ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠



# Passionist Chinese Mission Society

*Long after you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. \* \* \* As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?*

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Jan. —	.....Holy Name of Jesus
Feb. 2	.....The Purification of Our Lady
Feb. 24	.....St. Matthias
May 1	.....Sts. Philip and James
May 3	.....Finding of the Holy Cross
July 25	.....St. James
Aug. 25	.....St. Bartholomew
Sept. 8	.....Nativity of Mary
Sept. 22	.....St. Matthew
Oct. 28	.....Sts. Simon and Jude
Nov. 30	.....St. Andrew
Dec. 21	.....St. Thomas
Dec. 26	.....St. Stephen
Dec. 27	.....St. John, Evangelist

## AFTER DEATH

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# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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# The CROSS of CHRIST

AS these lines are being written there approaches the greatest and most solemn season of the entire Christian year—Holy Week. It is a time when the thoughts of every genuine Catholic will be consecrated to the contemplation of the bitter Passion and Death of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Too often has this redeeming Sacrifice been presented as a mere spectacular martyrdom from which all sense of sin, all fear of God, and all the life-giving principles and teachings of Christ have been eliminated. This caricature of Christianity is in no small sense responsible for the growing drift away from right reason and Christian principles of conduct and government so rife in the world today. The Crucifixion has become meaningless and its lessons ineffectual either because men and nations in the hardness of their hearts will not learn or because in the stubborn pride of their intellects they will not heed the vivifying teachings of Christ which were renewed and crowded together into the hours of His Sacred Passion.



THE Crucifixion is the fact in the history of the world. As the Holy Father said in his recent encyclical announcing the celebration of the Nineteenth Centenary of the Passion: "From these wonderful things, these Divine gifts with which the earthly life of Jesus Christ ended, a new life came to us, the true life, and a new era was begun for humankind." Saint Paul of the Cross, the founder of the Passionists, during his life was consumed with a burning desire to bring all mankind to the feet of Jesus Crucified, to make men realize what the Passion actually means and to turn men from the treacherous and misleading pathways of this world to the Cross of Calvary whither all roads lead and whence all roads have their beginnings. Every Passionist is bound by a fourth and special vow to promote true devotion to Jesus Crucified in the hearts of the faithful. It was no fanatical dream, no wild fancy, this glorious ambition of Saint Paul of the Cross, for the world can only be saved by turning to the Cross of Christ. The Cross is no mute symbol, no dead relic of the past. It is something real and vital. In the life of every Christian It should express not only his faith but should be for him a guide and preceptor pointing out the right ordering of his everyday life.



TODAY a shattered and weary world is seeking everywhere for a unifying principle that will give it fresh impetus and direction. On all sides men seek for some force to draw them out of turmoil and despondency. For a long time the world has tried living without God. The Cross has been torn from the schoolroom and the name of God stricken from the textbooks. His Divine influence and right to the homage of mankind has been decried and denied in legislative halls. But it didn't work; it couldn't. We have reaped the whirlwind. Fraud, greed, corruption, hatred, dire poverty and suffering have stalked the land. And now the brimming political cauldron that

is Europe seethes and bubbles with uncertainty and impending carnage. In every nation money values fluctuate dizzily day by day. Unnumbered millions walk the pavements idle and hungry. There are wars and rumors of war while old hates are revived and ancient rivalries renewed. The dread curse of exaggerated nationalism founds new and insane religions, and whips whole nations into a frenzy of warlike aggressiveness. Leaders have so far forgotten themselves and strayed so far from Christian principles of government as to persecute innocent citizenry. The only safe way of escape, the only road back to peace and right living is the road that leads to Calvary.



IN the Cross is salvation. In the Cross can be found the solution for the many problems and the cure for the numerous ills and evils that beset us. It is only by turning to the Cross and heeding its tremendous lessons of self-sacrifice, charity, justice and right living that the nations and the people who compose them can find peace and unity and fullness of life. Peace is not found in treaties and conferences or in the agreements of wily diplomats, but rather at the foot of the Cross, sharing the sacrifice and absorbing the lessons of Him Who makes peace by the Blood of His Cross. Wars, social unrest, economic slavery and selfish nationalism are but the results of turning from the Cross and from the teachings of Him Who hangs thereon. The real enemies of human progress are the old hates, the overpowering greed and lust for power, the venal seeking after riches, the selfish individualism and nationalism, the deceit and the needless wars which have so nearly brought us to the brink of disaster. The Cross of Christ stands a scathing rebuke to all that. Its salutary lessons for the betterment of man and the good of humanity have never been adequately appreciated or investigated. Even we Catholics, accustomed to beholding the Cross from earliest childhood, so that we probably cannot recall when first we saw It, often fail to realize and heed the lessons It teaches. Did we, then how different and how much better a place the world would be?



THIS is no mere preachment; no mawkish sentimentality or pious propaganda. The facts remain. No one can blink at the truth. The problem is at our door. Two roads stretch out before us. One leads to Calvary and a fuller life; the other to chaos and utter ruin. The ultimate unity of the world is to be won through the bitter Passion of Jesus Christ. Then there shall be neither Jew nor Greek nor Latin, but all one in Christ—every race and tribe and people and tongue.

MAY the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ be ever in our hearts. This is no mere aspiration of passing piety. It is an indulgenced prayer that contains a veritable font of strict justice and practical economics.

*Father Harold Purcell, O.P.*



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## CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

THE *New York Times* referred to the period from March 4, 1933 to March 4, 1934 as *Annus Mirabilis* (the wonderful year). And not without reason. It is doubtful if any incoming President ever faced difficulties and problems like in seriousness to those which met Franklin D. Roosevelt when he assumed office. A despair

### The President's First Quarter

bordering on panic affected every portion of the nation. Industry and commerce were at a standstill. The number of unemployed was reckoned in the neighborhood of 13,000,000. Although many harbored one last spark of hope, the opinion was quite universal that things were gone beyond repair.

Even the City of Washington on that momentous March 4, did not manifest the usual festive spirit so common on Inauguration Day. Affairs were in a mighty precarious predicament. Then the banks were closed. But, wonder of wonders, there was no panic. Instead of falling deeper into despair, people were decidedly calm in their attitude; even joked about the bank holiday. Through some mysterious, inexplicable process that faint flicker of hope was being fanned into life until, by the end of a few months, it became a raging flame of confidence and enthusiasm. Men of all parties and opinions saw in President Roosevelt a gallant and inspiring leader. He was unquestionably the man whom the nation had been needing for so long a time.

Things began to happen with surprising speed and efficiency. Necessary legislation was jammed through a startled Congress. Machinery for dragging us out of depression was set in motion. A gigantic public works program was begun. Some soreheads cried: "Dictator!" Nevertheless, President Roosevelt marched steadily onward with the hearty coöperation and consent of the people who saw in him their champion. Once, for a time, his popularity and his magnetic sway over the multitudes were threatened. The Treasury was disrupted. High officials resigned and turned against him. Prominent men of affairs and national figures decried him and assailed his monetary policies as dangerous experimentalism. At this critical juncture probably the greatest single power in stemming a rising tide of fear and scepticism was Father Charles E. Coughlin, of radio fame. Public confidence was once again restored and President Roosevelt regained his place on the pinnacle of popular favor. And now, after one year of him as the nation's head, the man-in-the-street is still overwhelmingly behind Franklin D. Roosevelt. The general opinion of him is that he "wears well."

It required a man of exceptional merit and no ordinary strength of character to wrestle with conditions then existing so as to exalt his own reputation and, at the same time, promote the public good. In almost everything he did, people felt instinctively that he was doing the right thing. President Roosevelt has brought us safely through a great crisis in the history of the United States. It was not an easy task. The

highest praise and honor are due him for his untiring, selfless and courageous efforts.

The foregoing is not by way of being an apotheosis. It does not mean that he has solved every problem or vanquished every foe. A long hard road still stretches ahead. Neither does it mean that President Roosevelt has not made mistakes. One great mistake which must be mentioned is his support of the Child Labor Amendment. Last month THE SIGN carried an article explaining and condemning this harmful and un-American piece of legislation. Peculiarly enough, the President's eldest son, Mr. James Roosevelt, who is a power in Massachusetts political circles, is vigorously campaigning against the amendment.

Withal, no one can deny that Franklin D. Roosevelt has proved himself to be one of our greatest Presidents, even in the brief twelve months he has been in office. He put his best foot forward. He spared neither friend nor foe when it was a question of the commonweal. There is not and never was a public official able to satisfy and please everybody. Millions of Americans do not agree with Mr. Roosevelt on certain policies and opinions. However, as a whole, the nation has believed in him and believes in him today. If he can successfully sustain this confidence and continue to inspire the American people, by the time another March 4 rolls around, we should be well on the way to complete recovery.



AFTER a seven-month period of trial flight the fledgling Blue Eagle has been given an opportunity of preening its feathers before a gallery of stern judges. All the objectors

### After Seven Months of the Blue Eagle

and critics of the NRA were invited to Washington to voice their grievances. There, in the words of General Johnson, they would have a chance to show the Government, "... where the codes are not working right, where they bear unjustly, where they could be improved." Anyone with any "conceivable cause of complaint" was promised a hearing.

In his address of welcome to the assembled critics the fiery Administrator was unusually apologetic. He himself is not fully satisfied with the way in which certain things have worked out. A formidable twelve-point program of improvements and changes was suggested by him. A few days later President Roosevelt spoke to the conference members and reaffirmed his belief and hope in the NRA. Both leaders urged higher wages and shorter hours and restated the fundamental purpose of the NRA to "... increase the purchasing power of the public." But wage increases will unquestionably boost costs which in turn will force price raising. This will necessitate, as General Johnson admits, "... insurance against increase of price further and faster than increase of purchasing



power." Right here lies the toughest problem of the entire NRA campaign.

No one wants to see exorbitant prices. No one desires cut-throat competition. Neither can industry be expected to operate at a loss or with no profit. Labor must be protected against exploitation and granted the right to organize. The consumer must be guarded and given a square deal. Somewhere, assuredly, there must be a golden mean, an equitable balance which can be struck between such conflicting interests. No doubt, by their wise counsel, calm deliberation and constructive criticism the gentlemen attending the conference can do much toward ironing out such difficulties. The NRA has accomplished a vast amount of good. It has, everyone will admit, made mistakes. It has placed heavy burdens on the shoulders of manufacturers and merchants. It has more than once resorted to steam-roller methods. However, after seven months the NRA officials should be richer in experience, and after this conference should have plenty of helpful criticism and suggestions to aid them in revamping and improving present codes.

When this has been accomplished the NRA machinery should be oiled and primed for a more rigid enforcement of all codes. After revision should come enforcement. For the first few weeks after the launching of the NRA drive there was an almost nationwide enthusiasm and acceptance, and feeling ran high against any dealer who did not display the Blue Eagle. Since then those signs have faded and gathered dust in windows, while few purchasers cared whether they were trading with members of the NRA or not. Meanwhile, the dull routine of detail was being attended to, plans were being drawn, codes were being signed and petty quarrels settled. Now for some action and enforcement, with special attention being paid to the numerous sweatshops which still force employees to work for the impossible wages of from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per week.

General Johnson sounded the battle-cry when he said in Washington: "The Blue Eagle has just begun to function. We are about to embark on a new Blue Eagle campaign and a new and much tighter drive for compliance. These meetings are the first move in the closing up of our ranks for a new forward movement by NRA." These are cheery and hopeful words which express a sentiment that all should favor by their wholehearted support once things are settled and under way.

WITH thundering cheers of approval the people of Belgium welcomed the son of their hero Albert as their new monarch. He was solemnly crowned Leopold III before an

### Leopold Becomes King of the Belgians

impressive gathering of Church and State dignitaries in the Parliament at Brussels. The daily Press, in its reports of the coronation ceremonies and subsequent festivities, stressed the fact that Leopold promised to follow the political policies of his father. With its accustomed shallowness it gave small notice to the beautiful and genuinely Christian sentiments which the new King expressed. Replying to the address of Cardinal van Roey at the *Te Deum* in the Cathedral of St. Gudule, Leopold said:

"The great Cardinal Mercier, for whom my father had such deep attachment, said once from the pulpit of this church: 'The religion of Christ makes patriotism law. There is no perfect Catholic who is not a perfect patriot.' That truth gives special value to the words which your Eminence has spoken. In such cruel trials as these through which we are passing we find consolation in religion. We are about to invoke the Omnipotent God to aid us in the accomplishment of the task which has fallen upon us in such a sudden and tragic manner. To that task the Queen and I will give our utmost effort and our whole heart."

Such stirring words from the lips of this splendid young

King augur well for the future of Belgium. Would that more of our so-called Christian rulers were imbued with the same spirit. It is a grave situation which Leopold faces. A growing anti-French group of Belgians threatens the long existing amity between Belgium and France. The Communist movement is making alarming inroads among the populace. However, the new ruler has already shown himself worthy of his exalted position. Young, gifted with exceptional qualities of character, not unused to suffering and hard work—he fought in the trenches at the age of thirteen—and fortified by a firm and sincere Catholic faith, Leopold III should make a good ruler. Of his royal father it has been said: "If there must be Kings, they should be such Kings as Albert was." Let us hope that it will be a case of like father like son.



THE mention of University of Notre Dame generally brings to mind the visions of the immortal Four Horsemen and other well-known gridiron heroes whose fame is familiar to

### Notre Dame Does More Than Play Football

the American public. In a sense this is to be deplored, for the splendid educational and spiritual opportunities and accomplishments of that school are lost sight of. Most of us are a trifle weary of hearing Notre Dame referred to as if football were the only thing taught there. Such is far from the truth. The recent issuance of a biased report of the Carnegie Foundation charging that over-emphasis of sports and commercialism flourished at Notre Dame brought forth a speedy and complete denial from Dr. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., the acting president. It should serve to dispel the misgivings and mistaken notions commonly held concerning the South Bend institution.

Notre Dame is one of the largest men's boarding schools in the world. Yet, it does not go in for high pressure publicity. Contrary to general belief and quite unlike some of our well-known colleges, it has no paid publicity agent whose duty it is to travel the land ballyhooing the advantages of its particular college or university. Another interesting point that Dr. O'Hara makes is this: "It will interest the Carnegie Foundation to hear that of the income of the material plant during the last twelve years only twenty per cent was devoted to athletic purposes."

At Notre Dame they do make good football players, but if there is one thing in which this grand old place may be said to excel, it is in making real men. A glance at the annual Religious Survey (a splendid project which some of our lesser Catholic colleges and universities have adopted) is enlightening. The very opening lines of a recent issue clearly state the ideal upheld at Notre Dame: "... the moral and spiritual development of youth is the primary purpose of Catholic education." Farther on we learn of the amazing growth of daily Communion, "... which grew slowly during the years until it is now regarded as the characteristic devotion of the 'Notre Dame man.' The total number of Holy Communions received by the students during 1930-31 was 344,371, an increase of 15,000 over the preceding year."

Several thousand alumni were asked, among other questions, "What feature of your religious life at Notre Dame strengthened your character most?" The answers were highly interesting and illuminating. To quote a few: "Seeing so many real men be so religious." "It wasn't the religious life in itself. It was the sight of so many fellows participating in the religious life and the realization that the fellows who did big things were as religious as the most pious student." "The Sunday morning Communion rail; I'll still drive miles to see that sight. Something courses through my veins at the spectacle of a thousand young men at the altar of their God."

In educational fields Notre Dame has always been a leader. It was the first Catholic university to have a school of journalism. In scientific research it cannot be excelled. In fact, in



every department of educational activity Notre Dame ranks with the finest. It needs no apologia. It is no upstart begging for a hearing. It needs no football team to bring it fame and renown. Notre Dame is a real Catholic school "concentrating its energies on the task at hand, making the campus a better place for the development of a sound mind in a sound body." The Carnegie Foundation has erred.



**B**Y the time this note reaches our readers, the intriguing story of Dillinger's dramatic jail break will be stale news. Without doubt, it was the most important news item of the past month, arousing more interest and comment than any other happening. We are now treated to the spectacle of police in a wide area of several

### The Police Court and Warden's Office

States making frantic attempts to capture this lone desperado fleeing in the sheriff's automobile after locking up thirty guards. In one place they called out the Home Guard and erected a formidable barricade of sandbags. Perhaps the town fathers were afraid of Dillinger's wooden pistol. Dillinger will eventually be recaptured, but at what probable loss of life none can foretell.

In the minds of most people is a feeling that there is something rotten about the whole affair. It seems to be a case of locking the stable after the horse had run away. The much published photograph of Dillinger in the smiling embrace of his would-be prosecutor is mainly responsible for this opinion. Such coddling of dangerous criminals cannot have any but disastrous consequences. It is simply one more indicator of the small regard which so many high officials have for their responsible positions.

A short time ago, at the Senate investigation of the air mail scandal, former Postmaster General Brown accused Postmaster General Farley of making certain remarks about Senator Hugo Black, the leading inquisitor. Mr. Farley emphatically denied the charges. Both men were under oath, but the affair occasioned only merriment and loud guffaws from the gallery of listeners mainly composed of members of Congress. Someone had certainly committed a perjury, yet it was regarded as a huge joke.

Almost every day of the year heroic policemen risk their lives in apprehending criminals only to sit helplessly by as their quarry "beat the rap" by means of a suspended sentence or a delay or by slipping through one of the other innumerable legal loopholes with which our courts of justice are honey-combed.

Crime will flourish in the land, flagrant disrespect for law will abound and precious lives will continue to be lost just so long as such a loose system and looser ideas and ideals prevail. Conditions in this branch of government are greatly in need of improvement. Moreover, the right kind of men should be placed in authority. A court of justice is no place for politics, neither is a prison warden's office.



**A**T last there is evidence of concerted action on the question of the movies. For some time past, THE SIGN, in its editorial columns, has been hammering away on this perplexing problem in an endeavor to arouse our people from lethargy and urge them to protest the self-appointed moral dictatorship of the illiterate gang of ex-East Side pants-pressers and buttonhole makers that rules Hollywood and controls bookings.

These moronic overlords of the movie industry have too long been making the public swallow their filthy sex fare and like it. It is true that they did make some sort of agreement

to give us better and cleaner pictures. However, this turned out to be merely a scrap of paper. The much-touted Hays organization proved to be a sham and a failure. Their "generous" overtures disarmed us temporarily and, meanwhile, conditions grew steadily worse. Once again it became vitally necessary to raise a voice in protest.

His Excellency, the Most Reverend Amleto Cicognani, the mouthpiece of the Holy Father in America, in one of his first public appearances called attention to the deplorable conditions prevailing and urged action. His plea was taken up by several members of the hierarchy with the result that, at present, there is a definite movement under way to force a clean up of the Augean stables of Hollywood. For this purpose, all Catholic national and diocesan periodicals have been enlisted. These magazines and newspapers, which can boast of a reading public numbering over 10,000,000, are pledged to urge their readers to voice disapproval of the type of pictures being currently offered.

The producers have not been slow to recognize the fact that their fat profits were in some danger of being thinned out. The Hays office has rejected six pictures in the past two months. Prior to this, six pictures hadn't been rejected in several years. The action was attributed to a certain Mr. Joseph Breen, who has been connected with "Deacon" Hays for some time, but is now regarded as the "big man" in that organization. He is a Catholic. However, what he has done is far more important. Perhaps the long awaited day of reform is at hand.

Meanwhile, it is the bounden duty of every Catholic to shun those theaters where objectional pictures are being featured. Parents, especially, should realize the tremendous influence of the movies on the minds of children and should be more conscientious in supervising the attendance of their little ones. Heaven deliver us from a generation of movie-made children.



**T**O the famous Mayo Brothers, Drs. William J. and Charles H., for their latest generous contribution of \$500,000 to the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research at Rochester, Minn. †To Mr. William Hard, noted journalist and radio news commentator, on his reception into the church. †To Mayor Fiorello

### Toasts Within the Month

La Guardia, of New York, on his vigorous campaign against slot machines, "the world's meanest racket." †To the five new American Bishops-designate: Rt. Rev. William D. O'Brien, named Auxiliary of Chicago; Rt. Rev. Moses E. Kiley, named Bishop of Trenton; V. Rev. Stephen J. Donahue, named Auxiliary of New York; Rev. Francis P. Keough, appointed to the See of Providence; Rev. Robert E. Lucey, appointed Bishop of Amarillo. †To Station OAX of Lima, Peru, on the inauguration of a weekly Catholic Hour. †To Dr. Alfred Piney, noted British authority on cancer, on his conversion to the Faith. †To the Premonstratensian Abbey at North Brabant, Holland, on the eight-hundredth anniversary of its founding. †To the English faculty and student body of Webster College, Webster Groves, Mo., on their timely exhibition of "A Gallery of Living Catholic Authors." †To the Virginia State Senate, on its refusal to ratify the Child Labor Amendment resolution. †To Rev. William J. Gorman, chaplain of the Chicago Fire Department, for his heroic rescue work at a recent fire. †To the Catholic Poetry Society of America, on the first issue of *Spirit*, a bi-monthly magazine of verse. †To Patrick F. Scanlan, militant and courageous Managing Editor of the *Brooklyn Tablet*, on his scathing denunciation of America's premier purveyor of gutter gossip, Walter Winchell, for his vile slur on St. Joan of Arc. †To Mr. James Roosevelt, son of the President, on his strict adherence to his stand against the proposed Child Labor Amendment, despite the efforts of his mother to dissuade him.

### A Campaign for Decent Movies



# CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

## NOT THE GRACE

By Fr. Meehan

NOT the grace Thou gavest Paul,  
Who saw Thy Stephen stoned;  
Not the grace that Peter won  
When blinding tears his crime atoned  
But, ah, dear Savior, give to me  
The grace which Thou on Calvary  
Didst give the thief who at Thy side  
Repenting hung, repenting died.

## CONFUSION OF TONGUES AND TEACHINGS

FRESH evidence of the bankruptcy of Protestantism is seen in the answers of a number of ministers of the Gospel to a recent questionnaire. "The Literary Digest" gives the results:

These findings are the result of a questionnaire sent out by Prof. George H. Betts, head of the graduate research in the school of education at Northwestern University.

Professor Betts's latest questionnaire was designed to show what the pastors think should be taught to Sunday-school children. "There is no devil," agreed 54 per cent of them, and they opposed the teaching of doctrines based on a belief in Satan. On the other hand, 60 per cent said they believed in angels. A large majority did not want children taught that earthquakes, fire and flood are visited on man as punishment for his sins, and 80 per cent opposed the teaching of the conception of hell "as a place of burning." Forty-one per cent were sufficiently doubtful of the existence of heaven to ask that it be eliminated from Sunday-school teaching.

As to judgment day, 48 per cent said they believed in it; 39 per cent said they did not and 13 per cent were undecided. Eight per cent expressed a disbelief in immortality. On one point all of them were virtually agreed—that God "runs the world." But 26 per cent of them denied the divinity of Christ. Seventy-two per cent believed that Christ was God.

While 99 per cent of the clergy questioned would have children taught the value of prayer, 95 per cent said they did not want children taught that prayer would help them to pass examinations if they failed to study. By a two-thirds majority the clergy said they were opposed to teaching children that "if we pray enough we shall be good all the time."

"Joining a church does not make salvation certain," agreed 99 per cent.

An analysis of the replies showed that Congregationalists and Episcopalians are the more modernistic in their views and that Lutherans and Baptists cling most closely to traditional forms of belief. All the Lutheran pastors declared their belief in the devil, and a majority of more than two to one said they believed in a burning hell. But 44 per cent of the Congregationalists, 45 per cent of the Episcopalians, 70 per cent of the Methodists, 59 per cent of the Presbyterians and 24 per cent of the Baptists declared they do not believe in the devil. As to a burning hell, 96 per cent of the Episcopalians said they do not believe in it, and this was practically matched by the Congregationalists. The Baptist vote was nearly fifty-fifty, while Presbyterians voted eighty-five to fifteen and Methodists ninety-two to eight against belief in fire and brimstone.

The Lutherans said they were certain of the existence of heaven. But 44 per cent of the Congregationalists said they did not believe in its existence. In this they were joined by 26 per cent of the Episcopalians, 35 per cent of the Methodists, 28 per cent of the Presbyterians and 22 per cent of the Baptists.

Concerning the authenticity of the Bible, Episcopalians, by a ratio of ninety-six to four, denied that "everything the Bible

tells about really happened just the way it was told." Eighty per cent of the Lutherans, 63 per cent of the Baptists, 20 per cent of the Presbyterians and 9 per cent of the Congregationalists are convinced of the Bible's accuracy.

To those who ask whither Protestantism is drifting the results of this questionnaire may give the reply. For if the doubts and denials indicate a trend Easter will have no meaning.

## PEACE, PEACE, BUT THERE IS NO PEACE

AN appalling bit of information is revealed in this excerpt from a splendid article in "Fortune" showing how greedy and heartless munitions makers aggravate and prolong wars:

This French gun belongs to the French army . . . but that does not mean that cannon merchants equip only their own armies with the tools of war. In 1899 British soldiers were shot down by British guns that British armament firms had sold to the Boers. When in 1914 the Kaiser's armies marched westward into Belgium and eastward toward Russia, German soldiers were killed by German guns manned by the armies of King Albert and Czar Nicholas II. Great Britain had built and equipped the Turkish navy before the War; in the Dardanelles British ships were blown up by British mines, shattered by British cannon. Bulgarian troops turned French 75's (the famous "Soixante-Quinze" of the Schneider-Creusot factories) on French *poilus*. In every naval engagement of the World War the German fleet encountered vessels protected by armor plate made by Germans or with German patents. On a village green in rural England stands a War Memorial: a cannon captured by the local regiment from the Germans. On one side of the cannon are engraved the names of the English soldiers who were killed in that advance. On the other side is the manufacturer's name: the English Vickers, Ltd. The Riffs found French guns useful in mowing down French regular troops. China has been pleased to use excellent Japanese guns for the purpose of killing excellent Japanese soldiers. This friendly exchange is still in vogue. Perhaps it is only sentimental to mention it. If a man must be shot to death, what difference does it make whether his enemy or his brother forges the gun that kills him?

## BABIES JUST BABIES

IT is somewhat surprising to find an argument for more babies appearing in a Scripps-Howard syndicated column. From Mrs. Walter Ferguson's daily feature in the "World-Telegram" of New York:

Here is a letter I shall quote in its entirety:—

"You've said a lot about birth control, how to hold your husband, fashions, and have discussed nearly every phase of the domestic problem. But have you ever talked about the childless young married woman?

"We still exist, we women who want children, who run our homes efficiently and carefully, darn our husbands' socks, and wash our own dishes. And we don't wish to adopt babies. We want one of our own, one that will have an exact duplicate of a twisted smile or a shade of reddish hair, like a certain somebody we love. What have you to say to us, Mrs. Ferguson?"

I have this to say:—I thank God you still exist and I think you are, and always will be, the salt of the earth. And some day when men and women become as intelligent as they now consider themselves, I believe we shall make a world in which every woman who desires a baby can have one without risking imminent starvation.

To be explicit, if I were a young wife who had a nice hus-



band with a twisted smile and reddish hair, though I lived in an apartment ever so tiny, I'd have a baby and let the future worry about itself.

After all, babies thrive on very little. They can be quite happy in all sorts of queer places. And in the matter of raising a family too much caution is often far worse than too little. An extra baby, it seems to me, is nearly always better than no baby.

And for goodness' sake, let's not go tip-toeing through the world craning our necks to find trouble, anticipating misery and letting slip all the vital experiences of life because we are afraid to snatch at them.

Women have many times knocked over their walls of security. And they have done it for less important things than children. They have defied fate in order to have careers, or to make money, or to go adventuring. Why should those of us who want babies be any less determined and valorous in order to satisfy our most fundamental craving?

#### CHANGING THE CALENDAR NAMES

**A** MODERN and more significant touch is given the names of the months by a contributor to the "Transcript" of Boston:

A 1934 German calendar gives a set of Teutonic names to the twelve months of the year. An Englishman suggests that his country might have the first three renamed thus:

January .....	Billsdue
February .....	Reminders
March .....	Unless

More seriously another competitor offers the following substitutes: Yearbirth, Winterset, Springrise, Midspring, Flowertide, Midyear, Sungril, Garnertide, Sunwane, Midfall, Leavesover and Yearend.

#### JUST A FRANTIC FLEA

**T**O any who may still feel that Joyce's "Ulysses" is one of those books that "simply must be read," the following devastating review of George Seiber in the Pittsburgh "Sun-Telegraph" is offered:

At last a man who has \$3.50 in his pocket and eternity ahead of him can buy a copy of "Ulysses" without being a criminal. About 15 years ago this book was written by an Irishman living in Paris. His name was James Joyce—a sort of teacher of languages—he had considerable useless knowledge in his queer head and he knew a lot of American expatriates of the sort who publish freak magazines, write free verse, drink absinthe, and act in "La Boheme."

It took Joyce about seven years to write "Ulysses," and why there has been so much fuss and fury over this drab and dreary volume is one of the curiosities of literature. There are about 800 pages of words, words, words. Can it be that the book has been used as a cure for insomnia?

Men have written dull books before, and publishers have printed them, but in this case some people who are counted among the intelligentsia have gone into raptures over "Ulysses" as if it made Homer and Dante and Goethe poor church mice alongside of that Croesus of intellect, James Joyce. Listen to Gilbert Seldes writing in *The Nation*:

"One of the most beautiful and significant books of our time."

Listen to Edmund Wilson in *The New Republic*:

"Joyce soars to such rhapsodies of beauty as have probably never been equaled in English prose fiction."

Now in spite of the rhapsodies of Seldes and Wilson and others—and in spite of Judge John M. Woolsey, who lifted the ban on "Ulysses," and says he read it through in its entirety—"Ulysses" is one of the dumbest books ever written.

It is not only dull—it is most incomprehensible. And if, by the aid of such guides and keys as have been supplied by Mary Colum, Stuart Gilbert and Paul Jordon Smith, you are shown that there is a certain method in Joyce's madness, you wonder

after getting at the kernel of it whether the nut was worth cracking. In the language of irreverent sanity, it looks as if the nut was cracked.

The plain truth is that "Ulysses" is a bog of words—the ululations of a second-rate mind mad with much learning—the verbal nightmare of a man whose mental machinery is badly in need of fumigation.

There are obscene words and passages in the book, but the book is not primarily obscene. It is just pathetically futile and dull. It is pedantic and putrid. It is "without form and void," as the cosmos is described on the day before creation. Yet they compare it with Homer—they say "the theme of the Odyssey is the dominance of mind over circumstance," while the theme of Joyce is "the dominance of circumstance over mind."

To read this book is like taking a splinter out of your finger with a corkscrew. Joyce is like a frantic flea among the loose leaves of a dictionary.

The truth is that "Ulysses" is muddled, blurred, out-of-focus—abysmal, strabismic and cataclysmal. No wonder it took Ulysses 10 years to get home!

#### HOBBIES: IT TAKES ALL KINDS

**W**HAT is your hobby? It Takes All Kinds, a department in "American Magazine," enlightens us on some of the spare time activities of the great and near-great:

Franklin D. Roosevelt collects pictures of old ships. . . . J. P. Morgan is a student of ecclesiastical history. . . . Samuel Untermyer, the lawyer, raises orchids. . . . Louis A. Hazeltine, when he was a professor of mathematics, had radio as a hobby. His hobby led to the invention of the neutrodyne receiver, made him a fortune, and now mathematics is his hobby. . . . George W. Wickersham collects mezzotints and reads Dante in the original. . . . Henry Ford collects, not only old inns, but old machines. . . . James A. Farrell, of United States Steel fame, devotes his leisure to a rebuilt square rigger. . . . Newcomb Carlton, the telegraph company head, is a ship-model fan.

Do only eminent men have hobbies, then? By no means. Joe Policastro, bootblack in *The American Magazine* offices, is an authority on Penson du Terrail, the prolific but half-forgotten French novelist of the nineteenth century. . . . Robert V. Costello, conductor on the West Side local subway trains in New York, reads the Greek classics for half an hour upon arising, carries a volume of *Horace* in his pocket to read between stations, is an authority on the ancient Irish language of Erse, and writes persuasive letters to the newspapers urging that America adopt "the royalist principle." . . . Fritz Mueller, New York window washer, is a veteran of the German campaigns in Africa and devotes his leisure to a study of the strategy of the World War battles in Africa. . . . William Whiting Barford, a New York street car motorman, is a poet, and his poem, *The Grace Church Bells*, has been published in the newspapers and read from many pulpits.

#### RELIGION AND RECOVERY

**T**HESE remarks from an editorial foreword by Henry Goddard Leach in "The Forum" are significant not only in themselves but also because of the magazine in which they appeared:

Religion is the joy of unselfish living. The commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself" embraces all laws, solves all personal problems. It eliminates, automatically, selfishness, condemnation, anger, and doubt. It is a complete, joyful way of life for social man.

The fact is, of course, that Christianity in modern society has not yet even been tried. These principles of religion, however, are about to be applied in the partnership of business and politics. General Johnson's exhortation to the nation's business and labor to carry out the National Recovery Act is a manifestation both unique and unprecedented. This act is not Socialism, nor is it Fascism. Although the General did not use the words deity or religion, the whole program is, in fact,



an application of the commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Under national regulation, we are all to coöperate until each of our neighbors has a share in the nation's work. At the same time, we are to maintain self-respect and initiative. American individualism is to be made socially helpful.

This is the first time, perhaps, since the Middle Ages, that religion is to be tried out on a national scale.

### LOVE AND KISSES

THE tender theme of love as treated by those master minds of pathos and sentiment—the tin pan alley gentry. Who is not sick of hearing such slop over the radio? Kenneth S. Clark in the "Forum" tells us why our popular songs don't last:

Nowadays, songs are "made" chiefly by radio orchestras and crooners. As a result, the subject is all too often ultra-sentimental, the almost unvarying theme being love—particularly the unrequited or unsatisfied love of the "torch" song. Who is going to take any pleasure in singing such songs ten years from now! Oh, the dubious taste of some of them, the lack of reticence in their lovers, and the want of a decent self-pride! One thinks, for example, of the one in which the sweetheart sang: "So ashamed! How could I be so mean to you? So ashamed! I made you cry." Then there are the sleekly pornographic songs which irked Ring Lardner so annoyingly during the last year of his life—songs which, as Sigmund Spaeth pointed out, tell the "facts of life," to a lush fox-trot or waltz accompaniment.

Among these latter we find the chaste "All of Me" and the sinuous "Hold Your Man," in which Jean Harlow advised the girls in her best read-between-the-lines manner. The prize in this class, however, is the Pirandello-esque "As You Desire Me," which proved to be so torrid that the circumspect radio compelled the preparation of a substitute version for such lines as:

As you desire me, so shall I come to you;  
Howe'er you want me, so shall I be.

As for bad taste, undoubtedly the palm goes to a song of this season which the authors had the effrontery to base upon Christ's words to his disciples in John 15:13: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." With characteristic reverence, the Broadway writers entitled their song "No Greater Love" and made it an epic of profane love, with such noble lines as "No truer lips than mine have whispered, 'I love you.'"

### "MR. SPEAKER, I OBJECT"

A SHINING example of profound parliamentary discussion which took place within the hallowed walls of the House of Representatives is reported in "Time," the weekly news magazine:

Republican Hamilton Fish, in whose silk-stocking district along the Hudson River lives a voter named Franklin Delano Roosevelt, asked leave to print in the *Congressional Record* the words of one of the few private citizens ever to be officially received on the House floor. Said Representative Fish: "Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to place in the *Record* the letter written by Col. Charles Lindbergh to the President of the U. S." There was not one objection but a deafening chorus of them led by Representative Alfred Lee Bulwinkle of Gastonia, N. C. The Democrats of the House were bitterly determined that the nation's No. 2 hero should not be heard criticizing the nation's No. 1 hero for the latter's peremptory cancellation of all domestic airmail contracts.

Mr. Fish, however, was not done. He roamed up and down the centre aisle and to five small separate and successive bills which various members of the House eagerly desired passed he objected loudly. Finally Majority Leader Byrns could stand it no longer. He rose and declared:

"Mr. Speaker, I hope the gentleman from New York will not object to my request to proceed for five minutes."

Mr. Fish: Mr. Speaker, I object.

Mr. Byrns: Well, I will tell the gentleman this—

Mr. Fish: No. You will not tell the gentleman anything. You are just an ordinary member of this House. . . .

Mr. Byrns: I will tell the gentleman—

Mr. Fish: The gentleman from Tennessee will tell me nothing! . . .

Mr. Byrns: Mr. Speaker, if that is to be the attitude of the gentleman from New York, we shall have to adjourn, but I want the country at large to know that we adjourned at 1 o'clock on account of the gentleman from New York. . . . The gentleman will never get anything by these tactics.

Mr. Fish: Do not lecture me. I have been here 14 years.

Mr. Byrns: I have been here longer than has the gentleman from New York. . . . I had hoped we would be able to proceed. . . . Is the gentleman going to object to all bills called?

Mr. Fish: If the gentleman will permit to go into the *Record* the telegram written by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh to the President, I shall not object.

Mr. Byrns (outraged): I am not going to be held up in that way!

Mr. Fish (indignant): Neither am I going to be held up!

So having been in session 69 minutes and accomplished absolutely nothing, the House called it a day, adjourned. In the opposite wing of the Capitol, however, Senator Schall had already read the Lindbergh telegram into the *Record* without any difficulty.

### A LONE DEBTOR

THE "Catholic Times" of London furnishes us with this story. We can appreciate the feelings of the poor man, being in the publishing business ourselves:

A preacher at the close of one of his sermons said: "Let all who are paying their debts stand up." Instantly every man, woman, and child, with one exception, rose. The preacher seated them and said: "Now every man not paying his debts stand up." The exception noted, a careworn, hungry-looking individual clothed in last summer's suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position.

"How is it, my friend," asked the minister, "that you are the only man not to meet his obligations?"

"I run a weekly newspaper," he meekly answered, "and the brethren who stood up are my subscribers and—"

"Let us pray," exclaimed the minister.

### HIS CATHOLIC MAJESTY

TO the New York "Sun" we are indebted for this interesting and edifying anecdote which appeared in its correspondence columns:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The death of King Albert of the Belgians brings to mind an incident which occurred during the war and which was witnessed and related by a French soldier.

One evening he looked about the wilderness, which had recently been the village street of Furnes, and saw no one but a Belgian officer in the shadows. Then he noticed a small group of children, mothered by a girl, herself only a child creeping from a cellar school. A stray belated bomb burst near by and the little ones clung together in terror. The little mother led them to a roadside shrine which had escaped the ravages, and with closed eyes and folded hands they began to repeat the Lord's Prayer.

When they came to "forgive us our trespasses as we—" they paused. The older girl looked at the children reproachfully, but still they remained silent. "I know, I know," the little mother said, "but we must say the prayer." "Forgive those—" She stopped and then a voice took up the prayer—"as we forgive those who trespass against us."

The children turned to see who spoke the words they could not. The French soldier standing near by also turned and looked into the face of King Albert as he stood there and finished the prayer."

New York, February 28.

EUGENE CRANDALL.



# UPHEAVALS IN EUROPE

By Denis Gwynn

**F**EBRUARY, 1934, has been one of the most anxious months in Europe since the end of the Great War. I write this article considerably before the month's end, and it is by no means impossible that still more disquieting events will have occurred before March begins. What has happened in France, no less than in Austria, has been full of menace for the future; and the menace is all the more ugly when one considers one event in relation to the other.

Yet I would warn anyone who reads these monthly articles against assuming that the growing fears of war and revolution in Europe must of necessity materialize. Common sense, charity and justice may still prevail. The chief danger lies in the prevalent poisoning of international relations by racial animosities and hatreds. "True peace," wrote the Holy Father concerning the Genoa Conference within the first few weeks after his accession to the throne of Peter, "consists primarily in reconciliation of spirit and not merely in a cessation of hostilities." Some months later, in his first encyclical, he declared that "so far from human society seeming to be progressing on the road to good, as is men's boast, it was actually going back towards barbarism."

Superficially it would seem that the recent crisis in France was little concerned with racial rivalries, and that it arose solely from public indignation at the immunity which had been granted to a notorious swindler who had been protected by the politicians. But the riots in Paris which brought down the Daladier Government and led to M. Doumergue's recall, as the only man who could restore confidence, were a symptom of deep disorders for which no cure has yet been found. France is still confronted with a state of utter chaos in her political government, which can scarcely be resolved without a much more radical transformation than we have yet seen. And the effect of the recent tragedy in Austria must have powerful repercussions upon the outcome of France's crisis, which is still far from ended.

**T**HE facts of the outbreak of civil war in Austria are already well known. Intense antagonism between the few Socialist cities, with their large aggregate population, and the Catholic peasantry had existed ever since the War. Vienna had been for years almost completely under Socialist influence, while the peasantry throughout Austria were over-

whelmingly conservative and Catholic. Party politics have made it impossible for any one party to obtain real and secure control; and the recent efforts of Dr. Dollfuss to establish a modified dictatorship were obviously a precarious experiment. He could command a definite but small majority against the Socialists; but his own supporters were divided, and their divisions were accentuated by the increasing insistence of the Austrian Fascists that strong measures must be taken to suppress the Socialist opposition.

The situation had become much more strained as a result of Hitler's advent to power in Germany. Hitler, an Austrian by birth, is passionately concerned to secure the incorporation of Austria into a greater Germany, and his Government has not only conducted vigorous propaganda in favor of annexing Austria from the German broadcasting stations which are adjacent to Austria; but has also given active encouragement to the Austrian sympathizers with Pan-Germanism to organize themselves as a militant Nazi force, on the German model and with the German ideals. On the other hand, the Austrian Fascists, who detest the idea of incorporation with Germany, have organized themselves still more formidably in the Heimwehr. But the Heimwehr, no less than the Austrian Nazis, have demanded the suppression of the Socialists.

**D**OLLFUSS was until recently almost an unknown man. He is not, like Hitler or Mussolini, the head of a great agitation created by his own dynamic force and personality. He is apparently no more than a remarkably plucky and active man who bravely undertook to form a Government when others had failed. The pressure of so many conflicting forces, and especially the threat to Austria's independence since the German revolution, made it necessary for any head of the Government to demand emergency powers. Dr. Dollfuss has shown such spirit and such political capacity that he has been given very wide powers. But the pressure upon him from all sides has steadily increased.

The sudden decision to arrest all the Socialist leaders and to raid their strongholds for arms was taken when he had gone to Budapest; and it seems that Major Fey and the commander-in-chief of the Heimwehr almost took the law into their own hands while Dr. Dollfuss was absent from Austria. The Socialists had seen that a life and death struggle for

survival was certain to come sooner or later, and they had been collecting arms and strengthening their strongholds in the cities which they still controlled. They resisted the attack when it came, as best they could, and the result was appalling bloodshed and ruin. They have been vanquished by sheer military force, and it now remains to be seen how far they can be kept in subjection.

**T**HERE is a certain parallel—though such analogies can never be altogether trusted—between the crushing of the Austrian Socialists in Vienna and the suppression of the Dublin insurrection in 1916 by similar methods. Dr. Dollfuss has declared an amnesty after executing a small number of the leaders. But the British Government declared a similar amnesty in regard to executions within a few weeks after the suppression of the Irish rising. No military conquest could have been more complete than that of General Maxwell's troops and artillery in Dublin in 1916. Yet within little more than a year Ireland had become almost ungovernable, as a result of the fierce revulsion of feeling against this ruthless exercise of brute force.

So also in Austria it would be folly to assume that the very large Socialist minority will acquiesce tamely in its defeat. Meanwhile, Dollfuss is faced with a new problem; for the country is now confronted with the rivalry between the triumphant Heimwehr and the Austrian Nazis who desire incorporation with Germany. Hitler will surely not desist from the efforts to promote that union between Austria and Germany which has been the dream of his life. It may be that many of the embittered Socialists will coöperate with the Nazis in every way they can, in order to bring down Dollfuss and the Heimwehr. But that is by no means a safe assumption; for the Socialists would have at least as much to fear from a Nazi dictatorship as from the present régime.

The internal problem of Austria in the immediate future is whether the Fascists, who are determined to preserve Austria's independence, can retain control and establish their position securely in face of the activities of the Austrian Nazis who desire union with Germany. But, whichever be the result, Austria has become more than ever the centre of instability in European relations. Germany has announced only a brief suspension of her efforts to assist the Austrian Nazis. But Italy is especially determined that



Austria shall not join forces with Germany. Such a union would immediately confront northern Italy with an immensely formidable pressure in those parts of the Tyrol—formerly under Austrian rule and still intensely Austrian in sympathy—which Italy obtained under the Peace Treaties in 1919.

**S**O strongly does Italy feel in regard to the independence of Austria that Mussolini immediately requested France and Great Britain to issue a joint declaration of a united policy for preserving Austria's independence. France accepted his suggestion at once; for she is equally determined that Germany shall not be made larger and more powerful, although she has no direct concern in the Austrian frontiers. The British Government, however, is increasingly reluctant to accept any practical commitments in Europe. Sir John Simon made this clear when a joint statement was issued by the three Great Powers, and he left no doubt that British intervention would only be diplomatic if the question should arise.

The equilibrium has in fact been shifting rapidly in the past year, and recent events have shifted it much further. The Press of Italy was, until a few years ago, decidedly pro-German and anti-French. Today it has become anti-German and pro-French. At the time I write this, the Italian newspapers are full of denunciations of the Hitler Government, as having provoked the crisis in Austria. There are open threats of armed coöperation with Austria if Germany attempts to support the Austrian Nazis against Dollfuss. Still further complications have arisen in those countries surrounding Austria which also contain large German elements. They feel that, if the Austrian Nazis are encouraged from Germany to demand incorporation with Germany, there will be similar attempts to mobilize the German elements in their own territories; which would become really formidable if Germany should become a Power with seventy-five million inhabitants. They also are wondering anxiously whether it may not be more prudent to assert themselves at once.

That, briefly, is the unstable position now created east of the Rhine. Racial animosities have been aroused more fiercely than ever, and there is no more dangerous passion to inflame. But another aspect of the prevailing chaos is scarcely less disquieting. The immediate effect of the suppression of the Socialists in Austria has been to establish an anti-Socialist dictatorship in Austria, which to that extent consolidates an anti-Socialist bloc from southern Italy through Austria to the northern coast of Germany. Central Europe is now wholly governed by anti-Socialist dictatorships; while to the East the Socialist Republic of Russia, and to the West the more or less Socialist Republics of France and

Spain are drawn together more closely in opposition to the Fascist States.

Precisely at this juncture, when France is paralyzed by the inability to form a stable Government, and while threats of a Bolshevistic revolution in Spain become increasingly serious, the King of the Belgians has died suddenly. Belgium is so small a country that its affairs would seem to matter comparatively little. But Belgium is closely bound to France by many ties; and whatever happens in France will most certainly have immediate reactions throughout Belgium. Unrest of various kinds had been growing rapidly in Belgium also; and within the past few months the King of the Belgians had been compelled to intervene, with his unique personal authority, to avert a really grave Ministerial crisis. There were many grounds for political anxiety, and his personal influence and great popularity were an asset of inestimable value. Now that steady force also has been destroyed; and the young King ascends the throne at a time which will certainly call for rare qualities of national leadership.

Of all countries France is perhaps the most perplexing at this immediate juncture. For years there has been growing discontent with the inability of the French politicians to form any stable combination which could govern with real authority. In eighteen months there have been no less than seven different Governments, and each Government has consisted very largely of the same personnel as the last. The Ministers have changed places, and first one and then another has been called upon to preside. Each composite Ministry leans slightly more towards the Right or to the Left, as the case may be, after each previous defeat; but every Ministry remains unstable because either one group or another of its supporters soon withdraws its support on some particular issue.

**T**HIS instability of Ministries is nothing new in the Third Republic. But there has never before been such an appalling display of inability to produce national leadership and decision. Broadly speaking, the Right demands greater firmness in dealing with foreign affairs and national defense, and refuses to allow the imposition of more taxes, while the Left demands increased relief for the working class and opposes retrenchments in expenditure. There has been a growing deficit in the budget, which cannot now be met without drastic remedies. Yet no Government can be formed which will agree upon the necessary action and carry it through. Such conditions had brought parliamentary government into extreme discredit, when a sudden storm of indignation swept the whole country after the Stavisky scandals which resulted in Stavisky's flight and suicide in Switzerland.

Compared with similar frauds in other countries, the Stavisky swindles were not of extraordinary magnitude. The total losses incurred are estimated to be about thirty million dollars, which is about one-fifth of the losses involved in Hatry's swindles in London some years ago. There have been immense swindles in other countries also, but there has scarcely been any parallel for the circumstances of the Stavisky scandal. He had operated chiefly of late through the municipal credit of Bayonne, a town close to the Spanish frontier; and he is said to have made large sums by fraudulent dealings in the jewelry of Spanish refugees from the revolution.

**B**UT, while his resources came from frauds upon the investors in Paris and in the southwest of France, his main plan had been to carry through an immense deal in the reparation payments concerning Hungary. He had bought up great blocks of reparation or indemnity claims, and was in so commanding a position that he was able to negotiate personally at international conferences for arranging a final settlement which would have given him a huge profit. The boldness of that plan, was, however, no more startling than the vast enterprises of the financier Krueger, who had for years won undeserved respect by masquerading as a philanthropist who was employing his vast resources to rehabilitate various European countries.

No people in the world attach such value to the sanctity of their savings as do the French, and it was to be expected that any big financial swindle would produce a furious outcry. But the Stavisky scandals revealed an amazing degree of corruption in French politics. Stavisky had been convicted several times of lesser frauds, and for six years he had been exposed to prosecution on serious charges. But during all that time the authorities, for one reason or another, failed to press the prosecution, and Stavisky proceeded with increasing boldness while he was left immune from arrest. It was proved that he had given great sums to finance some of the political parties which were always more or less in power. Prominent politicians and editors of newspapers were shown to have accepted large sums from him. Perhaps the worst feature of all was that the Public Prosecutor who had failed to press the charges against him was the brother-in-law of M. Chautemps, the Prime Minister at the time when the scandal became public.

No wonder there was a fierce demand for a full inquiry. M. Chautemps refused a public inquiry and urged that a secret investigation should be held. One urgent question was why Stavisky had been allowed to escape from France. Another was the ugly suggestion that he had been deliberately shot by a detective, when



he was tracked down, so that he could never reveal the truth. Public anger grew fast, and Chautemps soon had to go. He was replaced by Daladier, who had been Prime Minister several times before, and who proceeded to form another composite Ministry scarcely different from that of Chautemps. It was obvious that Daladier's Government could not last for long. But he made one decisive step which roused Paris to fury. Some of the more conservative groups supported him on the understanding that party politics were to be left aside, and that the scandals were to be probed to the bottom. But they resigned from the Cabinet at once when they learned the amazing news that Daladier had dismissed M. Chiappe, head of the Paris police.

CHIAPPE, had been accused, with many others, of sheltering Stavisky, but it was generally believed that he would emerge with his credit unshaken. The Socialists and Communists, however, had been clamoring for his removal for some years, because of his rigorous measures in defeating their attempts at provoking disorders from time to time. To gain their support Daladier simply dismissed Chiappe at once. The Prefect of the Seine department then immediately resigned in protest against the unfair treatment of his principal colleague. These events inflamed public feeling to fury, and immense demonstrations of protest were organized in the streets of Paris. Ten thousand ex-service men marched in a long procession down the Champs Elysées to demonstrate before the Chamber of Deputies, which stands across the river from the Place de la Concorde. The authorities had by this time been faced with so much rioting that all approaches to the Chamber had been barricaded for several days. On the night of the great procession the centre of Paris was like an armed encampment.

The dismissal of M. Chiappe had severely shaken the loyalty of the police, who regarded him with complete confidence and affection; while public opinion was fiercely indignant with the Government, both for dismissing Chiappe as a party maneuver, and for failing to clear up the scandals concerning Stavisky. The result was a pitched battle in the Place de la Concorde, in which the ex-service men forced their way half way across the bridge in front of the Chamber of Deputies before the police were given orders to fire. Rioting of the most serious kind followed for several days, and Daladier's resignation only showed the bankruptcy of party politics.

In despair the President of the Republic called upon his predecessor M. Gaston Doumergue to form a new Government of national union, which would have to restore order in the cities and particularly in Paris, and then restore confidence and stabilize the public finances. Doumergue

had been a most popular President and he had retired completely from party politics. If he could form a Government of new men he might conceivably have saved the situation. But on his arrival in Paris he was beset with the usual difficulties. Bargaining with conflicting parties had to take place; and after two days of haggling he formed a Government consisting largely of former Prime Ministers, and on the whole very little different from any of the futile Ministries of recent years. Meanwhile the Socialists and the trade unions declared a general strike for one day, as a demonstration of their strength. They deliberately avoided any open disorder, but they proved conclusively that they could at any time paralyze the economic life of France.

Doumergue's Ministry has since gone to work more vigorously than any of its predecessors, and there was some appearance of a real effort to expose the whole scandals of the Stavisky case. But, on February 21, another amazing incident occurred, which may yet wreck the Doumergue Government before this article reaches its destination. M. Prince, one of the Judges of the Paris Court of Appeals, who had been chief of the prosecutor's department on the financial side, and who knew more than any man of what the truth really was, was found murdered on a railway line near Dijon. He was to have given evidence on the following day, and his testimony was being expected with the keenest excitement. A man of the highest integrity, he solemnly intended to tell the whole truth on oath in court. But he was decoyed by a false telegram to the place where his murderers awaited him. Kidnaping is of rare occurrence in France, and there has been no previous outrage which even compares with this. It would have caused fierce outbursts of feeling at any time; but in connection with the Stavisky scandals it may very easily cause the former excitement to blaze up more furiously than ever.

THE crisis would seem to be far beyond the capacity of Gaston Doumergue to solve. For years (since Poincaré's last disappearance from the Premiership, after he likewise had been summoned to restore a hopeless situation) the politicians have been unable to preserve financial stability in the budget. Poincaré, with his great energy and courage, enforced drastic reforms which were sufficient for a time. But party politics broke out again when his most urgent task had been achieved, and the former chaos has come back. No one pretends that Gaston Doumergue is a man of the same calibre as Poincaré. He is a most typical French bourgeois, genial, shrewd, and with plenty of common sense and much experience of politics, as a former Prime Minister and later President of the Republic. He is a

Freemason, though not a specially aggressive one, and as such he is *persona grata* with many of the men who dominate French politics, either by finance or through the army and the civil service. But when France is swept by a wave of utter disgust and disillusionment with the politicians, he is certainly not strong enough to ride the storm.

NOT even the Dreyfus case exposed so deeply the roots of political corruption in France as have the Stavisky scandals. Nothing less than a complete purging of French public life will restore confidence. And what confidence can the people have, when it has taken Doumergue two whole days to form a Cabinet by balancing parties against each other in the usual method? The acid test of his rule was to have been the complete exposure of the Stavisky scandals. But already the chief witness for the prosecution has been murdered by unknown criminals, and his rank as a Judge of the Supreme Court makes the crime all the more astounding. Nor has Chiappe been reinstated. The conservatives clamor for his recall; but the Socialists and Communists have shown their power to mobilize the whole forces of the Left in resisting his reinstatement.

Faced with a widening deficit in her public finances, can France continue much longer in the present condition of paralysis? The Stavisky scandals will almost certainly result in further disorders. If the present Government, composed chiefly of professional politicians, does not expose corruption ruthlessly, the popular revolt will become uncontrollable. Yet if corruption is exposed, how can the prestige of a Government which exposes the corruption of its own supporters be expected to endure? A few weeks ago the crowd which surged towards the Chamber of Deputies would have burned it to the ground like the Reichstag if they had not been fired upon. It is by no means impossible that something of the kind will happen in the coming months. But, whether the Chamber is attacked or not, some drastic transformation in French politics seems quite inevitable. A dictatorship of some kind will have to be established.

If dictatorship in France is indeed inevitable, what form must we expect it to take? The French are unlikely to be content with any such modification of parliamentary government as the United States has adopted in giving vast emergency powers to President Roosevelt. Some sort of Committee of National Safety seems extremely likely, but will it be formed from the Right or from the Left? There are strong men of the highest qualities among the French soldiers of the higher command, and a military dictatorship is not impossible. But would that precipitate another general strike? The Socialists and the trade



unions have already shown by their peaceful demonstration of one day how enormously powerful is their organization. Doumergue himself is a staunch Republican; and if emergency powers are to be granted to any new authority by agreement beforehand, the government of France is much more likely to be entrusted to some quarter which is identified with the politics of the Left.

In either event what will be the repercussion upon Germany and upon Central Europe, during the critical months in which the fate of Austria hangs in the balance? If a military dictatorship of any kind were to emerge, the relations between Hitler and France would be strained at once. They would be strained no less if there were a Socialist dictatorship, pledged to preserve western Europe from the advances of Fascism. Socialism has been forcibly suppressed in Germany,

Austria and Italy. Its last refuge is in France, with possibilities of intimate cooperation with Belgium on one side and revolutionary Spain on the other.

There is another force to bear in mind also. Persecution in Germany has mobilized the whole influence of international Jewry against Germany, and France is the natural base in which the Jewish counter-attack will be organized. In France the extreme Right has been as ferociously anti-Jew as in Germany, and it seems most natural that Jewish influences, insofar as they are interested in the future of France, will be given to strengthening some form of government of the Left which would give protection to the victims of the Nazi régime. How far those Jewish influences are active or how much they count it is impossible to estimate.

But there are many reasons for expect-

ing that during the coming months a profound transformation will take place in France, which will make her the centre of organized opposition to Fascism in western Europe. No man can foresee the outcome if Europe is gradually—perhaps even rapidly—divided in that way; with a Socialist Russia in the East, and a Socialist France and Spain in the West, and a compact Fascist bloc from Sicily to Denmark. Racial hatreds have certainly not lessened, and are not likely to lessen as things are shaping now. Austria, right in the heart of Europe, is more than ever the danger point. The most immediate danger of conflict is in Central Europe, with Germany and Italy vehemently opposed over the future control of Austria; while in the East and the West the Socialist forces are hoping that Nazis and Fascists will exhaust themselves in fighting each other.

# Not Light But Lightning

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

THE final act of Philip Barry's unsuccessful play, "This Joyous Season," left the characters transformed and vaguely uplifted. A nun, their older sister, had come and gone amidst them, and by her sweet simplicity had made them ashamed of the sophisticated complications of their lives; by her buoyant faith had made them abashed at their own faithlessness; by her joy had awakened them from their pagan pessimism. It was all rather lovely, sweet, and good. The nun was the sort of human person that could be drawn by a dramatist whose own sister is a gracious and stately Mother Superior. And the mere fact of her presence among her own Farleys, whose growth in wealth and social prominence had been in exact proportion to their submersion in trivialities and artificialities, had knocked them loose from their ruts and false standards. She glided away to her convent, leaving behind her a regeneration and a newborn or rather reborn faith and hope.

Yet as I closed the manuscript copy, I was annoyed. We are permitted these momentary annoyances, aren't we? Naturally I was happy that the Philip Barry of "Animal Kingdom," (one of the most emphatically immoral plays of our generation with its thesis that love outside of marriage may often be purer than love inside of marriage), had turned to a Catholic theme. I was glad that he had written of a nun instead of a mistress, of hope instead of cynical disillusionment.

Yet I was still annoyed. The play, I felt, was going to fail on Broadway (it closed a week later), and it deserved to fail. Though the first two acts were talky and tiresome, the rise of interest from the middle of the second act to the end was decided and effective. The humor was benign and gentle; the characterization good, considering that it had so many characters to depict in a quite short play. However, I knew it was going to fail and that it deserved to fail.

Why? Well, the play seemed to crystallize for me a lot of vague wonderings I had had about Catholic literature. I tried to visualize an audience sitting through this play. There they were, the Catholics feeling that their duty obliged them to like it; the non-Catholics, wondering why they found it dull and nebulous. Neither group would be pleased.

And in their faces, I saw the first hurdle, so to speak, that must be crossed by every Catholic who tries to write literature. His audience is going to be bored because it is all old stuff to them; or is going to be puzzled, because it misses more than half the undertones, the innuendoes, the connotations that make literature acceptable and delightful.

The Catholics are simply not surprised. They watch the development of a Catholic play, and there is almost no sense of suspense. Their attitude is pretty much that of a group at a Passion Play. They may be momentarily stirred and emotionally awakened, but there is no feeling

of that suspense which is somehow necessary for great drama. In the Passion Play they know just exactly how things will turn out. They see the inevitable death with the temporary triumph of the villains. But before the dramatist, through the mouth of his characters, points out the resurrection ahead, they know all about it. The very emotional effect they feel may be quite independent of the play they are witnessing. Their own hearts are great reservoirs of pent-up emotions centering around and rising out of the Passion; and even the touch of an inartistic literary hand and the lines spoken haltingly by an amateur actor will reawaken those emotions.

SO it is with an ordinary Catholic novel. The end, even in the beginning, is vaguely foreseen. The elements are more or less familiar from the catechism class or the Sunday sermon: sin will be punished; the non-Catholic must find peace and certainty through conversion; mixed marriages mean unhappiness; divorce is a blow at the children; the things of this world are pebbles against nuggets compared with the things of eternity. The average Catholic book fails to hold the average Catholic reader simply because its elements are too familiar and the sense of suspense and surprise are missing.

On the other hand, the non-Catholic is too puzzled to follow with mental conviction. We know well enough, we who



know anything of the non-Catholic mind, that Catholic principles and practices and dogmas are as unfamiliar to the non-Catholic mind as are the principles of Shintoism. We speak a different language. We live in a world of entirely different ideals and aspirations.

**I**N consequence a Broadway audience sitting before "This Joyous Season" feels, in its non-Catholic members, only a little less embarrassed and befuddled than it felt a few years ago when it sat through a series of Chinese plays. In the Chinese plays, a charming little interpreter explained them each in turn. In the Catholic play, they remained mystified at the content, the expression, the whole substance and accident of the thing.

In much the same fashion, a Catholic book opens to them a world that is not only strange and mystifying, but a world described in language that is unfamiliar and against a background as mysterious as that of, say, a Jewish synagogue, a Persian law court, or an Aztec market place. Simple as it was, one of the Broadway critics after seeing "This Joyous Season" threw up his hands and admitted that he didn't have the faintest idea what it was all about.

So, unless the Catholic author is more than just ordinarily adroit, he may bore his Catholic audience with platitudes, and throw his non-Catholic audience into blank perplexity with enigmas. Converts write our best literature, because they have a clear concept of this non-Catholic perplexity.

It's an unhappy alternative; and I believe exactly explains what happened with Mr. Barry's play. It took a better dramatist than he and a far deeper student of Catholic faith and human nature to present a Catholic theme sufficiently novel to hold the Catholics in suspense, and sufficiently clear to be apparent to the non-Catholic who finds Catholicism a completely unknown terrain.

But let's put this a step further. Mr. Barry's play, like so much Catholic literature, failed, because it was simply filled with nebulous sweetness and light. As I read the script, my feeling was that the dear and charming nun might equally well have been a Christian Science practitioner, a Hindu yogi, an Ethical Culturist, a good and pious Protestant lady missionary home from India, a Y.W.C.A. secretary, the president of the Ladies League for Self Improvement, or a feminine Walter Hampden walking through "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." She was just another Pippa passing along carolling "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world," than which perhaps no sappier piece of unmotivated optimism was ever thrown at a despondent world.

It was just sweetness and light—that was all. And sweetness and light, though they exist abundantly in the Catholic

Church, thank God, and though they exist there as they exist no place else, with solid foundation in reason and faith and magnificent dogma, are just so much fluffy pink cloud to one who does not know the why of their existence.

Any of the estimable ladies, to whom I perhaps unkindly compared Mr. Barry's nun, could have carolled of sweetness and light, and do, as a matter of fact, carol of it most insistently and annoyingly. As the black clad figure in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" moves along his way shedding sunshine by being as dour as possible himself, and radiating light from an extremely dark sartorial outfit and an extraordinarily dreary countenance, the intelligent man watches the effect he has upon the characters and asks himself a pertinent, Why? Certainly nothing he does or says should produce such miraculous results. In fact, most of us would be bored to death by him and his interdenominational, copybook platitudes.

Just last year one of the motion picture companies sent me a rewrite of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," evidently expecting me to exclaim ecstatically that at length the motion pictures were coming back to God and the decencies. I returned it with a flat negative.

I told them that if it ever had been good, which I much doubted, it certainly was not good now. It was all frosting with no substantial cake. It was pretty fireworks without warmth or strength. It was unmotivated, unsubstantiated optimism that wouldn't hold up fifteen minutes against the attack of a real temptation or a real doubt. No man had any right to be optimistic who had no sound intellectual reasons for his optimism. And anyone who substituted one set of emotional glows for another, though one be good and the other evil, was simply leaving the glowing person in such a state that, when the good glows had died down, the first person to arrive with a new emotional torch (or hot point) would enkindle a new glow, equally transient, equally impermanent, and equally without hard kindling or good coal to keep it going.

The story was dropped by the company, and the subject has not recurred.

**W**ELL, Mr. Barry's nun had the same effect upon her straying family. She left them glowing. Why? Nobody knew. They were all exalted by her passing. Fine! But, my stars! what a thud when they dropped back to their real and very hard world. I'm afraid it would be unwise to write a sequel to "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and equally unwise to write one for "This Joyous Season." It would be as disastrous and disillusioned as Justin Huntley McCarthy's little known sequel to "If I Were King." After the glow and the

romancing were over, François Villon and Catherine looked the facts in the face and in a short time found that "Needles and Pins, needles and pins, when a man marries" (on the strength or weakness of an emotional glow) "his trouble begins." Emotional glows have a way of being followed by puzzled headaches.

**N**OW I am not in any sense blaming Mr. Barry. His intentions were fine and he was following a too well trodden roadway. For the Catholic authors have been persistently and almost stickily devoted to sweetness and light. In their eagerness to show how happy Catholics are (and heaven knows that is better than the school who spend their time hovering around sudden deaths and broken homes and blasted lives, to the minor accompaniment of sighs of penitence and the voice of the priest giving the last blessing), they have missed the whole reason of why they are happy. They were concerned with the glow; they missed that intellectual fire and that light of the Holy Spirit that set the Catholic aglow.

What Catholic literature needs if it is to take its place in world literature is less sweetness and light and more thunder and lightning. Now don't retort upon me with the quick assertion that nothing could be less permanent than thunder and lightning. I'm merely using them to stress the fact that Catholic literature must be shot through with strength and power and the terrible doctrines that are the root of our life and the overpowering truths that grip the Catholic's mind and shape and shake his will, if it is to bring about its desired effects. We need, in the phrase of that delightful Catholic revolutionary, Peter Maurin, to "explode the dynamite that is the doctrines of the Church," instead of everlastingly frisking coyly among the daisies or weeping among the willows. And that is precisely what Mr. Barry failed to do.

I should almost say that Mr. Eugene O'Neill in "Days Without End" came closer to it. At least he faced the terrible truth that the way to happiness is not through human love or intellectual posturing or experimentations, but down the royal road of the Cross. He admitted the fact that "to find one's soul" one must lose it; and to rise a complete man one has to sink in complete abandonment, crushed and apparently broken, before the cross of the dying God.

Now the Church is rich beyond measure in just those dogmas that are the stuff of gigantic literature, the thunder and lightning that would shake the world. The trouble has been that the theologians who knew the dogmas were not literary technicians who could put them into attractive popular form. And the literary technicians either knew too little about these dogmas, as did Mr. Barry, or cared



too little for anything except their own frivolous attitudes, like Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald, to be able to place those dogmas before the world.

As I write this, I can imagine, for example, the literary artist who suddenly grips the significance of the dogma of the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ. I can see him spinning that out in golden words through the discussion of his characters, hot blooded, human men. I can fancy one of his characters lifting his sword in duel with another character, and suddenly throwing aside his weapon and flinging himself on his knees to beg forgiveness for his intended crime; not through any fear of blood; not because of any unmotivated emotional pity; but because he suddenly sees in that man against whom his sword point was directed a member of that same Mystical Body of which he too is part, and of which Jesus Christ is head. And I can see him trembling and the audience trembling with him, as he knows that he was almost on the point of self-murder in this killing of one who was united with himself in the Mystical Body of Christ. I can see him realizing that he came close to decide: "Whatsoever you do to the least of these My little ones, you do to Me."

And I can see that sweeping dogma carried over into the field of peace and war, and men laying aside their guns and bombs, not through cheap selfishness (the motive insistently summoned forth) nor through a vague humanitarianism, but because they dare not rend and tear the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ through war. I cannot and dare not lift my hand against my brother whose Father like mine is in Heaven.

**P**USHING that one basic truth on, I can see it exploding with the flash of whip lightning and the rumble of terrifying thunder over men in the throes of class hatred or race prejudice. How can a white man look with dislike upon one who is black, how can the white race disdain the yellow, how can capitalist and laborer feel themselves torn into warring camps, when they know they are blood brothers, redeemed by the same Precious Blood of the Savior?

There is the basic comparison between the value of time and eternity, of the brief holding of elusive things compared with the unending holding of the God for Whom one has been made, which has in it the stuff of magnificent motivation. Perhaps Francis Stuart has striven for this not too successfully. Robert Hugh Benson glimpsed it in *None Other Gods*. But what a novel could be built up out of the logical conduct of a man who really grasped the meaning of Christ's words, "What doth it profit a man?" If the thought of gaining the world or losing his soul could sweep a brilliantly logical Xavier off to an India that meant

nothing to him personally, surely it could, once grasped, sweep one of our dramatists or novelists into a magnificent piece of creative fiction.

With all the current questioning of the value of human life and its deliberate submersion to the interests of an abstract state of a not-even-existing posterity, some Catholic writer is going to show in a play or a piece of fiction what God thought of its value. After all, that *must* be *precious* for which a God died. And the dramatist who once grasps this and makes it vivid to his audience will tell a story no man can ever forget. It has been told in dogmatic treatises and sermons. Where is the man of literature who can translate that into creative writing?

The whole magnificent dogma of grace and the supernatural life which lifts men from pigsties and counters and trenches and hunched stools to a Godlike importance and excellence, is news not only to the great non-Catholic world, but has

hardly been heard or understood by even Catholics themselves. Some poet grasping that concept will write us a Catholic *Faerie Queene* that will make Spenser's wearying masterpiece seem like silly drivel. But where's the poet?

**T**HE whole point can be reduced to this: Catholics know the great fundamental truths of the Faith and they know its external manifestations, but they have not as yet had enough great literary men who can show them the tremendous relations of those fundamental truths to the ordinary operations of life. Dogmatic theology has given us the majors of the syllogism and soul-stirring majors they are; our literary men have not known how to write the minors, the application of those general theories to the specific facts and individual cases of life, from which will be drawn the dynamic conclusion.

The theologians hold the majors which nobody ever reads. The literary men are puttering around with unimportant minors that have little or no connection with the gigantic majors. And the conclusions are consequently trifling, unconvincing, unimpressive, sweet and light.

So either of two things must happen; the theologians must study literary form and style (and that cannot be done with any real effect unless one is fundamentally blessed by the smile of Providence); or the men of letters must study theology and give themselves to prayer and thought and the facing of truths which are going to be in many cases world-shattering.

It has been said of the present Holy Father that he is more radical than the Reds. He is, if you understand that correctly. For he is as radical as Jesus Christ, Our Lord, Who convulsed the world with a dogmatic and moral revolution. Our Catholic economics are startling; our social principles are convulsing in their significance; our dogmas are so far reaching and so shattering in their effects that we hardly see their ultimate conclusions. But all this has not got down into literature. Instead, our writers are playing around with the tulips and the tuberose while they claim to follow a Christ Who spoke of "hating all things for My name's sake," turning the other cheek, loving all men, even our enemies as our brother, and taking up a cross daily to follow Him.

So I commend to Mr. Barry, and to all men who have his power, a course in dogmatic theology coupled with some serious meditation and prayer for the courage to be as startling and world-shattering as they must be if they are to present the world with genuine Catholic dogma. We can afford to forego the votive candles near the shrines, if we will take the lightning from the hands of Thomas of Aquin and God's magnificent warrior angels.

## Snow in a Country Lane

By M. C. Kelley

**W**HAT stillness this  
So complete  
Within this country lane  
Where Beauty broods,  
And silently  
Changes her robe again.

What movement, tell me,  
Holds less sound  
Than snow-flakes drifting  
To snow-swept ground?

Does Time pause here below  
At this white miracle—this snow?

Within this stillness  
Steeped in peace,  
My soul soars upward  
In swift release  
From sin and sorrow.  
All things of earth  
Vanish utterly  
In rebirth.

If you seek surcease  
From grief and pain,  
Go walk with God  
While snow falls in a country lane.



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BY ENID DINNIS

THE two Christian prisoners had been placed in a dungeon together. It was the last night of their lives so what harm could come of it? Tomorrow they were to be put to death for contumacious breach of the peace, a crime of which every member of the Christian sect was assumed to be guilty. They might just as well enjoy one another's society—their jailer saw no reason for not being indulgent for once in a way. Jailing is a hardening occupation, but all jailers did not follow their calling for the mere pleasure of it.

So Felix, the young Roman who had fallen under the influence of Paul, the man of Tarsus who had seen a vision and carried the same before his eyes through the gates of death, sat in the gloom of the subterranean dungeon in company with the aged Jew who had found the fulfilment of the ancient Law in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

Felix could barely see the features of his companion in the dim light, but there was tenderness and pity in the voice which returned his greeting. Sympathy was grateful to the heart of Felix. It is a magnificent thing to be a martyr and die for one's faith, but when one has a wife and a young child to leave behind in a cruel world even the crown of martyrdom may lose its lustre. He told his story to the aged man who was his fellow-Christian, and the sympathy in the voice deepened as he confessed to the absence of the exhilaration which usually accompanies the martyr's sacrifice. Felix wondered if it were the same case with the listener? He was old—he would hardly have dependents to leave behind. Perhaps he feared the lions? The hardness of the martyr's passage to the port of Heaven?

"Might I know your name?" Felix asked.

This companion of his reminded him in some way of John, the aged Bishop of Ephesus, and also of Paul, his father-

in-God. There was a certain family likeness about these holy men. The other replied:

"My name is Joseph. My friends call me Justus—one's friends have a way of naming one according to their fancy."

The listener became alert—excited.

"I have heard that name," he said. "Are you not, then, one of those who were with the Master; who knew Him and spoke with Him after His Resurrection?"

The man at his side made answer. "Yes, I am one of the witnesses," he said, quietly. "A most unworthy one, but, such as I am, I am here. The Lord has had mercy on me."

THE younger man scrutinized the speaker in the dim light. He had heard much of Joseph Barsabas. He had been within an ace, it was said, of being numbered with the eleven who had been the special companions of Christ when they chose one to take the place of the traitor.

"You were with Him from the beginning, were you not?" he ventured to say.

The white head outlined in the shadow motioned an affirmative.

"Right from the beginning," he said, but I never told anyone that. No one knew except His mother. I was in Bethlehem when He was born. I was a young lad, with a lad's inquisitiveness. One day I sighted a group of camels, just outside the city gate, with black slaves in Eastern garb looking after them. I wondered what had become of their riders; and presently they appeared, walking out of the city gate, and I watched the cavalcade move away. Then I went through the gate and I noticed a mean little house quite near to it. A man was standing at the door, apparently deep in thought. I went up to him and asked him if he had seen the riders of the camels. I wanted to find

out if he could tell me who they were, and what they were doing in Bethlehem.

"By way of answer he invited me into the house. It was a tiny place and a woman was sitting there with a Baby on her knees."

FELIX drew in a quick breath. The other paused.

"I am telling you," he said, "what I have never told the others—I somehow held it secret, but perhaps I was wrong? The man was middle-aged, but the young wife was almost a child. She had her eyes fixed on the Infant in her arms, but she looked up when I came in and smiled at me.

"There were three little caskets standing on a stool by her side, but I didn't take much note of them for I was looking at the little One. A little school companion of mine had whispered to me some weeks before about a wonderful Babe Whom he had seen in a cave Who was really a King, and I thought of it now—I had believed that he was telling me a fairy tale.

"Is that the Babe that Dan Ezra saw?" I inquired. "The One that he lent his blanket to?" And I added, "Is He a King?"

"Is Dan Ezra a friend of yours?" the man said. "If so, the King should like to give Dan Ezra's friend a gift."

"The Infant was smiling at me. He had a sprig of some kind of green herb in His tiny hand. The man opened the three caskets, one by one. 'These are gifts from the visitors whom you saw,' he said.

"The first casket contained a small quantity of glittering gold dust; the second some grains of what I was told was sweet-smelling incense. In the third there were a few sprigs of green herb similar to that which the Babe held in His hand.

"Now," he said, "you may take a little of whichever one you like. Gold is very



valuable; its meaning is wealth; frankincense is sweet to the senses—it means pleasure. Myrrh is bitter. It is laid on the breasts of the dead.’

“As I stood there making my choice the Child opened His little hand and the sprig which He was holding fell into his mother’s lap. I leant forward and picked it up.

“I will have this,’ I said, ‘because He has held it in his hand.’ The parents smiled at me. They seemed pleased; but the Babe had already fallen asleep, in the way of little ones of His age. His starry eyes were closed. But He was very lovely.”

**T**HE tears were rolling down the listener’s cheeks. He was thinking of another mother and babe—whom he would never see again.

“A few days later,” the narrator continued, “Herod sent out his soldiers to slay all the male infants in Bethlehem under the age of two years. I saw them moving through the streets. I kept my precious sprig of myrrh hidden away in my bosom, and it seemed to scorch my heart as I heard the voices of the mothers wailing over their slaughtered little ones.

“The years passed by and I still guarded carefully my sprig of myrrh. Sometimes it seemed to me that by choosing it I had indeed forfeited the gold and incense of life—wealth and pleasure—when I had rejected their symbols. I remained poor whilst my brothers waxed rich, and few of the pleasures of life came my way. Often I wondered what had happened to that poor father and mother after Herod’s soldiers visited their little home. Ever and anon I would take the sprig of myrrh out of the tiny case I had made for it and finger it and press it to my lips. It was my greatest treasure. I had not even shown it to Dan Ezra. I did not see how I could make even him understand exactly why I had preferred it to the gold, which would have also been the King’s gift, or the sweet-smelling incense which possessed a fragrance even without being burnt. It was my secret.”

Joseph called Justus straightened himself. His manacles clinked as he moved his hands.

“And then,” he said, “the time came when I met the Master. I was living in Galilee. Although I was poor I had a good trade. There was something to leave when I followed Him, thanks be to God. I heard Him preach, speaking as no man ever did; and there was something in His face that was faintly, faintly, familiar. He was beautiful beyond the sons of men in a way that one cannot describe. He came walking along the lake side one day, and passing by me He paused, and my heart jumped into my mouth. But He passed on, and later on I saw Him speaking to a woman, and they said it was His mother; and when I

looked on her face my heart gave another great bound for I recognized the face of the mother of the Babe whom I had believed to have been slain. It was the likeness between mother and son that had made His face seem familiar to me.

“I went home and took out my little case containing the sprig of myrrh and kissed it. So He had escaped from Herod’s men. And the little King Who had been born in Bethlehem in a stable was the promised Messias.

“After that I followed with the multitude that followed Him. I heard Him speak in parables, and I heard the wonderful giving of the new Law, up on the mount. It was new life poured into one’s soul. He had a way with Him that some people couldn’t follow. He was often playful as well as grave. Men have set His words down and others read them, but they don’t hear the little laugh that went round, or see the light dancing in His eye. They would fain treat them as though glumly spoken by one of the pharisees.”

The old prisoner had forgotten his bonds. He gave a little chuckle at something that had come back to mind. “I remember Him telling us the story of the man who waked his neighbor up in the middle of the night to ask for bread—and got it. Ever do I think of that scene when I go on asking the heavenly Father for this or the other grace.” The little chuckle was renewed.

“He knew how to tell a story,” Joseph called Justus said. “And there was the unjust steward. I’ve met people since who have asked whether the Master really thought that the steward was right because the lord in the story commended him. And, then, there was the time when John and Andrew asked Him where He lived. John told me all about it. He said ‘Come and see.’ And they spent the day walking about the wilderness; and He talked to them and they didn’t notice how time was going until they found themselves back where they had started from. And after He had bidden them good-night, Andrew said to John. ‘Why, He never showed us where He lived, after all!’ And then it struck them that they had indeed seen the place where He dwelt, not so much as a hole, like the fox’s, or a nest like the bird’s. The Son of Man had not where to lay His head. They had indeed seen.”

**T**HE narrator had become absorbed in his story. The other listened. These were priceless things that should be safely written down in a book—but John of Ephesus would see to that; he was a great scribe.

“I remember once,” the other went on, “how one day we were having a great dispute about who should be highest in the Kingdom. It was a grave dispute, and the finest fellows among us sorted ourselves out to carry it on, but He was

sitting in a corner giving a little child who belonged to the house a ride on His knee. And when we turned and looked at Him, he said, ‘Unless you become like this little child you will never, any of you, enter the Kingdom.’ And the tiny fellow put his arm round His neck and said: ‘Make it go quicker, make it go quicker.’ And many a time have I thought of that since, when I have heard men disputing of high things to show their own high knowledge. How easy it were to dispute of high things compared with becoming like a little child that asks for a ride on His knee.”

**“P**ERHAPS it were a rough ride sometimes?” Felix suggested, and the other was plainly delighted. “One would need to enter into it in the spirit of a game,” he said. “The Master loves that. . . . He was playing the first time that I saw Him,” he added, meditatively. “But ’twas with a sprig of myrrh.”

“I was near Him when He made choice of twelve to be His special companions,” the old man continued. “He spent the night in prayer up in the mountain, and next morning He came to the place where we were all gathered, and I watched Him as He went from one group to another and laid His hand on the arm of this or that one. There were eleven that had received the invitation. They gathered themselves together in a place apart, and I stood wondering in my heart who would be the next and last one. I dared to ask myself: would it be me?”

“Judas, the one that betrayed him, was standing with me. I had no liking for Judas—none of us had. He was a keen, capable man, very useful in the matter of making money go a long way, and all that kind of thing, but we didn’t quite trust him. When I saw the Master approaching us my heart leapt into my mouth. Most surely he must be coming to invite me to join Simon, eager, impetuous Simon, and John—him of the virgin soul; and Nathaniel, the man without guile—there was nobody else near except Judas. He would not choose Judas!”

“For just a moment He paused and cast a glance at me—a keen, wistful glance—then He placed His hand on Judas’s shoulder. His choice was—Judas!”

“I remained where I stood, dumb. Did not the Master know Judas? One of the others came up to me. It was Matthias. He had not realized the blow that I had received. I turned to him. ‘Does not the Master know what manner of man that is?’ I questioned, ‘and He a prophet?’ But Matthias answered, gently, ‘Mayhap, if he remains so near to the Master he may grow to love Him better than the things which he holds in such esteem?’

“There was one only to whom I could speak of my disappointment. It was the Mother—His mother. I found her out



and told her all about it. 'Why did He pass me by?' I asked her. 'Will you ask Him, for I durst not?' Of course he knew that I had been there at the beginning, but He had never alluded to it. She seemed to ponder the matter in her heart. Then she made reply: 'Nay, surely that were plain. It was because you were thinking yourself to be worthier than Judas.'

"I knelt at her feet, my head bowed with shame.

"'You have still your little sprig of myrrh,' she said.

"'Aye,' I answered, 'I was indeed with Him before any of the others, and He has passed me over for Judas.'

"Then I fell to weeping, for she was watching me intently, saying nothing. 'It means,' I said, at length, 'that Judas is haply worthier than I.' And I went home very humbly and took out my little sprig of myrrh. It seemed curiously fresh, as though newly-gathered."

The narrative continued.

**I** FOLLOWED Him with the disciples that had not been chosen. I was indeed one of the seventy-two that went preaching His word, and I cast out devils in His Name. I was with Him when he preached the sermon on the Living Bread and saw those others depart who after that walked with Him no more. But I walked with Him till the end.

"I thought that Judas would have gone, but he remained, one of the favored twelve, carrying the purse. I tried to think well of Judas for I had learnt what a hard thought can cost one who would fain be near the Master.

"Then the time of terror came. I looked at my sprig of myrrh and thought to myself how Joseph, His foster-father, had told me that it was placed on the breast of the dead. Mary of Magdala brought Him sweet perfume, and Judas complained that it had not been turned into gold and placed in the purse. But the myrrh was mine—His gift." There was a long eloquent pause.

Felix put in his question, "And after He was risen again, did you also see Him?"

"Aye, I was there when He was taken up into heaven in a cloud. And on the day when Peter spoke to the assembled brethren concerning the fate of Judas and the electing of one to take his place.

"It was a great speech, that of Peter: 'Brethren,' quote he, 'the Scripture must needs be fulfilled concerning Judas who was the leader of them that apprehended Jesus, who was numbered with us and obtained part of this ministry.' And then he told concerning the hideous end of Judas, and the words of the Scripture that another should take his ministry. 'Wherefore of these men who have companied with us,' quote he, 'all the time that the Lord Jesus came in and went out among us, beginning from the baptism of



THE OLD PRISONER HAD FORGOTTEN HIS BONDS

John until the day that He was taken up from us, one of these must be made a witness with us of His Resurrection.'

"Then he cast his eye on the hundred-and-twenty of us that stood there, and he singled out Matthias and myself. 'We will cast lots,' he said, 'and the Holy Ghost will show us the will of God.' And he prayed, 'Thou, Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men show to us which of these two Thou has chosen to take the place of this apostleship from which Judas hath fallen.'

"And I stood with my eyes cast down, trembling with the thought that the Lord full often chose the weaker vessel to hold His treasure, for Matthias was a better man than I."

A strange white light was shining about his head, making his features visible.

"The glory of being His witness might yet be mine. Surely this second time would be my hour?"

The speaker's hands were trembling. The chained hands whose every movement betrayed them by a sound.

"Then they cast lots," he said; "and the lot fell on Matthias and he was numbered with the eleven."

**F**ELIX sat watching the bowed white head. The strange light was still playing about it.

"You are about to be His witness now," he said. And then he asked, as though by an association of thoughts:

"Have you still got that little sprig of myrrh?"

"Aye," the other said. He opened his tunic and showed a small leather case suspended from his neck. His jailers had laughed and asked him if it were a charm against the lions.

"He was playing with it when I first saw Him," he murmured. And then a strange look of fear came into his eyes.

"Tomorrow I am to be His witness,"



he said. "He has chosen me at last. I can hear the lions roaring in their den. Poor brutes, they are famished. I thank Him for His mercy, but—my heart is unquiet. I have a fear."

Felix gave a little shudder. He, too, was full of fear. The thought of his beloved ones—his wife and child—had unmanned him.

"It has eluded me twice," the old man continued. "It may do so yet again. It is a great, great honor to be chosen. I am yet fearful. . . . He was playing with the sprig of myrrh—sporting with it—when I saw Him that first time."

He dropped his voice and whispered, as though he were afraid to hear his own

words, "Sometimes, at the last moment, they bring a reprieve."

Even as he spoke, the door of the dungeon opened to admit a visitor. A stranger in the official uniform of the emperor's minions. The new-comer was accompanied by the jailer. Turning to the latter, he demanded:

"For which of the two prisoners yonder is it that I hold the reprieve?"

The jailer flashed his lantern onto the faces of the two occupants of the cell.

On one, a youthful face, was written mingled hope and fear—agonized hope. On the other—it was an aged, wrinkled face, and the light of the lantern mingled with another, a strange, unearthly light

—there was written fear, a fear that shook his frame.

The visitor scanned the two countenances. He spoke, compassionately:

"Tis the old man who must go to the lions. The young man's wife and child are waiting for him at the gate."

"Thanks be to God!" The look of fear had vanished from the aged face. Peace and joy had taken its place.

"Lord, I am not worthy," Joseph called Justus murmured; and as he beat his breast his hand struck something. It was a little leather case. The fastening broke and it fell to the ground.

Felix stooped and picked it up. "May I keep this?" he asked.

# DEATH AT SEVENTEEN

*(Easter Octave, April, 1933)*

By Patrick O'Connor

**I** HAVE just come home from a wake. If I attended many wakes like tonight's, they would make a saint of me. I do not see how I could resist the graces they would bring.

A young girl lay dead, dead in the opening prime of her womanhood! dead, with her rosary in her hand, with Mary's medal at her throat and on her face a look of peace, the peace that is more than earthly.

I knew how she had died. A few days' illness, beginning at Mass on Holy Saturday morning, and then death within the joyous octave of Easter. Illness and death to the music of alleluias. Illness and death in the very week when even the rest of us heavy mortals feel some foretaste of the Heaven that the wounds of Our Lord have won for us.

On Easter Sunday night the hospital chaplain had anointed her. Easter Sunday night! "And when it was late that same day, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them: 'Peace be to you' . . ." The priest marveled at the intelligent interest, the deliberate, careful devotion with which the seventeen-year-old patient received the Last Sacraments. No panic, no murmuring, no vagueness. "I want to make sure of gaining the plenary indulgence, Father."

There was suffering to be borne. "Say a prayer for me that I may bear it right!"

And I knew how she had lived.

Alert, humorous, well-poised, she had the option that such a girl always has. She could have been merely worldly or just a little worse than worldly.

But she was a daily communicant, and she was consistently faithful to the spirit of that unbroken rendezvous. She lived in the state of grace, and she looked it. The light of the presence of the indwelling Trinity has a way of shining through.

**I** HAD met her at students' meetings during the past two years, had listened to her speaking. The platforms she spoke from were those of the sodality and the Mission Crusade. It seems but a few days since I last saw her at a Crusade meeting. And now she lies dead, dead at seventeen, mourned but not pitied. For the breath of victory was in that room tonight.

Young people were gathered on the sidewalk, on the lawn, on the porch. Inside they were crowded, as they knelt and with ringing voices recited the rosary of the Mother of God. As I talked to them and moved around among them outside in the April dusk, I was struck by the absence of gloom. There was reverence, there was sorrow, there was sympathy—sympathy for those who were feeling the pang of all the partings gone and partings yet to be. But of morbid despondency there was none. These boys and girls seemed to have come almost to congratulate their friend, their fellow-sodalist and fellow-crusader. She was the first of their number to finish the course. She had kept the faith. Death was swallowed up in victory.

One was reluctant to leave. There was something in the atmosphere that made one want to linger.

Many of us had come there with a natural feeling of the poignancy of early death, death in young April when the new green is tender on the trees. That feeling deepened as one drove slowly up the hushed street between the moist lawns, verdant in the Spring twilight. Surely here was tragedy. Half-forgotten lines, old tellings of the ever-new sadness of death, urged their melancholy music.

Come, let the funeral rite be read,  
The funeral song be sung,  
An anthem for the queenliest dead  
That ever died so young,  
A dirge for her, the doubly dead,  
In that she died so young.

But in a moment one realized that a paean would declare the truth better than a threnody. For there was no sombre tragedy here. Instead of a sense of frustration, defeat, disappointment, there was the note of simple but solemn triumph. Kneeling beside that open casket, I was conscious not of Death so much as of Life. Not of life cut short, but of life that had burst into flower. Not of life relinquished, but of life found. Not of mortality, but of immortality.

**I** DO not know when the supernatural seemed nearer than it did tonight. It was as if the veils that ordinarily hide the spiritual realities from our earthly gaze were swaying and even momentarily blown aside. He Who joined the two disciples on their way to Emmaus and made their hearts burn within them was not far from that home. And looking at



what had happened, one felt one could see His Mother's hand in it all.

Now, to me, the striking fact is this: the student crusader, the sodalist of whom I write was no phenomenal character. She lived in no abnormal surroundings, had no spiritual opportunities out of the ordinary. And these boys and girls with whom I knelt tonight have hearts and souls that are clearly cast in the same mould as hers. These, too, are living the ordinary Catholic life. Throughout the country there are thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, just like them. Every pastor has witnessed in his own parish exactly what I have witnessed and felt what I have felt. And the grand conclusion is that the beautiful things I have seen and heard tonight are the fruit of just the ordinary graces that God is showering on His children, even in these evil times.

**J**UST the ordinary graces. The sacramental grace of Christian marriage that helps to make the Catholic home a nursery of saints. The grace of Baptism that makes us adopted sons and daughters of God, fellow-heirs with Christ, living chapels of the Blessed Trinity. The grace of Confirmation that gives us strength to fight for the cause of Christ, to be soldierly members of a Church Militant. The grace of Penance lessening our faults, mending the dents in our armor. The daily grace of Holy Communion, ever uniting us more and more closely with Christ, penetrating us with His life and love, so that we truly abide in Him and He in us. ("There will be saints among the children," said Pius X, in re-establishing early and frequent Communion.)

Then there is the sacrament of Holy Order, to give every Catholic a true pastor, to shield and to guide him, to dispense the mysteries of God to him, above all to celebrate for him the clean oblation, the holiest and most salutary of all actions, the Holy Mass.

Meanwhile, ever enriching the soul of youth is another oblation—that of the consecrated Religious who, because they are voluntary victims are so much more than teachers.

The Catholic home, the altar, the confessional, the school, and their corollaries, the seminary and the novitate—dear God, what torrents of graces flow through all of these! What spiritual wealth is lavished on us! These graces are ordinary only because Divine Love gives them so generously and so persistently. What I have seen tonight is a faint glimpse of the splendor latent in the normal Catholic life and the glory for which it can prepare us—if we will only let it. Lamentable are the losses they inflict on themselves who let these torrents of graces flow past them without bothering to avail of any but the minimum. Sad as are the losses, what of the actual injury—in plain and

dreadful language, the sin—that could so easily be prevented.

These are days when hideous traps are set for youth. And the traps have snared, are daily snaring, many a soul. The ordinary graces, the daily-proffered, marvelous graces to be had for the taking, would have preserved so much innocence, would have checked so many weaknesses, would have brought to final victory so many who have pitifully surrendered. Let anyone who doubts the value of that victory kneel where I have knelt tonight.

O world invisible, we view thee,  
O world intangible, we touch thee,  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—  
The drift of pinions, would we hearken.  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—  
Turn but a stone and start a wing!  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces  
That miss the many-splendored thing.

I drove away in the cool night air, thinking these thoughts and feeling almost enviously homesick for Heaven . . . Tomorrow morning the funeral. Black vestments, of course. Even if we could know for sure that one of Christ's dead had already been admitted to the Beatific Vision, it would not be for us to set aside the immemorial rubric of the Church. So there will, of course, be black vestments. But somehow, though tonight the sky is overcast and rain threatens, I shall be surprised if tomorrow the sun does not break through and vest the morning in radiant cloth-of-gold.

I stopped down town to mail a letter. People passed and re-passed along the sidewalks, under the hard bright lights and in the shadows. Young folk passed, some of them flashily dressed, shrill of voice, and forward in a way that means more than forwardness. And I pitied them for what they were missing. Even pitied them that they were not lying dead, dead at seventeen, with their rosaries in their hands and the peace of victory on their faces.

## A Lad Born Blind

By Theodora Bates Cogswell

**H**E IS as one in prison held  
Who cannot see the walls  
That close him in—because of night  
Which, shrouding, round him falls.  
He does not dream how strong his jail,  
How high its black bounds reach—  
How wide the outer world which he  
Shares only through our speech.

He boasts he has not missed his sight,  
As one who has not known  
Father or mother speaks by rote  
Of love he did not own.  
From him is bleakly shut away  
His heritage of sky;  
The wonders of field, sea and wood  
He goes unguessing by.

O God, grant skill to offer him  
The key to life's best ways,  
To show him wisdom's richest stores,  
Broaden his narrowed days.  
O God, grant tenderness to feel  
His need, his hourly cross,  
With strength to hide our pity lest  
He ever learn his loss.



# THE FIRST YEAR

By

Gerhard Hirschfeld

THE Roosevelt administration has concluded its first year, at the time I am writing. President Roosevelt is the head of the Executive Branch of the Government which stands, in scope as in purpose, for the American people. There are, of course, the other two branches, Congress and the Supreme Court. Both can be ignored for the purpose of analyzing the Government's activities during this first year, because both have largely concurred with the executive branch in the most important of these activities.

The significance of this first year seems clear to all of us: the Government has assumed the leadership in the economic life of the nation which was heretofore held by the individual. In former years it seemed that everybody was well enough able to care for himself. On this ideology rested the evolution and development of American business. A tradition of more than 200 years grew around it. No wonder, then, that the different face of the New Deal evokes a variety of echoes. There are those who believe in it as the coming of a new order. But they are not those who stand in the forefront of business; of few, in fact, can it be said, that they ride even on its tail. Then there are those who consider the whole affair an emergency to be dropped as soon as the fog of the depression lifts. And these are men who know the difference between red ink and black. Finally, there is the group, formerly the hot centre of rugged individualism, which has only downright condemnation for "dangerous experimenting of the New Dealers."

It seems to me that it is the characteristic of a democratic government that its actions conform with what the majority of the people would do under the same circumstances. I have not the slightest doubt but that there is no trace of any such conformity between government and people. It appears that the Government has shown much greater daring and boldness than the individual would have shown even in his personal world. This may be worthwhile to remember because it shows the parting of ways between two institutions, the democracy of government, and the democracy of people, that should in reality be one. It shows the abandonment of the idea of "a government representative of the people of the nation." If such abandonment is permanent, we come to the "corporate State," perhaps dictatorship is the right name. If the Government effort fails, control must sooner or later be returned into the hands of the people, or their respective agencies, which means the reestablishment of democracy.

The present state of affairs is in a transitory stage. The achievements of the Roosevelt administration are, in my opinion, a considerable success. The banks have been reorganized on a sounder basis. But I don't see that the bankers are grateful and hand out bitterly needed credits in support of the Roosevelt program. The manufacturers have been given relative stability of the currency, better export opportunities with the devaluation of the dollar in terms of foreign currencies, restricted competition, higher prices, increased production, and the like. But if they are in hearty support of the President's program, I have yet to hear about it. One or the other are courageous enough to step out in praise of the NRA, in contrast with the restrained protest of the multitude against reduced working hours, minimum wages, the codes and government regulation.

LABOR has very likely profited more than any other single group under the Blue Eagle, and the American Federation of Labor has, officially at least, stood by the recovery program. The newspapers can tell you all about it. But, going around and talking with scores of workmen, I can distinguish three groups: those that have work complain that they cannot make as much as before, on account of restricted working hours; those that have no work, cannot see just where the NRA helps them; and those that found work, are looking for something better.

These instances may be multiplied *ad libitum*. The morale involved is as true of the farmer and the shipper, as it is of the clerk and the cobbler. The Government tries to show the way, and the response it gets is not exactly encouraging. The Government has achieved something; the legalization of beer, repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, economy in government expenditures, mortgage and unemployment relief, the National Labor Board, Soviet recognition, the devaluation of the dollar, and the "march of the alphabets," from the AAA down to the TVA—such mass of government activities as has never been known in this country in times of peace.

And yet, this is not and cannot be true economic recovery. One element is missing. It is by far the most important: the coöperation by those who make up the business world. Whatever has been achieved in the way of restricted produc-

tion, of minimum wages, of pocket-money for the consumer, and in many other ways, has been effected by government measures. This is a new direction in the economic history of the country. But where is the proof that the business man, the trader, the manufacturer, the farmer, the investor have joined in this direction? Great changes may be upon us. If they are, then the Government forces have courageously crossed the Rubicon, with the rest of us still crowded on the other side of the river, with eyes trying to get a glance of the blessed and promised land, but with feet still firmly planted in the old, familiar soil.

THE Government has stepped out—but unless we get in this country outright State Socialism or some such control, it can only *show* the way; and it is up to the following herd to make the leader a true leader by following him. If such leadership remains isolated, it is not a bit more important than the man who starts to build a tunnel to Europe by digging a hole on the beach with a 10c shovel. We should not forget that those who have to tread the new paths, who have to systematize new ideas, who have to put new principles into orderly practice, are not in the Government, but in business. Before they will cross the Rubicon, they want to agree with the thesis of ethics as set forth by the Government. They want to understand the new psychology of voluntary coördination. And, last but by no means least, they will have to coöperate to such extent as to make the part, at present assumed by the Government in business, quite superfluous.

Obviously, what we have now is not so much a new order but an *attempt* toward a new order whose success does not depend upon the Government, but upon the people—if our conception of democracy is to last. This, as I see it, will be the true test of the second and the following years. It has been up to the Government to show; now it is up to the people to act. If they don't, they may be forced, not in the name of democracy, but of the sacred privilege of the State.

If they say, "This is a new order"—ask them, whether they are business men. They probably have nothing to lose. On the other hand, if this is an emergency, our business community would better emerge at the earliest possible moment; because the emergency was created by their hiding in their holes. If the experimenting has been done by the Government, let the business world pick the fruits—and eat them.



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# THE SIGN-POST

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## PERSONAL REPLIES

G. D., WASHINGTON, D. C.—*How to Use the Daily Missal* is published by E. M. Lohmann & Co., St. Paul, Minn. Price 15c. This pamphlet will furnish you with the information you desire.

P. X. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The nearest Benedictine Abbey is St. Mary's Abbey located at 528 High Street, Newark, N. J. Communicate with the Rt. Rev. Ernest Helmstetter, O. S. B.

E. B., ST. LOUIS, MO.—The poem is published in *St. Dismas and Other Legends*, edited by Enid Dinnis. It may be obtained through THE SIGN. Price \$1.10 postpaid.

M. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Complaints of this nature may justly be lodged with the Visitor General for Religious Communities, Very Rev. Msgr. William J. McKenna, 75 Green Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., if the community is located in the Diocese of Brooklyn.

W. W., ELMHURST, N. Y.—*Watchful Elders*, by Rev. Kilian J. Hennrich, O. M. Cap., will give you the advice you seek. Bruce Publishing Co., 40 East 34th Street, New York City. Price 40 cents.

P. J. S., CLEVELAND, O.—All the love stories of Dumas, father and son, are on the Index. Also *The Question of Divorce* by the latter. There are many things in the past history of the Church concerning which good Catholics are ashamed. But the Church, after all, is made up of men, not angels. Non-Catholic and other denominations are not exempt from human transgressions, either. Have you ever read the history of Martin Luther and his associates?

P. J. I., MORTON, WYO.—Write to The Catholic Encyclopedia Press, 141 East 29th Street, New York, N. Y., and to The Macmillan Co., New York, N. Y., for information relative to Catholic encyclopedias. The Education Bureau of the N. C. W. C., 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C., publishes a list of Catholic schools throughout the country. Newman Book Shop, Westminster, Md., sells second hand Catholic books.

H. P. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—There is no uniformity in regard to ringing the bell at the *Domine, non sum dignus* before distributing Holy Communion. The Rubrics of the missal do not prescribe it. This explains, perhaps, why it is not done in your church. The ceremonies in the Greek Catholic Church are essentially the same as in the Roman Catholic Church, but they differ in non-essentials, such as language and rite.

H. H., DUNKIRK, N. Y. The article you refer to directly contradicts the attitude of the Church. You will find the correct doctrine in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*.

P. J., NEWTON, MASS.—If you feel a call to the religious state you ought to foster it as best you can. Seek the advice of an experienced confessor who will guide you in your difficulties. Read *Shall I Be a Nun*, by Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J.,

The Queen's Work Press, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cents.

O. MCC., LAWRENCE, MASS.—We can find nothing about a St. Obilene. Possibly, it is a French form of another name.

J. V. C., BRONX, N. Y.—The books by the author you mentioned were received by the Catholic Press in the manner which they deserved—with scorn. *The Inquisition*, by A. L. Maycock, is listed at \$4.00, net. Postage extra. It may be obtained through THE SIGN.

J. Z., CLEVELAND, O.—*The French Revolution*, by Hilaire Belloc, is listed at \$1.25 net. Postage 10 cents.

J. J. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y. — Write to *The Miraculous Medal*, 100 East Price Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and to *America*, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., for information relative to the Lazarists and Jesuits, respectively.

M. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The book is positively obscene.

J. Q., RANKIN, PA.—Write to Herder Book Co., 15 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

D. E. M., MARINE CITY, MICH.—*The Question Box*, by Rev. Bertrand Conway, C. S. P., is the book you need. \$1.00 cloth; 50c. paper. Postage 10 cents. It may be obtained through THE SIGN.

T. K., HICKSVILLE, N. Y.—The case should be brought to the attention of the man's pastor, who will refer it to the matrimonial court of the diocese. It may be possible to obtain favorable action.

J. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—There is no guilt in the matter, and hence no necessity of confessing it. It was rather an act of virtue.

E. C., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—We do not know why there is so little written about the "old maid," except perhaps there is no demand for such articles. The law of supply and demand works here.

K. J. MCD., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Saint Brian was a martyr-knight of Ireland. His feast day is March 22. Brian and Bryan are Irish forms of Bernard.

E. S. G., ST. LOUIS, MO.—(1) Catholics do not pray to statues, but *before* them. The statues are nothing more than reminders of the Saints, which aid the faithful to direct their prayers to the Saints. Unblessed statues will not interfere with the hearing of good prayers. (2) The belief that St. Thérèse sends a cross for every favor obtained seems to be based on superstition. (3) When the souls of deceased persons are no longer in Purgatory, our prayers for them may be disposed by God in favor of other souls who need them.

W. E. W., JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—The books of the author mentioned are not on the Index.



### TWILIGHT SLEEP

*What is the ruling of the Church with regard to the use of Twilight Sleep during labor? Some nurses and doctors call nitrous-oxide plus oxygen (the gas dentists use for extractions) Twilight Sleep; others call other forms of anesthesia Twilight Sleep. Is this correct?*—G. K. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Twilight Sleep is defined by Dorland as "a condition of light anesthesia marked by mental subconsciousness, produced by the hypodermic administration of morphine and scopolamine. In this state the patient, while responding to pain, does not retain it in her memory. It is employed in the conduct of labor." According to this definition the forms of anesthesia mentioned by you are not Twilight Sleep.

There is no decision of the Church relative to the use of this anesthesia, so far as we are aware. Therefore its lawfulness in the conduct of labor must be judged according to the general principles of morality. These principles demand that a physician in his medical practice is obliged to use only safe means when these are available, and when administering a drug that is likely to have two effects, one good and the other bad, the good effect intended must be at least of equal importance with the effect whose risk is assumed. Both of these principles are violated in the use of Twilight Sleep in ordinary medical practice because, even under the most favorable conditions, it cannot be truly said to be a safe means and, secondly, the risk assumed in the treatment far exceeds the good effect intended. Therefore, judged according to the moral principles that should regulate medical practice, and viewed in the light of the experience of many of the most skilful and expert obstetricians of the country, it may be truly said that the use of Twilight Sleep in ordinary cases is not morally justifiable. (*Moral Principles in Hospital Practice*, Finney, page 167 et seq.)

As a result of the experiences of eminent obstetricians in the use and investigation of this method of treatment, Dr. Austin O'Malley in his *Ethics of Medical Homicide* (pages 239-244) most justly and logically concludes: "Two or three men in the best circumstances say they get one hundred perfect results; other men, equally, or far more skilled, and in equally favorable circumstances, get one hundred results which are anything but successful, often a disgrace to science, and undoubtedly immoral. They are immoral because they risk human life in an attempt to ease a physiological pain, and this is not a sufficient reason; moreover, these attempts fail oftener than they succeed."

### ROSE VESTMENTS: DIFFERENCE OF MAJOR ORDERS: DOMINICAN RITE

*(1) When was the rose color added to liturgical vestments, and what is its symbolical meaning? When may this color be used and on what days of the year? (2) Please explain the difference between the Orders of Subdeacon, Deacon, and Priest. I have seen priests fulfil the office of both Deacon and Subdeacon in a solemn high Mass. (3) How does the Dominican Rite of the Mass differ from the ordinary Roman Rite? Is this rite used in this vicinity?*—T. H. S., IRWIN, PA.

(1) Pope Benedict XIV (*On the Sacrifice of the Mass*) says that up to the fourth century white was the only liturgical color in use. Other colors were introduced afterwards. By the close of the twelfth century white, red, black, and green were generally used. Somewhat about this time rose began to be employed on *Lætare* and *Gaudete* Sundays, which occur on the fourth Sunday of Lent and the third Sunday of Advent. "This color is worn to enhance the solemnity and to express joy by means of this lighter violet which is so close to the red. Rose is the symbol of rejoicing in the midst of these times of prayer and penance." (*The Treasure of the Liturgy*). When rose is not used violet takes its place.

(2) The three Major Orders are Subdeacon, Deacon and Priest. The first two Orders are preparatory steps to the

third. The priesthood includes the dignities and powers of the two lower Orders, and therefore a Priest may act in place of Subdeacon and Deacon, when these officers cannot be had. The Subdeacon's duties during Solemn Mass are to sing the Epistle, to bring the sacred vessels to the altar, to hold the paten during the canon, and to give the kiss of peace to the clergy who may be present. The Deacon sings the Gospel solemnly, assists in offering the oblation to God and generally assists the celebrant.

(3) The Dominican Rite of celebrating Mass differs in accidental points from the ordinary Roman Rite. The principle ones are—at low Mass the chalice is prepared by the celebrant at the altar before the Mass begins, and the host and chalice are offered together. There are also variations in the prayers for Communion. The Dominican Fathers have no house in the Diocese of Pittsburgh.

### CATHOLIC PRIEST DID NOT INTRODUCE SLAVERY ON THIS CONTINENT

*Is it true that a Catholic priest first introduced Negro slavery on this continent as a substitute for Indian slavery?*—A. H., ST. LOUIS, MO.

If you refer to what is now the United States, the answer is No. The first Negro slaves, so far as can be learned, were brought to this country and landed at Jamestown, Va., in 1619, in the ship called "The Treasurer," by Captain Daniel Elfrith. She sailed from England in April, 1618, and, after landing at Jamestown late that summer, started on a marauding expedition in the Barbadoes and came back with twenty Negro slaves on board in September, 1619. (N. B. Certainly the books mentioned are not on the *Index of Forbidden Books*. But this *Index* does not contain all those books which may be harmful. It is difficult to answer your question, for we do not know whether or not you are of a juvenile or mature mind.)

### CURSING ANOTHER

*Can a curse be put on one person by another? I do not personally believe this can be done, unless it is permitted by God as a punishment for some past sin, but if it can be done what can a person do to offset it?*—C. K., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A curse in the above sense means wishing evil to another by word of mouth. A curse or malediction of this kind is ordinarily not efficacious; that is, the effect on the person so cursed does not follow from the words used. In certain extraordinary cases the curse of parents has been prophetic of the evil to follow, as in the curse of Canaan by Noah (*Gen.* 9:25). Parents especially should avoid cursing their children, for it may happen that their curse is fulfilled beyond their expectation: "the father's blessing establishes the houses of his children, but the mother's curse rooteth up the foundations." (*Ecclus.* 3:11.) Ordinarily curses are to be overlooked by those against whom they are directed, but if pronounced in all seriousness by parents against their children, the latter should endeavor by living a virtuous life to merit escape from them.

### MEANING OF CATHOLIC AND CHRISTIAN: FIRST RELIGION: JESUS AND PRAYER

*(1) What did the name Catholic derive from and what does it mean? (2) When was the appellation "Christian" first used? (3) What was the first religion on earth? (4) Did Jesus pray in church and in the open?*—S. K., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) The word "Catholic" comes from the Greek word meaning "universal." It was first applied to Christ's Church by St. Ignatius of Antioch. In an epistle written by him to the Smyrnians in the beginning of the second century he said: "Where Christ is, there is the Catholic Church; where the bishop is, there also must the people be." Thus, Catholic



became the recognized name of the Church, and also one of the marks of the True Church. The name "Catholic" was also applied from very early times to individual members of the Church. Pacian used it in this manner: "Christian is my name and Catholic is my surname."

(2) The *Acts of the Apostles* tell us that it was "at Antioch the disciples were first named Christians." (*Acts* 11:26.) It was probably coined by the heathens and in the beginning was given to the disciples in derision. The citizens of Antioch were noted for their habit of giving nicknames, and as the Church broke away from the synagogue, and as, in many cases the disciples were Gentile converts, the need of some new appellation must have been felt, and to meet this need the name of Christian was invented. In the beginning the followers of Christ called themselves "the disciples," "the brethren," "the faithful," "the saints." Christian is a Latin derivative from the Greek name of Christ. "A Christian," says á Lapide, "is one who always bears Christ in his heart, on his lips, and in his words." (*The Acts*, Madame Cecilia.)

(3) It is Catholic teaching that the primitive religion was a Divinely revealed monotheism; that is, the worship of one God. Thus, we learn from *Genesis* (3:4) that Cain and Abel offered the sacrifice of first fruits to God. Sacrifice has always been the supreme act of religion.

(4) The Gospels mention explicitly that Christ prayed in the synagogue, on the mountain, at the grave of Lazarus, in the Garden of Gethsemane, and on the Cross. But His prayer was not limited to these instances. His whole life was one of prayer.

#### PRESTER JOHN: STERILIZATION OF INSANE PERSONS

(1) Can you give me any information concerning a character named Prester John? He was the leader of a kingdom in Central Asia, probably Mongolia, during and shortly after the time of Our Lord. (2) Does the Church object to the sterilization of incurably insane persons and the like?—A. H. C., MALDEN, MASS.

(1) Prester John (old French, *prestre*—priest) is the name of a legendary Eastern priest and king. The fabulous wealth of this head of a supposed Christian kingdom in the Far East furnished abundant material for writers of the Middle Ages, such as Sir John Mandeville (now considered unreliable) and Wolfram von Eschenbach in his *Parsifal*. According to Marco Polo, Prester John was Unc-Khan, and for centuries that Prince of the Keriats, a Mongolian tribe, was believed to be Prester John of the legend; his sacerdotal character was considered due to the fact that he might have been dedicated to the priesthood in his cradle, according to Nestorian custom. In Jerusalem early in the 15th century the Abyssinian priests described their country to the Portuguese merchants as the kingdom of Prester John, which accounts for the persistent search, by the Portuguese discoverers of that century, for the kingdom and for the king himself, along the coast of Africa and the East Indies. (*The New Catholic Dictionary*.)

(2) On March 21, 1931, the Holy Office was asked the following question: "What is to be thought of the so-called eugenic theory, whether positive or negative, and of the various means advocated to better the human race, setting aside natural, Divine, positive and ecclesiastical law affecting the rights of individuals in regard to marriage?" The answer was: "This theory is to be entirely rejected as false and condemned as in the Encyclical *Casti Connubii*." (*Acta Apostolica Sedis*, vol. xxiii, p. 118; 1931.)

The teaching of the Encyclical, in part, is as follows: "Public magistrates have no direct power over the bodies of their subjects. Therefore, where no crime has taken place, and there is no cause present for grave punishment, they can never directly harm or tamper with the integrity of the body, either for reasons of eugenics or for any other reason. St. Thomas teaches this when, inquiring whether human judges for the sake of preventing future evils can inflict punishment, he admits that

the power indeed exists as regards certain other forms of evil, but justly and properly denies it as regards the maiming of the body: 'no one who is guiltless may be punished by a human tribunal either by flogging to death, or mutilation, or by beating.'

"Furthermore, Christian doctrine establishes, and the light of human reason makes it clear, that private individuals have no other power over the members of their bodies than that which pertains to their natural purposes, and they are not free to destroy or mutilate their members, or in any other way render themselves unfit for their natural functions, except when no other provision can be made for the good of the whole body."

#### EMBER DAYS

Would you please explain the significance of Ember Days? I. T., CLOSTER, N. J.; W. S. A., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Ember Days are the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday which follow December 13, the first Sunday in Lent, Pentecost, and September 14 (Exaltation of the Holy Cross). They are days of fasting and abstinence. They are popularly known as Ember Days, but in the breviary and missal they are called *Quattuor Tempora* (four seasons or times) because these days of fasting and abstinence recur in each quarter of the year. The Ember Days were observed at Rome in the days of St. Augustine. Pope St. Leo ascribes their observance to an apostolic custom. The same Pope says that the object of these days is that we may purify our souls and do penance as we begin each quarter of the year. Our Lord commanded that His followers do penance: "Amen I say to you that unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." The Church sets aside certain days of the year for the doing of penance, in order that the faithful may reduce to practice this Divine command. Otherwise many Christians would hardly perform any penitential works. Another purpose of the Ember Days is that the faithful may by means of their prayers and acts of penance, draw down upon those about to be ordained to Holy Orders the special blessings so necessary to their state. Ordinations are usually held during these days.

The term Ember Days is not derived from "ember" in the sense of ashes. It may come from the Anglo-Saxon word *ymbren*, meaning a revolution or circuit. But more probably it is a corruption of the Latin term *Quattuor Tempora*. The Dutch *quateremper*, German *quatember*, Danish *kvatember*, exhibit the various corruptions of the Latin term. (*The Catholic Dictionary*, Addis & Arnold.)

#### NEW YEAR'S DAY: DATE OF EASTER: SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST: ADAM AND RACES OF MEN: JEWS AND BAPTISM

(1) Why doesn't New Year's Day fall on December 25, the day on which Jesus was born and the New Testament began? (2) Why doesn't Easter always fall on the same day? (3) All sin can be forgiven except the sin against the Holy Ghost. Which sin is this? (4) Adam was our first parent and probably a Jew. Why are there now so many races in the world? (5) What words do the Jews use when they baptize, since they do not believe in Jesus?—M. M. S., CINCINNATI, O.

(1) The date at which the year commenced varied at different periods and in different countries. In England for many years the New Year began on March 25, and in France on December 25. When Julius Caesar reformed the calendar, in 45 B. C., he fixed the 1st of January as the beginning of the New Year, which in course of many ages became generally adopted. Pope Gregory XIII in his reform of the Julian calendar determined that the year should begin with the 1st of January. The Greek Church, or at least part of it, still follows the Julian calendar and its dates are now 13 days behind those of the rest of Christendom.

(2) Easter, according to the decree of the Council of Nice,



in 325 A. D., is the first Sunday after the full moon which follows on or after the Vernal Equinox (March 21). Easter therefore falls on some day between March 22 and April 25 inclusive. Though Easter is always celebrated on a Sunday (Christ rose from the dead on a Sunday), the Sunday varies because of the phases of the moon. There is a movement on foot to establish a new calendar in which Easter will always fall on a fixed Sunday.

(3) "Christ our Lord called 'blasphemy of the spirit' that sin of the Pharisees by which they attributed the ejection of the demons by the power of God to the devil. Though they knew that they were expelled by the power of God they denied it through hatred and envy. The sin against the Holy Spirit is committed when manifestly Divine works, which the Holy Spirit operates in order to confirm faith and to convert sinners, are attributed through malice to the devil." (Noldin, *Theologia Moralis*. I. 355.) God's graces granted to save men are turned by them against Him. This sin is not said to be unforgivable, but that it is not forgiven, because those guilty of it refuse to be pardoned. There are also other sins said to be against the Holy Spirit, as final impenitence, which because it is final is not forgiven.

(4) Adam was our first parent from whom is descended all mankind (*Acts* 17:26). But it can hardly be said that he was a Jew. The Jews are the descendants of Jacob, also known as Israel. The first clear intimation of the formation of Adam's descendants into various families is found in *Genesis*, chapter eleven. Men were "of one tongue and of the same speech," but, in order to confound them because of their presumption in attempting to build a tower which might reach to the heavens, God "scattered them from that place into all lands, and they ceased to build the city."

(5) The Jews do not believe in Baptism and, consequently, there is no question of their use of words in such a ceremony. The rite of incorporation into the Jewish religion is called circumcision, which, prior to the religion of Our Lord, was regarded by the Jews as a kind of sacrament, in somewhat the same way as Baptism is regarded by Christians.

#### OBLIGATION TO ASSIST AT MASS

*Is it a mortal sin to miss Mass on Sundays without a valid excuse? Is missing Mass because you have not any money to pay for your sitting a valid excuse? Is it necessary to mention this to your confessor?*—U. J. B., NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

The obligation to assist at Mass on Sundays and Holydays is a grave one, from performing which only a grave reason will excuse. Not having the price of a sitting is not a sufficient reason to stay away from Mass on these days. No pastor will ever embarrass a person on this account, when the excuse is sincere. In these days the poor should more than ever attend to their obligation, in order that by means of the graces of the Mass they may receive the strength necessary to carry the cross of poverty. If one has omitted attendance at Mass for this reason in good faith, he ought to mention the fact to his confessor in order that he may receive instruction and encouragement.

#### SIGRID UNDSET AS CATHOLIC NOVELIST

*I have just finished one of Sigrid Undset's novels, and I must admit that I have returned many books to the library which were less offensive. I understand that Miss Undset is a Catholic, a convert to the Church. A Catholic writer is expected to instill high ideals in the minds of her readers, and especially to teach us that the virtue of purity is to be safeguarded and treasured always. Miss Undset is a great writer and no doubt a good Catholic woman, but I would not call her a fine Catholic writer. May I have the opinion of THE SIGN on this book, and the writer thereof?*—A. R., MASS.

It is generally conceded that Sigrid Undset is a great literary artist. She reflects life in her writings, and as life,

real life, is not so good as we would like to have it, literature, which is a reflection of life, will have many things in it which are unseemly and offensive. If one wishes to write only of good things and good people, one may write an inoffensive story, but nobody, or very few, will ever read it. This has been one great defect of a deal of so-called Catholic literature of the past, especially in this country. It was too good to be true. Nobody ever lived like the characters in many of these books, and consequently even Catholics, for whom they were intended, refused to read them. No, life is not perfect on this earth. And consequently a great literature must not be expected unless it deals with life as it is. The Bible, which is the world's greatest book, reflects both virtue and vice throughout its entire length. But never vice for its own sake.

However, an author is not expected to deal with only the seamy side of life, for that would not be the whole of life. Evil and good both exist in this world, and it is the part of a true author that he at least lean to the side of truth and goodness, and that if he treats of evil he should not treat of it for its own sake, but for the sake of the good; as shadows bring out the light.

It can with reason be alleged against Sigrid Undset that she is preoccupied with sex, and that the philosophy, especially of her earlier books, is false. The morals of these books cannot be defended. They are a menace and a snare to virtuous minds. It might be said in extenuation that while engaged in writing the first of the trilogy *Kristin Lavransdatter* Miss Undset became a convert to the Catholic Church, and that previously she had not the benefit of the Church's philosophy to guide her. But even in subsequent novels, written as a Catholic, the same emphasis on sex is noted in her books. Consequently they cannot be recommended without reservations. She is not an author who can be understood and appreciated by all.

Miss Undset has a great gift for the delineation of character. But her philosophy and moral ideas, as exhibited in her books, speaking generally, are not the philosophy and morality expected of one who subscribes to Catholicism. Yet, because of the distinction which she enjoys and the following which she has won, she furnishes ground for hope that she will employ her great talents in the writing of such literature as will exemplify true philosophy and morality. This is the least that can be expected of one who believes in the Catholic Church. If this is not the fruit of her conversion she will be only another Catholic who writes (like Kathleen Norris) and not a Catholic writer. Her most recent book, *Ida Elizabeth*, upholds the indissolubility of marriage from merely human motives. But this is well in itself, for though natural reasons are not the highest ground for this property of marriage, they are valid and good so far as they go. We express the hope that this book marks the beginning of a phase in Miss Undset's career in which she shows that she is a genuine Catholic writer.

#### OBLIGATION OF GODPARENTS: SUPERNATURAL MERIT

*(1) Godparents are supposed to keep in touch with their godchildren and see that they are brought up in the Catholic Faith. But suppose that a godparent has lost track of a godchild. Is the godparent's obligation still binding when the parents of the child are staunch Catholics? (2) Will a person gain as much merit for not taking part (when one doesn't care for them) in drinking and all-night parties, as those who enjoy them but are trying to get away from such temptations?*—M. R. R., HARRISON, N. Y.

(1) The Code of Canon Law (Canon 769) says that it is the duty of godparents to regard their spiritual children as their perpetual charges and to instruct them carefully in the obligations of the Christian life, in order that they may prove themselves such as they solemnly promised to be by their baptismal vows. The obligation exists even if the godparents think that they are not bound by it, but chiefly when the parents neglect



their duty. Since sponsorship entails a grave obligation, godparents should use great care in fulfilling their duties. But if the parents are "staunch Catholics" there is no reason to fear that the child's Christian education is being neglected.

(2) The supernatural merit of one's actions depends on the degree of Divine charity with which they are performed. In the case you mention it will be pertinent to remember that the greater opposition one encounters in the pursuit of virtue, and yet overcomes it, so much the greater will be one's advancement in perfection. As the *Imitation* says, "He advances most who overcomes most."

#### INDULGENCES OF STATIONS OF THE CROSS

(1) *May the plenary indulgences attached to the Stations of the Cross be gained more than once a day? (2) Are prayers for the intentions of the Pope required in order to gain the indulgence?*—L. M. MCC., LAWRENCE, MASS.

(1) As we have written on several previous occasions, by virtue of the Decree of the Sacred Penitentiary of October 20, 1931, a plenary indulgence may be gained *each time* that the faithful, whether individually or in a group, perform the exercise of the Stations of the Cross. (During the Holy Year, however, these indulgences may be gained only for the Souls in Purgatory.)

(2) In the Decree cited above there is no mention of the necessity of reciting special prayers for the intention of the Pope. Regarding the conditions to be observed for gaining the indulgences the Decree says: "All the faithful who, either singly or in groups, shall with at least a devout heart perform the exercise of the Way of the Cross, which has been lawfully erected, can gain the indulgences." There is no mention of any other condition, such as confession, Communion, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope, which are ordinarily required for gaining plenary indulgences. The Stations of the Cross seem to be an exception to this rule. In some churches special prayers are recited for the Pope's intention. These are laudable, but not necessary.

#### INFALLIBLE SECURITY IN ACCEPTING CANONIZED SAINTS

*How can we be sure that a person who has led a good religious life and was a good Catholic is worthy of being a Saint? One reads of the canonization of Saints, but what authority have we that these people are really Saints?*—N. N., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Among the objects of papal infallibility is the canonization of Saints. The reason of this prerogative is explained by Pope Benedict XIV, in his monumental work *On the Canonization and Beatification of Servants of God*: "The universal Church cannot be led into error concerning matters of morals by the Supreme Pontiff. But this would be the case if he were not infallible in the canonization of Saints." "In the act of canonization the Church proclaims the Saint a model of virtue; she commands all the faithful to honor him, and exhorts all to imitate his life. If the Church could be mistaken in this matter, the faithful would be led into grievous error by imitating the life of a sinner and by honoring one who is forever estranged from the friendship of God." (*The Church of Christ* by Berry, page 510.) No more security can reasonably be expected than this.

#### BURIAL OF NON-CATHOLICS IN CATHOLIC CEMETERIES

*May a non-Catholic be buried in consecrated ground? If not, why not? I am thinking of a plot belonging to a family in which there is a non-Catholic.*—V. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Burial in consecrated ground in Catholic cemeteries is reserved for those who die in visible communion with the Catholic Church. Every society grants rights and privileges to its members which it may lawfully deny to non-members. It would be unreasonable to expect that the Church would grant its privileges to those who are not her members, else what

would be the benefit of membership? However, there are many cases of a peculiarly delicate nature, as, for instance, the case of a non-Catholic husband or wife, who has faithfully carried out the promises made before marriage with regard to the non-interference in the Catholic Baptism and education of the children. In one diocese at least, provision is made for the burial of such non-Catholics in Catholic cemeteries. Plots are set aside in an unconsecrated part of the cemetery in which the Catholic and un-Catholic parties are buried, but the grave of the Catholic party only is blessed. In this way both parties are buried together, yet only the Catholic lies in consecrated ground. This indulgence is never granted unless for very weighty reasons and by way of exception. Each case must be brought before the bishop of the diocese for his decision.

#### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

St. Anthony, J. H. M., Moberly, Mo.; Souls in Purgatory, K. M. O. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Blessed Virgin, M. C. C., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Poor Souls, N. C. C., Cincinnati, Ohio; Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, St. Joseph, A. G. Salem, Mass.; Sacred Heart, B. H., Trenton, N. J.; Blessed Virgin, M. D. S., Roselle Park, N. J.; Blessed Mother, Sacred Heart of Jesus, M. E. A. B., Philadelphia, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, K. L., Cincinnati, Ohio; Souls in Purgatory, M. A. J. M., Louisville, Ky.; St. Anthony, I. C., Rosebank, S. I.; St. Paul, St. Gabriel, K. E. S., New York, N. Y.; Blessed Mother, St. Bernadette, A. C. C., Malden, Mass.; Blessed Mother, M. R. R. J., San Jose, Calif.; St. Therese, K. M. K., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, I. J., Harrison, N. J.; Sacred Heart, M. D., New York, N. Y.; Blessed Mother, F. V. W., New York, N. Y.; Blessed Mother, E. F. B., Providence, R. I.; St. Gabriel, Blessed Gemma, M. J. S. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Christopher, M. C. F., Napoleon, Ohio; Blessed Mother, M. J. G., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Paul and St. Gabriel and St. Teresa, G. M., Union City, N. J.; Souls in Purgatory, E. D., Harrison, N. J.; St. Anthony, B. Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Souls in Purgatory, F. K., Troy, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Our Lady, St. Joseph, A. R., Irwin, Ill.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Lady, B. R., Cincinnati, Ohio; Sacred Heart of Jesus, F. A. M., Port Washington, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, A. C., Hamden, Conn.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B. Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Blessed Virgin Mary, B. K. B., Randall's Island, N. Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M. A. L., Long Island City, N. Y.; Infant Jesus, M. B. H., Somerville, Mass.; Mother of Perpetual Help, B. E. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Gabriel, H. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Our Lady, E. P., Oakland, Calif.; Our Lady of Sorrow, M. A. D., Jersey City, N. J.; Poor Souls, R. H., Rice Lake, Wis.; Poor Souls, M. E. P. R., Middletown, Ky.; Sacred Heart Jesus and Mary, M. A. G. B., Etna, Pa.; St. Gabriel, A. T. K., Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Blessed Mother, Sacred Heart, M. W. D., Goshen, N. Y.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, B. McE., Lincoln Place, Pa.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Poor Souls, A. W., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, A. L., Hamden, Conn.; Sacred Heart, B. Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Little Flower, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and St. Anthony, M. A. S., Lawrenceburg, Ind.; Sacred Heart, M. N. J. B., Chicago, Ill.; Blessed Mother, M. F. T., Trenton, N. J.

#### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M. J. S. H. Pittsburgh, Pa.; M. R. Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; E. C. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. M. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. G. S. D., Bridgewater, Mass.; M. T. K., Roxbury, Mass.; M. M. C., New York, N. Y.; G. J. B., Trenton, N. J.; H. M. C., Providence, R. I.; R. H., Rice Lake, Wis.; I. McL., New York, N. Y.; L. McC., Union City, N. J.; M. A. G. B., Etna, Pa.; M. M. M., Lakewood, Ohio; L. I. L., Arlington, Mass.; M. A. G. T., St. Louis, Mo.; M. R. P. F., Grande Prairie, Alta.; N. A. H., Plainfield, N. J.; F. A. F., Indianapolis, Ind.; A. V. P., New York, N. Y.; M. McC., New York,



N. Y.; A. C., St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.; M. A. S., Lawrenceburg, Ind.; M. C. T., Hawthorne, N. J.; M. J. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. L. G., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; H. T. C., Ardmore, Pa.; M. C. R. M., Lakewood, Ohio; M. E. W., Bronx, N. Y.; M. C. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.; H. F. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.; B. H., Trenton, N. J.; M. T. C., Dorchester, Mass.; H. McL., Elmhurst, N. Y.; C. M. T. B., Valley Cottage, N. Y.; I. McL., New York, N. Y.; H. B. Milton, Mass.; L. L., Arlington, Mass.; C. A. D., Oneonta, N. Y.; H. W., Bardstown, Ky.; M. J. R. B., Bronx, N. Y.; W. S. A., New York, N. Y.; E. D., Chestnut Hill, Mass.; M. H. S., Greensburg, Pa.; M. W. J. G., New York, N. Y.; K. H., Cincinnati, Ohio; M. G. M., Belleville, N. J.; R. O'M., Roxbury, Mass.; M. P., Whitestone, L. I.; M. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. J. H., Belleville, Ont.; M. J. F. C., Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.; J. M. D., Swampscott, Mass.; A. S., St. Albans, L. I.; E. F. B., Providence, R. I.; L. B., Latrobe, Pa.; M. C., Syracuse, N. Y.; M. G., New York, N. Y.; M. W. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M. J. F., Mattapan, Mass.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

#### SUPPORTING THE CHURCH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have been a reader of *THE SIGN* for the last four years, and I wish to tell you that it is a wonderful magazine, especially one can learn much from *The Sign-Post*.

A month or so ago I read about someone putting up a complaint about the seat collection. He surely must see only one side of the case. I agree with you that if the priest would not ask, the people would not think of giving anything. It is always the ones who give little or nothing who do all the complaining. Some people do not think anything of tipping a waiter in a night club a couple of dollars and spending five or ten dollars for highballs, only to have a headache for the next few days. That is all right.

How many men and women will put their last dollar on a horse race. I have seen on race tracks people in rags, and yet they will pay four dollars for admission, and then perhaps lose their last cent. But ask them for a dollar to support the church and they think that is ridiculous.

Every cent which I give to the church comes back to me double. I feel that God gave us what we have, and that it is only right that we should give back part to Him.

People complain that God never helps them. How could He when they never want to make any sacrifice.

MINEOLA, N. Y.

A. J. W.

#### A LAYMAN WHO BECAME POPE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the January, 1934, issue of *THE SIGN* an inquirer asked you: "Can a layman become Pope? Has this ever occurred?" You answered the first question correctly by saying that any baptized male Catholic having the use of reason may be chosen to the office of Pope. In your answer to the second question you said that you did not know whether or not a layman was ever elected Pope. I know of one instance when this happened, and that was in the case of Saint Fabian. He was elected while still a layman and crowned Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church. To quote from Butler's *Lives of the Saints*: "Eusebius relates that in an assembly of the

people and clergy held for the election of a Pastor, in his room a dove unexpectedly appearing settled to the great surprise of all present on the head of Saint Fabian, and that this miraculous sign united the votes of the clergy and people in promoting him though not thought of before, as being a layman and a stranger. He governed the Church for fifteen years and four days, sent Saint Dionysius and other preachers into Gaul, and condemned Privatus, a broacher of new heresy in Africa. Saint Fabian died a glorious martyr in the persecution of Decius in 250 A.D." His feast falls on January 20.

UNION CITY, N. J.

(REV.) FABIAN FORTUNE, C.P.

#### TWO BOOKS FOR THE ASKING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We enclose herewith two dollars for *THE SIGN*. Two booklets, *The Truth About Catholics* and *The Bible an Authority Only in Catholic Hands*, we shall be glad to mail free of charge, postage paid, to all non-Catholic readers of *THE SIGN*. Simply drop us a post card asking for same.

2432 LONGWOOD AVENUE,  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE SECRETARY,  
CATHOLIC LITERATURE SOCIETY.

#### "THE JEWISH MYSTERY"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Being a Hebrew it was quite natural that I should read with great interest and expectancy the unraveling of "The Jewish Mystery" from a psycho-analytical point of view by P. W. O'Gorman, C.M.G., M.D., in the march issue of *THE SIGN*.

There is no doubt, as the writer says, that "an extreme difficulty confronts the Church in her mission to convert the world." Jews included. But, I submit, the difficulty becomes more difficult, as far as our part is concerned, unless we correctly understand those persons we seek to convert; in this instance, the Jews.

To understand the "mental disease" that is being analysed it is most necessary to make proper mental discriminations. Thus we must avoid designating atheists (born of Jewish parents) along with believers in God as Jews. The only general designation that I believe can properly be considered to include all children of Jewish parentage is of racial rather than religious significance. It is Hebrews and not Jews. St. Paul must have realized that when he addressed converts from Judaism in an Epistle to the *Hebrews*. They remained Hebrews racially, as atheists born of Jewish parents remain Hebrews racially, even though one group were converts and the other group perverts, religiously. Again, to refer to the Jews of today as a "separate and distinct nationality" still further darkens the mental vision, for (as a group) they can claim no country as their own (even though England has given them a "homeland" to strengthen her grip on the Suez Canal) and they have no common civic and cultural ideals.

When the Doctor begins to "examine (the Jewish question) from a medical point of view" with the basic assumption that "Jews are coherent—" his analysis adds still further to the all too prevalent misunderstanding, for there is not a more incoherent religious group in all the world than the Jews. This I endeavored to make plain in *THE SIGN* last January by quoting the Editor of the *American Hebrew*, Rabbi Landman of New York, as saying that "there is only one thing two Jews can agree upon. That is how much the third Jew should give for charity." I have before me an editorial from *The Jewish Advocate* (Boston, Dec. 8, 1933) headed "Demonstrating Jewish Disunity" in which "the saddening lack of Jewish unity, even among those working for the upbuilding of Palestine" is bemoaned "at this time when Palestine . . . must be regarded as the only refuge for hounded and persecuted human beings."

In the "diagnose" of the Doctor the elements he deals with are somewhat confused by positively declaring that the modern Jew is the product of the Talmud. That would apply to the



Orthodox Jews of the diaspora. The modern Jew is the product of our secular institutions of learning, the product of rationalism. The modern Jew holds, to quote one of them (Dr. Abraham Wolfson, *Spinoza*, N. Y., 1932), that "the Talmud (is) an enormous compendium of curious and half-digested learning, sage reflections, and not a little fantastic nonsense." When quoting a thirteenth century convert from Judaism demonstrating to Pope Gregory IX that "it was the Talmud which prevented the Jews from accepting Christianity . . ." it were well to know that he was speaking of the Orthodox Jews who believed, as Orthodox Jews do today, in the coming of a personal Messiah, which today a growing number of so-called Jews (Rabbis included) utterly repudiate.

Again the mental dividing line is missing in the unfolding of "The Jewish Mystery" when dealing with the Messiah that Jews expect to come who is "to be the most powerful of militant and avenging monarchs." That also only applies to a diminishing number of Orthodox Jews. Modern Jews do not believe in any kind of a personal Messiah to come. They believe in an abstract thing called the Messianic Age when all will be better than well. I have a copy of *Opinion*, a Journal of Jewish Life (N. Y., Dec., 1933), in which we are told that "today the Messianic hope has been transmuted into the Zionist Movement and our Messiah has become a nation and not a prophet. And that evolution has been due only to the failure of numerous individuals throughout history to lead Jews into the future."

There are many other points that the length this letter has thus far assumed does not permit me to deal with. These are just as far from things as they are in the Hebraic world from an economic, civil and psycho-analytical point of view as the assumptions thus far touched upon. With all that, it is a pleasure to find myself in agreement with the last two paragraphs of Dr. O'Gorman's concept of "The Jewish Mystery." Catholic doctrinal education among Jews and prayer are the things much needed for the conversion of the Jews, and all Catholics should feel morally obligated to take part therein.

BOSTON, MASS.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

#### WOMAN'S INJUSTICE TO WOMAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

First I must tell you how much I enjoy Miss Burton's "Woman to Woman" page in *THE SIGN*. It is so sensible and free from frills.

Next I heartily endorse her paragraph about women taking advantage of the times, and being unkind to those who are unfortunate enough to work for them. Through force of circumstances I have been compelled to do domestic work for several years and can truthfully say that I have not come across one truly charitable woman. I have studied and pondered this problem a long time and have come to the conclusion that the majority of women are unrelenting in their attitude towards another woman in the house. They expect one to accomplish what they themselves could not, or would not do. What charity is there in expecting a person to work from, say, 7.00 a.m. until 7.30 or 8.00 p.m. without a break except for interrupted meals? And that day in and day out without any let up except one-half day a week (in many cases beginning about 4 p.m.) and alternate Sunday afternoons.

I have worked when I felt absolutely ill and told my employer but no charitable voice urged me to go to bed. One must not give way to bodily weakness. It is quite legitimate for members of the family to be ill, but not for the mere help.

I have worked for several Catholic families. Two of these I left because I hadn't sufficient to eat (after a morning's wash, could one derive enough nourishment from an egg and bread and butter as the main meal of the day?).

I come in contact with many who are far worse off than I am. One could write pages on the injustices heaped upon them and the inhuman way in which they are treated. Many, I know, are not capable, and justly deserving of rebuke, but that ought not to lessen the employer's charity to those who are worthy.

In one's own home one has the advantages of family life, companionship and equality. But in another's home one is just the general factotum following a grinding monotony every day without the compensation of family life. It is simply repugnant and loathsome to a sensitive soul and needs many graces and prayers to keep one's spirit from becoming crushed. One needs too a saving sense of humor. I have often wept in secret at the misery of it all and prayed for strength and courage just to "carry on." One has no time for things of the spirit, or for recreation, and at night one is often too weary to pray with concentration. I wonder if these women are wholly ignorant of the sufferings they inflict upon the women and girls in their employ. If so, I feel it is culpable ignorance. I am writing this merely to prove that Miss Burton's statements are correct and I for one can vouch for the truth of them. I have not worked for one woman that had the true spirit of charity and my work has always been done conscientiously and thoroughly. May God have more mercy on them than I have!

Miss Burton's was the first article I ever read that had the courage to defend the exploited female!

Am enclosing my name and address but *not* to be used.

TORONTO, CANADA.

"ONE OF MANY."

#### ADOLPH HITLER AND THE JEWS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The mass meeting held in New York on March 7, which cited Chancellor Hitler to the bar of public opinion and convicted him of injustice, race prejudice, tyranny, and brutal oppression, was sponsored by citizens of the Jewish faith.

As I read the account of the proceedings in the daily newspapers my thoughts went back to a letter published some months ago in *THE SIGN*. This letter was written by a member of the Jewish religion and in it he protested against the references made in the Christian religion to the persecution and final condemnation of Christ by the leaders of the Jewish nation of that day. In fact, he advocated the entire suppression of the Gospel accounts of the persecution of Jesus by the leaders of the nation and the elimination of all symbols of that tragedy in the liturgy of the Christian Church.

A few weeks ago it was stated in the public Press that a protest has been made by certain Jews in Europe against the coming production of the Oberammergau Passion Play.

In view of the action taken at the New York meeting in condemning Hitler and by implication the people who have placed him in power, it seems inconsistent for the Jewish people to take offense at Christians for keeping fresh the tragedy of Calvary, which took place, not in the present time, but nineteen centuries ago, and which sealed the civilization which has brought untold benefits to the human race.

Their attitude seems to be this: Get the Christians to protest against anyone who antagonizes our faith and practice, but let not the Christians refer to what happened to Christ nineteen hundred years ago.

CALDWELL, N. J.

ALBERT KLEIN.

#### MARRIAGE OF CLENDENIN RYAN AND COUNTESS WURMBRAND-STUPPACH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The enclosed clipping [Associated Press photo of Clendenin Ryan, Jr., and bride Countess Marie Anne Wurmbbrand-Stuppach, with legend—"shown as they left St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, yesterday, after a quiet civil ceremony performed by Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia"] has caused many unfavorable comments both by Catholics and non-Catholics, as you can well expect from many who are always glad to find something to pick apart in such matters.

Always believing the Church's firm stand in relation to the Sacrament of Matrimony, I hope you will be good enough to find out for me the real story of this. I do not believe that



our Church would permit anyone other than a duly authorized clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church to perform the ceremony in the church. If it be the case that these people were married by a priest and that the Mayor performed the civil service elsewhere, the paper should be made to clear that up. Perhaps there is a St. Patrick's non-Catholic cathedral in New York. This I do not know. If there is, that should have been stated.

If this is a "paper" story, as is most everything one now reads in the daily Press, I believe that it should be contradicted. But if it is true I am sorry. Can you help me clear the story in my mind and also check further comment?

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

JULIETTE CROSTON.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The above Associated Press item is not in accord with the facts. We have it from the Chancery Office of New York that no civil marriage was performed, either before or after the church wedding, which was blessed by a priest in the Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral. A civil marriage was contemplated, to be performed in City Hall, before the Church marriage, as a compliment to the Mayor, whose secretary Mr. Ryan is. But when it was pointed out that this was contrary to the regulations of the Church, the civil ceremony was dropped entirely. An effort was made to correct the first false reports in the secular Press, but it does not appear to have been wholly successful. Another instance of false newspaper marriage items.

#### AN APPEAL FROM THE PHILIPPINES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I introduce myself as a native Catholic priest, under the jurisdiction of the Most Rev. Santiago Sancho, Bishop of Nueva Segovia, Philippine Islands. My missionary station is Bacarra, Ilocos Norte, Philippine Islands.

My devotion to the Catholic Church, my appreciation of the Filipino youth and my earnest desire that the irreligiosity and indifferentism among our young people be remedied, are the potent motives which prompt me to make this appeal.

I send this appeal to THE SIGN in the hope that many of its readers feel in their noble hearts the missionary spirit. I am not mistaken when I say that many American Catholics desire to alleviate if possible by their kindness and generosity, the hard life and difficulties which every missionary priest meets in the mission field.

How sad to contemplate that a great majority of young men and women, who were born Catholics, are losing their faith due to the fact that no religious instruction is given in the public schools where the 90% of the Filipino children are getting their education. According to the Bureau of Education there are 1,000,000 students of the public schools in the Islands. Here in Ilocos Norte there are more than 40,000 students alone. The public school of this town has more than 3,000 pupils. It is good if  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the total number of students of the Island are fulfilling their duties to God. Very few are attending the Mass on Sundays and Holidays, receiving the Sacraments. The students (born Catholics) are becoming indifferent to their religion. This is a natural consequence of the public school system of education implanted in the Islands, excluding from its curriculum religious instruction which is the basis of a good education. Furthermore, the students are influenced by the examples and ideas of their teachers who are imbued with materialistic and atheistic doctrines.

I visited some of the school libraries, and was shocked to find that there was not a single book written by a Catholic. And there are thousands and thousands of books in every school's library. The students are required and forced to read some of the books as reference books. How can we hope that they will remain Catholics the students who never hear in their schools about God, about Jesus Christ; on the contrary, they have read many books and magazines which say: God does not exist, Hell is a myth, Jesus Christ is not God, All religions

are equals; books which favor birth control, divorce, and all the modern doctrines which are extremely opposed to Catholic doctrines. Many have lost the purity of their soul, their chastity and their Catholic faith by the reading of bad books.

If this present religious condition of the Philippines is not remedied, the number of Catholics will be greatly decreased. Only those will remain practical Catholics who get their education in the Catholic schools. These are very few, because the Catholic Church in the Philippines is unable to establish free Catholic schools.

For the students of the public schools the organizations of Catholic Clubs and Catholic Libraries is the best means to bring to the minds of the students the knowledge of God and the Catholic Religion. I have a plan to organize a Catholic Club and Catholic Library. The purpose of the Catholic Club is to furnish the students some games and to give them a lecture about social, moral and religious topics once a week. The Catholic Library will give an opportunity to young men and women to read instructive books, Catholic periodicals and pamphlets. But to carry out into success this undertaking, plenty of Catholic papers, magazines, books and pamphlets are needed. In the name of Jesus Christ I request earnestly and respectfully that the readers of THE SIGN send me their back numbers of magazines and papers. Any kind of books, old or new, and pamphlets will be greatly and cordially appreciated and welcome also.

I have the pleasure to state that the 300 children attending my Sunday School are grateful when I give them holy pictures and medals. The children and also the young and old people like and appreciate very much religious articles. So, I will be very thankful also if some of those who can read this appeal of mine may have the kindness to send me some religious articles, such as holy pictures, prayer books, medals, rosaries, etc.

Maybe if the American Catholics and the readers of THE SIGN will know that the predominant religion in this province and consequently in this town of Bacarra is not the Catholic Religion but it is the local schism called Aglipayanism, a religion founded in the year 1902 by an excommunicated and native Catholic priest named Gregorio Aglipay, they will be more interested and generous to do something to help me in my missionary undertakings. Out of the 218,000 inhabitants of Ilocos Norte, 75% are Aglipayans, and only 20% are Catholics because the 5% belong to the Protestant Religion. Aglipay has many followers here in Ilocos Norte, for he is a native of this province, and from a perverted sense of nationalism, protectionism and patriotism, the natives adhere to Aglipay.

My dear readers, something must be done to bring back the schismatics and heretics of Ilocos Norte. But above all, I request you to pray for the conversion of our strayed brethren.

BACARRA, ILOCOS NORTE, (REV.) CELEDONIO G. ALBANO,  
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. CATHOLIC PRIEST.

#### BLESSED DON BOSCO'S DOG

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Some time ago you stated that you were unable to furnish your readers with information regarding "Blessed Don Bosco's dog." May I offer you the following brief account which may prove interesting to many because of the coming canonization of Don Bosco on Easter Sunday.

The many violent attempts made on the life of Blessed Don Bosco by depraved enemies of religion and Christian education are well known to even the casual reader of the pages of his wonderful career. Of all the miraculous escapes from these attacks, perhaps none are more extraordinary than those brought about by the interference of a huge dog resembling a Great Dane and named Grigio (the Gray One) by the boys of Don Bosco's Oratory in Turin. Let me cite an example.

On one occasion two cut-throats hired by the Waldensians made a desperate attempt to put an end to Don Bosco's life in a dark street near the Church of the Consolata. Before him were walking two men of doubtful aspect, who were evidently



regulating their pace by his. "That looks bad!" thought Don Bosco. He turned back to go into the town and find protection. On seeing this, they flung themselves upon him, and threw a sack over his head. By struggling hard, he managed to get out of this awkward hood, but then the stouter of the two gagged him hermetically and he could not cry for help. He would have been completely at their mercy, had not a roaring bark broke forth close at hand. It was Grigio. In an instant he had delivered his master. The priest saw one of his aggressors rushing away as quickly as possible, while the other was prostrate on the ground with the animal's teeth at his throat. "Call off your dog," howled the man, "he is throttling me." "I will do so, if you promise to leave me alone." "Anything you like," said the ruffian, who could do nothing else. Then Don Bosco spoke to the good dog, which loosened its jaws, and the fellow ran off as fast as he could.

This example is typical of many others, all of them showing how wonderfully opportune was the aid rendered Don Bosco by his canine friend. As for Grigio himself, he is shrouded in mystery. No one could discover his whereabouts; he appeared only when Don Bosco's life was in extreme danger; and disappeared when the danger was over. When the persecutions raised against Don Bosco had died down, the dog disappeared altogether and was seen no more. Then one night, twenty-seven years later, he suddenly reappeared and led Don Bosco to safety after he had been hopelessly lost in the lonely country.

Surely it would not be too much to say that this animal was a means made use of by the wonderfully mysterious ways of the Almighty to protect the great "Friend of Children."

DON BOSCO SEMINARY, (REV.) DR. AMBROSE ROSSI, S.C.,  
NEWTON, N. J. PROVINCIAL.

#### IN ANSWER TO MR. HIRSCHFELD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Mr. Hirschfeld in his article, "The Part of God," in your March issue states that the President desires a "flexible dollar," adding that, to our sorrow, we have had a flexible dollar all these years. The truth is that the President was referring to the need of a dollar which would be constant in buying power but flexible in gold content, whereas the dollar which we have had in the past has been just the opposite—constant in gold content but flexible in buying power.

He stated further that our dollar today is worth in terms of 1913 currency about 70 cents. This simply means that prices are higher at present than they were in 1913, so that 70 cents in 1913 would buy as much as a dollar will purchase today. He added that "next year if our dreams come true, it (the dollar) may be a full dollar." If by a "full dollar" he meant one which would buy as much as the 1913 dollar, we surely do not dream or long for it. That would involve a veritable nightmare, for it would necessitate a deflation even greater than that which has played such a part in paralyzing business during the last four years. However, if by a "full dollar" he meant one which will have the same purchasing power next year as today's dollar, I believe that is not our "dream" either. Nearly all economists admit that a price rise above present levels is desirable (which is the same as a fall in the buying power of the dollar). The point on which the economists differ is in the methods which they advocate for attaining the price increase. But a "full dollar" conceived in either sense—a return to 1913 prices or the maintenance of the present level—is neither advisable nor desirable.

Mr. Hirschfeld continued with the assertion that the dollar changes in value "because the things which are bought and sold change their values from today to tomorrow and back again. And they change because their production (or consumption for that matter) is beyond human control."

The economic principle cited is true. The trouble is that it is apt to be misleading if a person infers from it that all changes in the price level are dependent solely on production and consumption of goods. There is plenty of evidence to

bolster the belief that the price level depends partially on the quantity of money in circulation (including credit, of course) and on the speed with which it passes from hand to hand.

A managed currency has nothing to do with regulating the price of an individual commodity like wheat or cotton. It is concerned with regulating the *general price level*, that is, the average price level of the 784 commodities on the Bureau of Labor Statistics index, for example. Wheat may rise, but if the price of steel or some other product falls sufficiently to counteract the rise in wheat, there will be no change in the general level of prices and the dollar will have the same purchasing power as before.

Mr. Hirschfeld thinks that the President has not in mind a "managed currency which has always the same buying value." I believe that is exactly what he has been aiming at. On October 22, he said: "It is the definite policy of the government to restore the price level. . . . When we have restored the price level, we shall seek to establish and maintain a dollar which will not change its purchasing and debt-paying power during the succeeding generation." And in his last money message in January he says: "Our national currency must be maintained as a sound currency which, in so far as possible will have a fairly constant standard of purchasing power."

The Roosevelt money policy has involved a succession of methods all aimed at the same final end. When one "experiment" failed to work, another was substituted. President Roosevelt has changed methods not ends.

His aims were and are, (1) to raise prices to the more normal 1926 level, in order that debtors (business men and farmers especially) might be able to pay their bills and mortgages in dollars which have about as much value in terms of purchasing power as the dollars which they borrowed; (2) when the price level has attained the desired height, to keep it steady, so that a thousand dollars 5 or 10 or 30 years hence will buy as much as it buys today.

We have come to understand today that a dollar is important for what it will buy. But when it will buy more in one year than in another, it is unstable in value. And that is just what it should not be. The dollar is intended to be a *standard* of value, just as a pound is a standard of weight and a foot a standard of length. Allowing the dollar to fluctuate in buying power is no more sensible than allowing the number of inches in a foot to be now 12, now 6, now 10.

Between 1929 and 1933 prices fell so greatly that debtors were forced to pay interest and principle on a sum of money which in value was almost 50 per cent greater than that which they borrowed (if the debt was contracted between, say, 1923 and 1929). The President in his monetary policy is seeking to correct this injustice and once it is corrected to keep the price level steady, preventing new injustices from arising.

To this end on April 19, 1933, the U. S. left the gold standard; in May Congress passed the Thomas Amendment; from October to January the R.F.C. bought gold: all in an effort to raise the price level. Then in January came the new money bill, and following it the revaluation of the dollar at 59.06 cents. But the President made it plain that he expects to juggle the dollar between 50 and 60 cents if necessary to keep the price level behaving the way he wants it to behave. In short, we have not arrived at a new and permanent gold standard.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CLARENCE J. ENZLER.

#### THE SIGN'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS GERMANY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I just want to let you know that I will never again subscribe to your magazine, no matter how much your subscribers are benefited. I might as well read a Jewish magazine—it will write about my beloved Fatherland the same lies and false propaganda, as you bring in THE CATHOLIC SIGN. Who is paying you, the Jews, or the Catholics? I am sure I am not the only German Catholic subscriber to your magazine. I do not



see the relation you have to Germany, as a Catholic magazine for Chinese Missions. Stick to your own field and the Catholic cause and leave Germany alone, which you probably have never seen and never will see.

My parents and all other members of my family live in Germany and I believe every word they tell me, as I know they do not lie to me, and are good Catholics, I am sure as good as Denis Gwynn, who sits in England and has a great imagination, when it comes to tearing my country down. He is very short-sighted regarding the Treaty of Versailles and never thinks that the next war is already planned in this Treaty; even though he knows what's wrong with this Treaty, he does not advocate its revision, in order that the wrong it has done may be undone, to prevent the war he speaks of. Everybody knows the fake-justice of the French League of Nations, and fake attempts in the French Disarmament Conference. Mr. Denis Gwynn needs just another pair of spectacles to look through this web of intrigue.

Can you recommend another good Catholic magazine, which does not play politics and is beyond Jewish influence, to which I can subscribe.

GREENVILLE, N. Y.

WILLIAM BREDDERMANN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We print Mr. Breddermann's letter, not for any inherent value in it, but because it is representative of a few letters which we have received from both clerical and lay subscribers. To all these subscribers we address the following remarks:

1. In these days of depression we don't like to lose even one subscriber; but we are willing to lose cheerfully a thousand of them if they are to be held only by our maintaining a cowardly silence when the interests of the Church are concerned.

2. We would despise the German who does not love the Fatherland. What puzzles us is to find so many Germans who think that love of the Fatherland necessarily implies approval of the Hitler régime.

3. Jews are not supporting THE SIGN. The only Jews we know or have contact with are "Jews without money," and we like them.

4. We are not anti-German. But we are pro-Justice and pro-Catholic. The same reasons that prompt us to build up the Church in China make us protest against the pulling down of the Church in Germany. Read "Cross or Swastika" by Daniel B. Pulsford in this issue.

5. As editor of a national Catholic magazine we have international correspondents whose intelligence and honesty warrant our belief in them. Our German correspondents are unanimous in their conviction that the Hitler régime, unless it is curbed, will work great harm to the Church in Germany through its attempts to nationalize all religion on a pagan basis. The Nazi treatment of the great and courageous Cardinal Faulhaber should grieve the heart of every true German Catholic. The placing of Herr Rosenberg's recent book on the Index is plain evidence of what the Holy See thinks of the philosophy and religious principles of the head of the German Youth Association.

6. Mr. Gwynn is a competent reporter of things as they are. He doesn't claim to be a prophet. Repeatedly in our pages he has protested against the injustices inherent in the Treaty of Versailles. Every studious reader of THE SIGN should be grateful to him for his monthly paper of clear and enlightening comment.

7. There are about 154 Catholic magazines published in the United States. The only ones among them that we should recommend would not, we fear, appeal to ex-Subscriber Breddermann.

#### TWO LETTERS ABOUT MRS. MCGUIRK

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Tonight I was coasting along through the usual up-to-the-minute articles in the March issue when, of a sudden, I crashed

headlong into the SIGN-Post. I emerged with the throb of a single phrase of unstinted sincerity:

*"I FEEL SO SORROW FOR ALL THOSE PEOPLE"*

May God bless Bridget McGuirk and her "menny babys." Her literary style may be all wrong and her spelling poor, but many famous literary names could learn from her the art which would make their style something more than a glamorous, glittering container of moral pus.

In order that the McGuirk family of "9 friends in Jesus" may see your comment on the many interesting topics of the day kindly enter a subscription for them and send the bill to me.

DETROIT, MICH.

(REV.) F.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

After reading Mrs. McGuirk's letter in the March issue of THE SIGN, I was very much touched. If there were more women who felt as she does about children, I am sure this would be a better world. If Mrs. McGuirk is to be pitied, she is not less to be congratulated! I have offered her all my back numbers of THE SIGN from 1930 to date. I hope to hear from her, as I may be able to help her in other ways.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MRS. W. A. O'CONNOR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Father F.'s and Mrs. O'Connor's letters are typical of the many we have received in answer to Mrs. Bridget McGuirk's communication in our March issue. To Father F., Mrs. O'Connor and the other correspondents we express our thanks for the various kinds of help they have so kindly given to the McGuirk family.

#### MRS. MCGUIRK'S WORD OF THANKS

Dear wonderful friends. I was so glad to you for put my letter in your fine book. I didn't know I had so menny Blessed friends in this world believing as I do. I got so menny fine books and Letters from so menny fine friends all over. Would you please put in your book if not to much trouble that I and all want to thank and say God Bless them to every one that sent us book or letters. I am trying to answer every letter But I may miss some and dear friends stamps are so hard to get were so awful poor. So please don't think we don't thank you all, say many thanks and God Bless each and every one of you. Hope all have a Blessed Easter. Your 9 friends.

OVERLAND,  
MISSOURI.

MRS. BRIDGET MCGUIRK,  
Box 476. R. 4.

#### GÉRARD RAYMOND

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The account of Gérard Raymond which appeared in THE SIGN, December, 1933, impressed me very much. From the considerable dealings I had with boys as master in the High School Department of St. Xavier's University College, Palamcottah, I am in a position to tell you that Gérard Raymond will very well serve as a model for our students. I am thinking of writing about him in English and in our vernacular. What I write may be of a source of inspiration to many of our Indian Catholic young men. I shall be glad if you can procure for me photos or pictures of this Canadian youth. Can you tell me if there are any books about him in English? Will you also kindly put me in touch with his family?

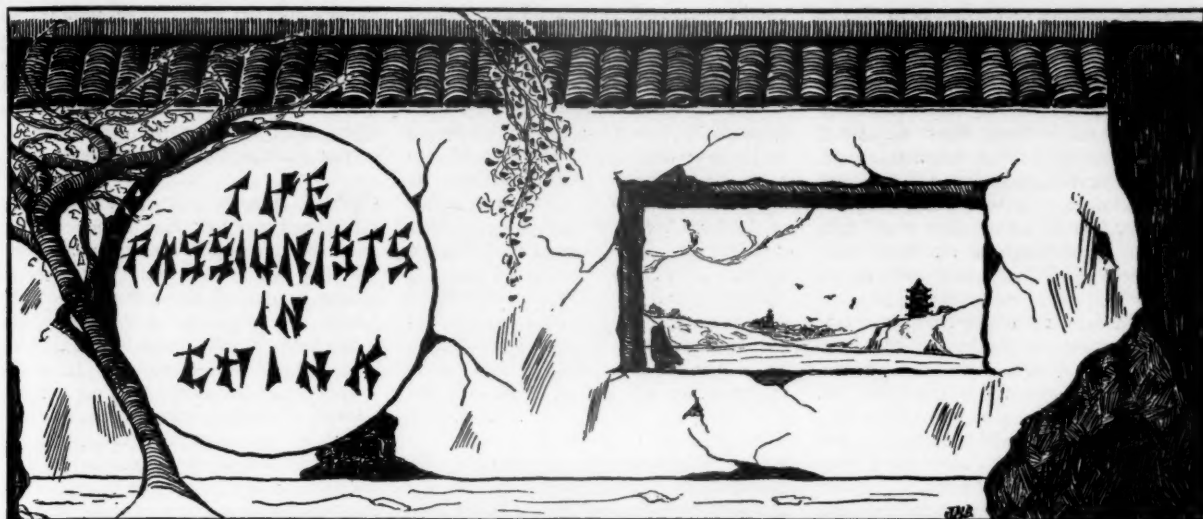
I am an Indian scholastic of the Society of Jesus, studying Theology in St. Mary's College.

KURSEONG, D. H. RY.  
INDIA.

(REV.) M. X. FERDINAND, S.J.  
ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: An English biography, *Gérard Raymond*, has recently been published by St. Anthony's Guild, Paterson, N. J. Two editions at 75c. and \$1.25. For more information communicate with Gérard's father, Mr. Camille Raymond, c/o The Rev. Pastor, St. Joseph's Church, Quebec City, Quebec, Canada.





# Meeting My People

By William Westhoven, C.P.

A MISSIONARY never knows what he will run into when starting out on a routine tour. Much less is he able to foresee what an amount of mission experience shall be his to gain or to lose. Many times, if the truth be told, the missionary gathers as much good for himself from these trips as the people whom he visits. For instance, recently, while on one of the rounds, I came to an old lady's home (I use the word "home"—God save the mark!) to find lying there on a pile of dirty straw an unwashed man, seventy-two years old and all but dead—the husband of Monica Huang. Never before had I met either Monica or her husband, for I had but recently taken over the care of this mission district. It was my initial visit and I was getting acquainted with the Catholics, as well as with as many pagans as possible, in this section of our Prefecture.

Old lady Monica, bent with care and wrinkled with age, gave me a most friendly welcome, the welcome of a sincere Catholic. Asking for my priestly blessing and getting it, she beckoned me into the "home," voicing numerous apologies for its unworthiness. An eight inch straw stool was pushed out from a corner with her small, bound foot, while the kind words, "Sen Fu, please be seated," rolled from her lips. Then a sharp command was issued to her daughter to hurry along the tea. Knowing full well that most old ladies love to talk, I asked Monica to tell me how long she had been baptized. What eloquence and expressive gestures followed my question! No mistaking the fact this dear old soul treasured the memory of her entrance day

into the Catholic Church. How I wished the Spanish Augustinian, Father Joseph Gonzales, could have heard her words of praise for him and witnessed the gratitude of her whole soul for the gift of Faith she had received from God through him twenty-eight years ago! How eagerly she inquired where Father Joseph Gonzalez was stationed. Sadly mistaken is the priest who thinks in time of discouragement or when distance separates him from the souls to whom he, as a missionary, has ministered and for whom he has labored, that "out of sight, is out of mind." Not so! For ten long minutes she talked and talked. There was no stopping her.

Finally, pointing to the heap on the straw, I asked, "Is he your honorable husband?" "He is, he is—after a few days he will die; but it is well, for yesterday I called a neighboring Catholic to baptize him." "This is becoming most interesting," I mused to myself, and proceeded at once to investigate the motive that prompted his old woman to do an eternally good deed to her dying husband.

"We've had a hard life together all these years," she said. "We never so poor. The floods came, destroying our fields and wrecking our home. A plague took my three sons. Ah! it has been a sad, bitter life." Tears rolled steadily down her wrinkled face in the telling of these afflictions. But suddenly her features brightened, and with an earnestness betokening a strong faith, she told me, "Sen Fu, I've never forgotten God. Every morning on opening my eyes, I look at the Crucifix there and ask His

blessing for the day. My prayers I know now as well as the day I learned them." (She forthwith proved her remembrance of them by reciting the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Creed, the Act of Contrition, etc.) It was not long before I realized the worth of this soul, unlearned in the ways of the world, yet so simple and direct, like a child, in the ways of the Lord. Considering the tragic incidents of flood, famine, plague and death in the family as punishments inflicted by God, she declared, "Even though God destroys me, I shall continue to believe in Him and to serve Him." For another hour I sat there, a willing witness of Catholic faith living in and directing a human soul.

TRAMPING along the narrow path that led up over the hill and away from that wayside hovel, my Western-trained mind experienced a "break-up" of many long-cherished thoughts. I shall no longer be surprised at the growth in my heart of an admiration for China and the Chinese; much less shall I be chagrined at the awakening in my mind of a detachment from another world that lies beyond the Pacific. And so, back to the Mission with my thoughts for the night.

Next day the catechist and I walked four miles into the country in search of another Catholic family. Along the way the catechist treated me to a few yarns from Chinese life so interesting that the hard going over the mountain paths, as well as the driving wind bringing with it sleet and snow, was scarcely noticed. He told me of an incident that happened twelve years ago in Kweichow Province.



Near the village of Cheng Wan T'ou a colony of four hundred lepers had settled. Once a year, just before the Chinese New Year, these lepers sallied forth foraging, visiting every home for miles and miles about their settlement. They demanded rice, money, meat, clothes, vegetables, firewood, everything and anything. No one dared to refuse them for fear that the lepers would take revenge by rubbing the rice bowls and chopsticks in the home with their sores.

ONE day, four of the lepers called at the home of the local military officer, and, without much ado, demanded two hundred silver dollars from the household. They got it. Thereupon they demanded fifty bushels of rice; this, too, was given them. Emboldened by the unexpected generosity of the military officer, whose heart by this time was churning with righteous anger, the lepers pressed their demand for forty bolts of cloth. The officer consented to the giving of the cloth, though he vowed in his heart to teach these lepers a lesson if they dared demand another thing from him. They dared it. This time they wanted ten live pigs and five water buffaloes. The officer pretended to comply, but secretly sent for twenty of his soldiers. Upon their arrival he commanded them to open fire on the lepers. Within a minute four dead lepers graced his open court-yard. Not content with this speedy execution, the officer led his soldiers to the leper settlement and killed the four hundred lepers, except for eight who fled on their toeless feet, hiding in the caves of the nearby hills. It is stated that to this day no leper has been heard or seen in this district. How great is the need of Christ-like charity in this land!

On our return walk that afternoon we

met and passed two Buddhist bonzes. Their shaven heads, modest mien and bonze dress led me to ask a few questions about their doctrines, their mode of life and their discipline. The catechist hunched his shoulders, cleared his throat and poured out enough bonze scandal to rock the foundations of Buddhism. It appears that the head bonze—the prince of the local bonze hierarchy—gained his position by fraudulent and moneyed means. This Number One bonze, during the early years of his life, was a bandit. From banditry he graduated into legitimate militarism with the rank of a Colonel. For an unexplainable reason he gave up his military position, deserted his wives, and sought out the solitude of a temple, there to spend his days in prayer, writing poetry, study and meditation of Buddhist principles. By the lavish use of money he made friends among the other bonzes, especially the younger ones. Within a very short time it was he was sat in the first place at the table of the bonzes; he headed the processions; he had “big face” both inside and outside the temple. In time, however, he was found out.

On one occasion he collected one thousand dollars from a former bandit chief friend to repair his temple. The repairs, strange to say, consisted in daubing a little plaster here and there, whitewashing the outside wall of the temple, a twenty-five dollar expense. “What about the other nine hundred and seventy-five dollars,” I asked. Foolish questions. The old bonze is spending some of it, for he is given to much banqueting and drinking. The prescribed rigorous fast of his rule is not observed, and, shame to him! he has given much scandal. The latest rumor is that his subject-bonzes have rebelled against him and his rule.

Meanwhile, the respectable pagan people who go up to the temple to worship the idols do their worshipping without the assistance of their chief bonze. He is boycotted religiously. I confess to curiosity; I am anxious to know “the end” of this scandal in the high places.

THE story of that old bonze led me ahead of myself. Out at the four-mile limit we came upon a small, mud-shack village. A Catholic family lived somewhere in one of these many so-called houses. We inquired of one man tilling a patch of ground from which a tobacco crop has just been harvested. He knew nothing. At the next house we asked a woman if she knew the whereabouts of Mr. Yao. She gave us a suspicious eye and said, “I never heard of the family.” A little further down the sloppy street we inquired of a group of men, but they pretended complete ignorance. “Surely these men are holding out on us,” I said to myself. Finally I told them that I was a Catholic priest from the Catholic Mission. “Why didn’t you tell us that,” they answered; “we thought you were tax collectors from the Court House.” And all the time we were standing right in front of Mr. Yao’s house. We had a good laugh together, the crowd of us. As Mr. Yao and his family were out on the hills working their fields, one gentleman volunteered to go and call them. Within twenty minutes the father, mother and two children returned, threw open the door of their house, invited us in and gave us a much-appreciated meal. I saw enough evidence of Catholicity in this family to console the heart of a missionary for a lifetime. On my knees that night I thanked God for His special graces to this family living real Catholic lives in that pagan village.

## Threshold of the Faith

By Sisters of Charity

IF it weren’t for the supremely beautiful sunsets that we enjoyed every evening of July and August, we could never forgive China for the kind of weather she foisted on us during this past summer. Even the initiated groaned under the terrible heat. For weeks we lived in a veritable furnace with the thermometer registering between one hundred and four and one hundred and six degrees. The very furniture was hot. We thought after the rainy season climaxed by the flood that we never wanted to see rain again; but in mid-August, with eight weeks of drought behind us, we found ourselves praying like the Chinese that

the heavens would open and let down the saving waters.

Just as when in the rainy season the people feared that the unusual rainfall would destroy their crops, so now they feared that the unusual heat would scorch them; so the city magistrate proclaimed another period of prayer, penance and abstinence. This time, however, instead of appointing a day now and a day again, he was more methodical. He decreed that the new laws should bind continuously until rain fell, but that every fourth day should be a day of respite. This last clause gave some unregenerate pagans and the Christians a chance to store up

meat for the three ensuing lean days. (Meat here in Shenchow means chicken.) So far as we could learn, the prayers consisted chiefly in totting the temple gods through the streets on long bamboo poles to the accompaniment of drums, ducking them in and out of the Yuan River, and then solemnly restoring them to their niches in the temples.

For eight days this routine was carried out faithfully enough; but when the townspeople found themselves entering upon the third penitential cycle with the heavens still intensely blue and altogether untroubled, they became restless and sought a way to hurry matters along.



They finally discovered a local soothsayer who promised that in exchange for twenty dollars gold and some oil, he would have rain for them by midnight. The people scraped his fee together, crossed his palm with the money and his doorstep with the oil; and he immediately hied himself and his drum to a tall hill directly in our line of vision from the convent porch.

All day long we heard his rat-tat-tat from the top of the hill. Midnight came, but no rain. The next morning the indignant citizens, despite his insistent drumming, sent up a coolie with this message, "Come down! We want to beat you!" He ignored the message, chased the coolie down the hillside, and continued his noise unmolested. We can only explain this last fact by suggesting that no one of the townspeople had contributed enough to warrant exposing his precious person to the dangers of a steep climb and the torturous rays of the sun; besides, the weather was so hot that even staying angry was beyond ordinary endurance.

ALL during the terrific heat of that day our sympathies were with the plucky fakir hard at work on top of a treeless hill. Towards evening we trained a pair of binoculars in his direction, curious to find whether he was really without shelter. We saw no hut, no tent, no tree—just him, clad in red and dancing before a huge idol that belonged there. That night for about fifteen minutes the rain fell in torrents. The weary soothsayer crawled home to sleep the sleep of the just. Hadn't he earned his oil and his twenty dollars? What difference if he were a day late? Time means nothing in China! The Christians were happy, too. They thanked Our Blessed Lady. It was the eve of the Assumption.

During the "Great Heat" all mission activities were suspended except the dispensary, and the hours of that were curtailed. Every morning the crowds thronged in, so that we still treated between one hundred twenty-five and one hundred fifty patients daily. In the afternoon we were open for business between three and four thirty; but the Chinese are too wise to leave their darkened huts even in the cool of an August afternoon. We do not consider our time wasted, however; had we closed afternoon shop entirely we might have lost one of the two infant baptisms to our credit for August.

Sister Teresa Miriam baptized this little baby Margaret Alexandrine. We know nothing of her history save that, when her mother carried her into us, the child looked like one already long dead—her skin darkened, her eyes glazed and sunken, her body cold. But her little heart was still beating. Not really believing that the baby would last, Sister told the mother to bring it back the next day. But these Chinese have a startling

hold on life. Sister Carita was bandaging a sore on a woman's foot the next morning, when she found herself suddenly surrounded by a crowd of excited women. She understood their gestures much more readily than their voluble speech, and soon realized that they were objecting strenuously to having a baby die in their midst.

Pagans, they were thinking of their superstitions about death; but it never occurred to them to return to the dispensary later to leave the poor mother and her dying baby in peace. Despite all their noisy protests, the woman continued to crouch in a corner, her baby held tight and her eyes pleading as though deter-



MINDING BABY BROTHER. THE LITTLE LAD SEEMS WELL PROTECTED AGAINST ALL THE TRICKS OF THE DEVIL, FOR THERE IS A SILVER RING ABOUT HIS NECK AND THE CHARMED SILVER IMAGES OF GODS UPON HIS DECORATED HAT

mined to get whatever help we had to give. Then Sister Agnes Paula spoke kindly to her, told her that no human aid could possibly save her baby, that it would live just a few minutes longer; and that, since the baby had to die, surely the mother would want it to die at home. Immediately the woman's manner changed. She thanked Sister graciously, and showed how implicitly she believed in Sister's words by hurrying out of the dispensary.

WE have written so much about our medical work that we must now relate something of our important doctrinal duties. For nearly nine years Sister

Maria Loretto has been doing catechumenate work, so when the new women's catechumenate was opened two months ago, Sister was put in charge. She spends her entire day there, but returns to the convent at noon for lunch. Melita Li, whose father is the catechist of Wuki and who has now been with our Sisters five years, sleeps with the catechumens, says night prayers with them, and sees that they attend daily Mass. Every afternoon Sister Agnes Paula goes up to the catechumenate in order to learn the prayers in Chinese and to help Sister Loretto in whatever way she can.

THIS is the place, here through the gateway at our right. We might call it the threshold of the Faith. It's just nine o'clock, early enough for us to begin the day with Sister Loretto. Picturesque, isn't it, with its gay flower-plots; its low, whitewashed buildings topped off by tiled and slanting roofs; its high enclosing walls; and then the bright sunlight shedding warmth and color on it all?

Wouldn't you like to see the dormitories first? But don't expect any fancy trimmings. We try to make everything as nearly native as possible, because we don't want our catechumens going home discontented with their own lot. Do you notice that there are window frames, but no window sashes nor panes of glass? Most Chinese houses, even among the middle classes, never have glass windows. In winter they cover the openings with oiled paper; or, as is the case with the very poor, old newspapers or anything at all that will fill the need. And the stone floors—well, not stone, then. Cement! They're a shade better than the mud floors to which many of these people are accustomed. Let's stop at this cot and pull its bedding apart. No mattress, you see, nor sheets. The Chinese just wrap themselves up in a *pukai*, something like the old-fashioned, cotton-stuffed comfortables at home. Now, look at the bed itself. A board? Of course, a board! It's just a board supported by two wooden horses in real native style. The beds are ours; but the *pukai*, a small wash basin, and a small box full of personal belongings constitute all the worldly goods of most of our catechumens. How do you feel about these rooms? For me their very bareness is attractive. You think it's because the whitewashed walls lend a freshness, a cleanliness to them? Perhaps!

You've had enough of the dormitories, so we'll cross to the other side. By this time Sister Loretto has probably settled the difficulties that cropped up during the night. She eats and sleeps at the convent, you know; and though a young woman is in charge during Sister's absence, usually upon her return to the catechumenate she has to thrash out differences and examine complaints before she can begin class. I expect that when you



step inside this building (Sister Loretto's College, our Chinese Sister calls it) you'll be amused and touched in the one breath. You know what I mean to say—you'll want to laugh, but there'll be a catch in your throat. Why? Well, the catechumens range from fourteen months to seventy-eight years old, and are about as varied a group as you could find anywhere.

**B**EFORE we go in, I had better tell you something of the system. It works like this: When we're reasonably sure that a would-be convert is sincere in her convictions and disinterested in her motives, if it's at all possible we have her come to the catechumenate and live here for six months. During that time her relatives may come to see her, but she may not leave the compound without permission. In this way she has six solid hours daily of religion, lives in a Catholic atmosphere, and is away from pagan influence. At the end of the six months, she returns to her home; and after a probationary period of several more months during which her fulfillment of her religious duties and general attitude are checked, she is baptized. Usually this plan is agreeable to all; to the young girls because they are not tied down by the economic system of the United States and some European countries; to the married women, because they are free to bring in their children with them (this accounts for the number of babies and tots that you'll see); and to the old women because they have no duties binding them to their homes. Sometimes, though a husband is willing enough to have his wife become a Christian, he doesn't want her away from home. When this or some other good objection is offered, the woman comes to the catechumenate with her children every morning, stays all day, but returns home at five o'clock in the evening.

Let's slip in quietly, now, from behind so that we won't disturb the class. Sister is at the chart explaining doctrine. After a while I want to show you something on that chart that will give you an insight into Chinese psychology. But for the present, look around this long room. Have you noticed that the tables are all small and square? There are two reasons. The first is that Sister may arrange the women and children in groups when they study; and the second is that the room is also used as dining and work room.

Now look towards the end of the bench just in front of us. Do you see that dear old lady leaning on the cane? She's seventy-eight years old, but still full of tricks. One day, when she had been in the catechumenate little more than a week, she decided that she'd like to take a jaunt down the streets of Shenchow. Knowing that she wasn't likely to get the permission without good reason, she de-



MOTHER TENDS A ROADSIDE STAND TO HELP THE FAMILY INCOME. BUT WHY IS THE LITTLE FELLOW CRYING? IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE PHOTOGRAPHER HIMSELF, WITH HIS BLACK BOX AND ITS LARGE GLASS EYE, HAS FRIGHTENED THIS YOUNG CHINESE

vised what seemed to her an excellent plan. So she walked up to Sister, and having demonstrated how one of her ancient yellow teeth could be wriggled around in her gums, she asked if she might go to the dispensary, ten minutes walk from here, to have it extracted. Sister assured her sweetly that she wouldn't think of having so old a lady walk so far, that she would ask one of the Sisters from the dispensary to come instead. The next morning Sister Teresa Miriam sauntered into the catechumenate flourishing a pair of large dental pincers. The old lady liked her technique so well that she told her she might as well pull a second tooth, just as monstrous, yellow, and loose as the first. Meanwhile, another Chinese grandmother, this one sixty years old and a late arrival, watched closely and finally asked a bit breathlessly, "What do you do in the Catholic Church, pull a tooth for every prayer learned?" But we're not yet finished with our first old lady, the dean of them all. After her bloodless operation, Fang-Beh-Niang hobbled up to Sister Loretto, bowed low, and then courteously reminded her, "Today you must excuse me. I've had two teeth pulled, you know."

Where's the sixty-year-old? That's she, sitting next to her aged friend, evidently all interest in the doctrine she's hearing. Did you ever before see such delicately cut features? And look at the length of her foot; surely, not more than four inches long. Shung-Beh-Niang must have been a lovely young woman, something of a coquette, too. Sister just called on her, so watch her face as she recites. See how she arches those eyebrows of paper-like fineness, how she

purses that exquisite mouth, and what arts she uses with those narrow, slanting eyes. Sister is now questioning her about Lucifer before his fall. Listen to the class laugh. No wonder! Instead of answering Sister's question, she hedges with, "My, he's a very ugly devil, isn't he?"

**I**T'S ten o'clock. They've had an hour of doctrine, and now they're free for ten minutes. While they're out of the room, let us examine the charts. They're vivid enough, aren't they? They touch on every bit of essential Catholic doctrine, and the catechumens like them because the actors in each picture are Chinese. Look closely, for a moment, at the representations of Heaven, the Last Day, and Purgatory. Do you notice that not a single woman appears in one of them? Now turn to the many charts showing the differences between good and evil, the ones on the Commandments of God and the Church. In every case the devil has firm hold of a young woman, very definitely escorting her down the path of evil; and in every case a beautiful angel smiles beneficently upon the young man taking the path of rectitude. How western women would resent such an interpretation! But the Chinese women have been bred to the idea of the superiority of the male, and take it quite as a matter of course.

Here they are again, all ready for their study period. During this time Sister will go quietly to each individual, hear yesterday's lesson, and make an assignment for tomorrow. Suppose we follow her around? She goes to the children first, in order to give the older and slower minds a chance to memorize more thoroughly. That little girl with the shaved head is our water-carrier's daughter. Like most of the children here, her mother is sitting at a table farther down with the young married women.

But that manly little fellow of six or so, the one with his hands thrust into his pockets, he's alone. Mao-Lao-Lao's father is dead, and his mother, wishing to remarry, cast him off. For the time being he's living here, learning his prayers and grasping what he can of doctrine. After a while he'll be transferred to the boys' school. Sister says that he is quicker by far than the average, and that his answers are always thoughtful. He has never seen me before. Just to get him talking, Sister is asking him whether or not he likes the new Sister. "How can I tell whether or not I like her," he parries, "when I don't know her nature?" The other day he told Sister Loretto that because she took him in when no one else wanted him, gave him clothes when he had none, and gave him food when he was hungry, he'll never leave her.

Shall we move along? In this next group there is an eighteen year old girl



who is betrothed to one of our Catholic boys. Immediately after her baptism, they'll marry. Did you see her start just then? Sister is teaching this young woman who came in only yesterday how to bless herself. In order not to confuse the catechumens, Sister always uses her left hand, and they unconsciously raise their right. Yang-Mei is realizing for the first time that Sister had put her left hand to her forehead, and impulsively our bride-to-be stretched forth her own hand to check the supposed mistake.

These young married women at the next table all seem happy enough, don't they? And their babies usually furnish

all the comedy for the class by cooing and gurgling and crying at the wrong time. You think that one of the women is sad-looking? The one whose baby has brass bells dangling from its cap? That's Chuen-Shu-Ying. She has reason to be sad! Her husband has married another woman and her future looks black. What will we do with her? After she has finished her catechumenate, if she is bright enough we can give her some kind of work here in Shenchow.

Back to our old ladies again. Look at Shung-Beh-Niang swaying back and forth, reciting the "Our Father" with great gusto, while Sister Loretto waits

patiently for an answer to the question she has just asked. Meanwhile Shung-Beh-Niang is wondering how she can convince Sister that those pagan charms around her neck are really necessary for the peace of her soul.

Do you know that it is already time for lunch? We'll walk back to the convent with Sister Loretto. When we return with her at one o'clock, you'll see the shoes that the catechumens make for the orphan boys and girls of the Mission. And at two o'clock you'll see the round of class, prayers and Catholic externals for the afternoon program begin all over again.

## Gleanings from Wuki

By Dunstan Thomas, C.P.

THE story of Johnny Wang shows how a good son can break down the opposition of a pagan father. May more parents of promising catechumens in Wuki show such good faith in keeping their promises. Johnny was first interested in our doctrine because his father teaches in our school. In the beginning he had a hard time to hear all the doctrine he wanted. His father objected going into it too deeply. But as the missionary mixed more and more with the elder Wang, prejudice on the father's part became gradually weakened. There was also the help of Pancratius, which God used. Every day Pancratius has classes in doctrine. During this period the other two teachers retire to the next room until the next class. Pancratius has a strong voice and, since all is quiet, the two in the next room can't help but hear snatches of doctrine.

Johnny was bent on being a Christian and kept wearing down his father with every argument he heard Pancratius giving in class. So one day Johnny spoke up to his father saying, "Father, what do you think of a priest like Fang Sen Fu leaving his home and coming to work among us. He is only here for our good. Has he ever done anyone any harm? You say it is losing face to become a Christian, that the priest is not an accomplished scholar in our language. But doesn't it strike you that he is a learned man in his own language? And aren't there Chinese bishops who can talk English? If Fang Sen Fu didn't lose face by coming to live among us what face can I lose by becoming a Christian? There is Mr. Lee, the former Sheriff of Wuki. He is an old man and a Christian too. Who has more face than he? You say the Christian religion is foreign. Don't you teach geography? And wasn't Christ born on the same continent we are living on?

Why, one can travel to His birthplace without having to go by water!"

Such arguments as these prevailed over the father and Johnny was baptized last year. I asked him how it was that his father didn't wish to become a Christian. Johnny said it was because his father was thinking of taking a new position in another school and that if he became a Christian it would be difficult to practise his religion. No missionary holds out the bait of a job to get a man to be a Christian. But I think Wang senses our idea that we prefer to have Christian teachers in our schools. He may yet correspond with grace as the years pass. Johnny is a very good Christian young

man and surely his good example will do much in bringing his father into the True Fold.

THE Principal of the Mission school, a young man of twenty-nine, is another of Lee's protégés. His name is Shiang Pancratius. He has a very open mind and is as simple and lovable as a child. I asked him one day what had brought him into the Church. He said it was really from hearing the November devotions. Prayer for the dead always appealed to him. The Catholic doctrine was very beautiful and he liked to believe that some of his relatives were in Purgatory doing penance for their sins, though they died as pagans. The hell of the pagans he never believed in. As a pagan he could never bring himself to pray for some of his relatives because they treated him miserably and these he had consigned to the hell of the Christians because in it they stay put! It would be just too bad for Pancratius if they ever got out to continue tormenting him since they have acquired diabolical powers. I told him that perhaps there would be a big surprise for him on the Judgment Day to see that at least some of them had not gone to the bad place, since God judges us according to our lights. If those relatives made him miserable during life probably they conceived some kind of sorrow for all their wrong-doing and God accepted it. But I told him that if he gains Heaven he need have no fear of meeting them there, since only the souls of those baptized who have died the friends of God are there. Then he wanted to know who are in hell. I said only God knows. Pancratius is a good hater so I seized the opportunity to instruct him on the uselessness of hating anything except sin and to hate that with all his heart.



COUNTRY BOYS IN HUNAN ARE ENJOYING, ON HOME-MADE RAFTS, THE FLOODED LANES OF THEIR VILLAGE. OFTEN THE WATERS RISE SUDDENLY TO GREAT HEIGHTS. THEN PLAY IS FORGOTTEN AS ALL RUSH FOR SAFETY.



# Gemma's League of Prayer

**GEMMA'S LEAGUE** is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

**The Object:** To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

**The Methods:** No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

**Membership:** The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League, but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

**Obligations:** It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

**The Reward:** One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

**The Patron:** Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

**Headquarters:** All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

## SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

Masses Said .....	5
Masses Heard .....	46,748
Holy Communions .....	35,702
Visits to B. Sacrament .....	216,198
Spiritual Communions .....	103,238
Benediction Services .....	19,126
Sacrifices, Sufferings .....	75,451
Stations of the Cross .....	18,511
Visits to the Crucifix .....	204,174
Beads of the Five Wounds .....	11,593
Offerings of P.P. Blood .....	174,797
Visits to Our Lady .....	254,363
Rosaries .....	51,542
Beads of the Seven Dolors .....	12,355
Ejaculatory Prayers .....	3,586,534
Hours of Study, Reading .....	66,181
Hours of Labor .....	84,844
Acts of Kindness, Charity .....	73,760
Acts of Zeal .....	121,423
Prayers, Devotions .....	506,310
Hours of Silence .....	59,172
Various Works .....	112,083
Holy Hours .....	726

## ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

**KINDLY** remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. GARRETT H. DOLAN  
REV. WM. J. FITZGERALD  
REV. DANIEL E. HUDSON, C.S.C.  
REV. FRANCIS KILEY  
REV. PETER THEISEN  
REV. JOHN J. O'NEILL  
REV. NATHANIEL J. MERRITT  
SR. M. THERESA FIDELIS  
SR. M. OF ST. GABRIEL  
SR. BARBARA FORD  
SR. M. CONSLIE  
SR. M. FLAVIA  
MRS. JOSEPH KANE  
JOSEPH KANE  
MARIETTA HEAMSTEAD  
CATHERINE C. HUTTON  
DR. JAMES E. GALAVAN  
JOSEPH W. DEAME  
HELEN MILLER  
JAMES J. QUIRK  
ELLEN HANNAN  
ALICE DONOGHUE  
MARY CONARD  
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RICHARD P. MCCORMACK  
JAMES J. HOBBS  
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ALICE S. CLEARY

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WILLIAM FREEMAN  
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MARGARET ADBAUGH  
HENRY ALBAUGH  
WILLIAM HAGAN  
MARY CASSIDY  
JOHN J. GILLIGAN  
JAMES MULLIN  
ELLEN F. MCCARTHY  
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IRENE GREENE  
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MARIA GRACE  
FRED MARTELLO  
ANNIE CRONION  
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JOSEPHINE G. CRAM  
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HANNAH O'CALLAGHAN  
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LENA GUENTHER  
WALTER F. COURTMAN

**MAY** their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.



# THE SOVIET WAR

## ON PEACE

By G. M. Godden

### *"Communism Leads to Disarmament; Disarmament—to Communism."*

—Soviet Poet Laureate, DAMIAN BYEDNI

A NEW and highly effective campaign has been launched by the Third Communist International, or "Komin-tern," to promote civil war by means of peace propaganda. This is by no means an empty academic paradox. It is perhaps the most subtle and skilfully organized line of propaganda ever put across by the keen brains of the Moscow organizers. It certainly requires the clearest documented exposure.

That magnificent American document, the sworn evidence given before the Special Committee to investigate Communist activities in the U. S. A., published in 1930, gives the warnings addressed to the Committee by Dr. Edmund Walsh, S.J., Ph.D., Vice-President of Georgetown University. Dr. Walsh explained that Communists, throughout the world, are instructed "to talk down, to throw ridicule upon, and to try to block, every legitimate measure for (national) self-defense." And he exhibited the front page of a copy of the organ of the Soviet Government, *Izvestia*, from the files of 1929, with the slogan "the defence of one's fatherland is not to be tolerated." At a later sitting of this historic Committee the phrase of the Soviet poet placed at the head of this article, was quoted:

"Communism leads to disarmament;  
Disarmament—to Communism."

It was pointed out that "Communists would welcome a disarmament by land, by sea, by air, for the United States." The one good spot in Communism will be the conclusion leapt at by the unwary. Let us look at it a little more closely.

What are the Communists themselves doing while they are exhorting all the world to make itself defenseless? They are doing what any good fighting tactician would do. From the first they have announced that their aim of World Revolution can only be accomplished by armed force. While disarming their opponents, they are arming their own supporters, in

some cases as in Austria with whole arsenals of weapons, but in all cases with the will to violent conflict. "Lenin was never tired of teaching the working class that in the last resort the great questions of the class-struggle would be settled by the force of arms. From the first day of its existence the Party of Lenin prepared the working class for armed struggle." That is the declaration of a recent issue of the weekly official organ of the "Third Communist International."<sup>2</sup>

THIS is in perfect accord with the famous statement in *Pravda*, the organ of the Russian Communist Party, that "the world-nature of our program is an all-embracing blood-soaked reality,"<sup>3</sup> and with that of the Communist program that "our fight for the majority of the working class will be accomplished by bloody battles." So, from the days of Lenin down to last month, the Communists have promoted the will to armed class-war among their own adherents, while advocating disarmament for the rest of the world.

This has been the somewhat simple method of fooling the unwary of all nations. But, recently a far more subtle attack has been launched. A campaign of world-wide extent has been started not merely for disarmament, but against war. "Anti-war" councils and committees have sprung up in all countries, with the object of enrolling all men and women who love peace into a vast "United Front" against war. And these "Anti-war" Committees studiously avoid the usual Communist insignia. Their propaganda sheets bear no hammer or sickle. It is only when we look into their origin that we discern in them merely a new and brilliant move of the Third Communist International towards a successful world-revolution.

This new anti-war movement, in

America and in Europe, which is nothing else than a new war upon peace, originated in the so-called "Peace Congress" held at Amsterdam, eighteen months ago, at which 27 countries, including the United States, were represented. It was left to a French comrade to make quite clear, with French lucidity of exposition, the tactics of Amsterdam on behalf of peace; tactics very different from academic resolutions about disarmament. Marcel Cachin, leader among the French Communists, announced: "You ask for our tactics. These are our tactics. Transforming imperialist war into civil war." The English organ of the "Third Communist International" printed this declaration in block-type.<sup>4</sup> And the English delegates were told by their treasurer, at the "send off" meeting, that they were to come back to mobilize British workers—for peace?—no, for civil war.

HERE is the openly declared new war upon peace. The Presidium of this Congress for Civil War included Theodore Dreiser, John Don Passos, Sherwood Anderson, Professor Gana from Harvard, and Scott Nearing, Director of the notorious "Garland Fund." The United States delegation numbered 32, and it must be remembered that the cost of travel from America to Amsterdam is not negligible. The English organ of the Communist International made the real nature of the Amsterdam Congress quite clear in a preliminary article. To oppose war by a "peaceful technique," says this article, "is sheer delusion." And the writer proceeds, under the heading "Workers' Delegations will Completely Reject Propaganda of Disarming Working Class," to indulge in a little violent language, asserting that a "peaceful way is the filthiest illusion-mongering."

An "Anti-War" campaign which warns its supporters that peace is a filthy illusion might, one would suppose, give

<sup>1</sup>Hearings of the Fish Committee. Vol. 1, p. 23; Evidence of June 19, 1930, p. 27.

<sup>2</sup>*Imprecorr.* Organ of the Third Communist International. Vol. 14, No. 10, p. 275, February, 1934.

<sup>3</sup>*Pravda*, September 9, 1928.

<sup>4</sup>*Daily Worker*, August 30, 1932.

<sup>5</sup>*Daily Worker*, August 27, 1932.



pause to the least intelligent of pacifists. But in spite of such blazing indiscretions the Amsterdam Congress registered an immense success. "Anti-War" Committees were set up in large numbers; and a special attack was launched upon the youth, particularly students. All these Committees derive from the Amsterdam Congress, and promulgate a document known as the "Amsterdam Pledge." An important English offshoot is the so-called "Teachers' Anti-War Movement," the inaugural meeting of which was addressed, in the rôle of chief speaker, by one of the most active Communists.

AT another meeting of the "British Anti-War Movement" held at the Headquarters of the English Quakers, a principal English Communist organizer was in the Chair, and announced that "We are putting into the field the armies of workers." This was hardly a Quaker-like utterance; but it was perfectly at one with Marcel Cachin's declaration, at the Amsterdam Congress: "Our tactics are civil war." At this meeting a French speaker called for "mass action in the barracks and the army," and a leading English Communist called for increased "contact" with the British Army, Navy, and Air Force. The disintegration of the armed forces of the State is, of course, a necessary preliminary to a successful civil war, a necessary strategic move in the new war upon peace.

During the whole of last year the tempo of this drive towards world civil war increased steadily. In March a conference was held in London at which Youth Leagues and Guilds, and University students were largely represented. The delegates lacked nothing in the energy with which they emitted incitements to civil war, extending even to recommendations for the teaching of the principles of class-war to children. This congress was told, not to labor for peace, but that the revolutionary war of the Workers is the real battle front. The delegates represented no less than twenty-four Peace Societies; and so bemused were they with the oratory that flowed over them that no single protest was raised to open and repeated excitement to civil war.

This London conference was followed by an "International Unity Congress of the Teaching Profession," held in Paris last August, to denounce Economics, Fascism, and War. Military training in American schools was condemned, and the statement was made that "as each generation passes through our hands it is our duty to build up mass action against war." Are the children to be moulded by these teachers in the doctrine pronounced by the Chairman of the "British Anti-War Movement": "the best of all possible means to prevent war" is for the working class of each country to create "rebellion at home"?

Then, in September last, came the "World Youth Anti-War Congress," held in Paris. This gathering was greeted by the English Communist organ, the *Daily Worker*, with the slogan, "Make Paris the Amsterdam of Youth." In other words, "Make Paris the training ground for civil war." The United States Committee aimed at sending a large American delegation, "concentrating especially on sending young workers from the textile, coal, metal, motor car and rail industries." Over \$10,000 was collected in America for the expense of the delegation. It is significant that, out of the 1,092 young delegates gathered in Paris, in the sacred name of Peace, and then imbued with the savage spirit of class-war and civil war, only 387 were members of the Young Communist International. This means that more than half of the Congress consisted of youths captured for the world-wide dissemination of the tactics of civil war who should have been protagonists in the noble cause of social Peace.

THE descriptions of this Congress of over 1,000 youths, all of about the age of 20, issued in the French Communist paper *l'Humanité* leave no doubt as to the effect on ardent and generous youth. "*Le volont  de combattre se lisait dans tous les yeux*" we are told; and to the cry of "*Nous sommes la force*" these youthful combatants for civil war devised a system of Councils of Action to carry out the expressed conviction that "only by violence will they achieve their aim."

The Manifesto of this World's Youth Anti-War Congress is addressed to "The Youth of the Whole World," and is printed in full in the official organ of the Third Communist International.<sup>\*</sup> This manifesto undertakes to "make the decisions of the Amsterdam Congress,"—to promote the tactics of civil war in the name of Peace—"widely known among the youth of all countries"; to "organize the great majority of youth in our Committees of Action"; to "carry our slogans on to the warships and into the barracks"; to form a network of Committees embracing all Universities and schools; and to prepare and organize, for 1934, national congresses of youth in all countries. The Manifesto devotes a special warning to the "sounding and deceitful slogans" which have so "intoxicated" the youth of America that hundreds and thousands have enrolled in the "Civil Conservation Corps." This is not surprising, for the last thing desired by these apostles of universal civil war is the "Conservation" of anything.

The recent "Anti-War" congress in America, over which the famous French Communist, Henri Barbusse, presided,

numbered 2,700 delegates. It was Henri Barbusse who told the youth delegates at the Anti-War Congress in Paris that the humblest worker imbued with "a positive revolutionary conception" has reached a higher stage of human evolution than many an eminent writer or illustrious man of science. It was Henri Barbusse who at this same "Anti-War" Congress declared that the Soviet State was creating an "emancipated and vigorous new world." He omitted to mention, however, that it is a world without God, and without morality. It was Henri Barbusse who told his youthful hearers that the only road to follow is that of "a world proletarian victory." This is the man, breathing out the whole Leninist doctrine of World-revolution and its inevitable accompaniment—universal civil war—who is chosen to preside at the American so-called Anti-War Congress; the Congress designed to launch a new war upon Peace. The English leader, Henry Pollitt, acclaiming the new "Anti-War" campaign put the new tactics more bluntly than M. Barbusse: "We must show that the enemies of the Workers are never outside their own countries." In other words, civil war is the task of the Workers, together with "war upon the home Governments."<sup>†</sup> Strange words for an appeal to the youth to attend an Anti-War Congress. Words quite natural to a Communist thoroughly drilled in the dogma: "To combat war we must create civil war."

Only four months ago the Third Communist International announced that "Our chief task is to increase 'Anti-War' Propaganda."<sup>‡</sup> This means that "Anti-War" societies and associations, their Communist origin carefully veiled, will be springing up in all countries, not least in America, fostered by innumerable well-intentioned Pacifist outfits. Every such "Anti-War" centre will, in fact, be a centre for the new Communist War upon Peace, as the latest Plenum of the Third International, sitting in Moscow in January, has declared: "In fighting against war, Communists must prepare even now for civil war, concentrating their forces in each country at the vital parts of the war machine." To disarm these vital parts? By no means. To utilize them, turning the rifles, as the London "Anti-War" Congress demanded, upon loyal officers. The British Labor Party, denouncing this bogus "Anti-War" campaign has happily described the disillusionment of certain Pacifists, who have been led up the Communist garden, and have found there, instead of doves and olive branches, eagles and vultures roosting on bayonets. To promote universal civil war in the sacred name of Peace is not the least heinous of the international crimes of Communism.

<sup>\*</sup>*Daily Worker*, September 9, 1933.

<sup>†</sup>*l'Humanité*, September 25, 1933.

<sup>‡</sup>International Press Correspondence, October 6, 1933.

<sup>\*</sup>*Daily Worker*, September 16, 1933.

<sup>†</sup>International Press Correspondence, October 27, 1933.



# THE INSIDE of the GLASS

By John Blount

"What you call Beauty, my friend, has as much to do with the personality, with what a man or woman really is, as the shape of the glass has to do with the quality of the wine that you are drinking."

HAD a stranger entered the reception-room at the New York rectory on that Thursday morning he would have been a little surprised. Father McDonald was nursing a baby, and a woman was sprawling over the table sobbing her heart out.

The old priest was quite happy, and so was the baby, who in response to gentle prods on the nose and chucks under the chin was chortling delightedly.

"We'll have to wait till your Mammy has finished," the priest was saying. "If you ever want to cry, old man, open the flood-gates. Does the heart a power of good. . . Many a big man has wept since those tears splashed on the tomb at Bethany. . . People think that only babies cry; but for all of us something comes along now and again. . . Only we're ashamed to own up to it. . ."

"Ah, that's right, Mrs. Loftus! Feeling better now?"

Yes, thank you, Father," she sobbed.

"And do you think you can tell me without beginning to cry all over again what you are crying about; or is the repetition of it too much for you?"

For the third time the unfortunate woman poured forth a torrent of tears. Even such scant sympathy was too much for her.

Father Mac rang the bell.

"Martha," he said to the maid when she appeared, "please hold this baby until Mrs. Loftus has recovered."

"I'm all right now, Father, really I am."

"You may go, Martha."

"And now, Mrs. Loftus," he continued when the door had closed, "will you kindly take the baby and go."

"But, Father."

"Never mind! What time does your husband come home?"

"Half-past five, Father."

"He'll be finished his supper and have listened-in to the news by, say, twenty-past six."

"Yes, Father."

"Then at twenty-past six I shall be at your home."

And so saying he opened the door and the lady passed through the vestibule into the street.

At the appointed time that evening Father Mac was sitting in the small

kitchen at 8 Eldon Street, holding his pipe. He turned to the master of the house.

"I suppose I may smoke, Joe?" he said.

"Certainly, Father, certainly," replied Mr. Loftus, feeling in his pocket. "Won't you have a cigarette?"

The priest smiled.

"I said a *smoke*, old man. Something with 'body' in it. I've had this old friend five years," he pointed to the briar which he was filling from an enormous pouch.

FATHER McDONALD pressed down the tobacco and lit his pipe. When it was drawing to his satisfaction he looked at Mrs. Loftus and said:

"Well, now and what's the worry?"

"You tell Father, Joe."

"It's like this Father Mac," began Mr. Loftus. "We're both of us afraid that our Mary's coming to no good. Oh! Stop that, Mother. Blubbing won't help us. This 'as got be faced."

Mrs. Loftus sniffed and put down her apron.

"'Coming to no good' is a very vague expression," commented Father Mac. "Tell me exactly what you mean."

"To put it bluntly, Father, I—we—are afraid, if you'll excuse the expression, that she is 'walking the streets.'"

The old priest whistled.

"As bad as that! Has she told you herself or is it just surmise—guessing—on your part?"

"She hasn't said anything, Father. We know mostly from other people."

"To my mind," said Father Mac, "the chief trouble with Mary has always been her conceit. She has more than her share of good looks; and she knows it. But I never thought it would come to this. Doesn't she go to Mass?"

"I couldn't say for sure, Father," replied Mr. Loftus. "We got to know really from a woman who works at our place—at least she was the first to tell us. She'd seen Mary walking about nights with some young bloods who've about the worst reputation in the neighborhood. Then a Protestant woman from across the way came over here about a week ago. Mad she was. Told us among other things that if we didn't keep our girl away from her children

her husband would have something to say in the matter."

"The same evening," said Mrs. Loftus, "we asked Mary when she came in whether there was any truth in what the neighbors were saying."

"I asked her straight out," said Joe, "whether she was walking the streets."

"And what did she say?"

"She told me. . . ." Joe paused.

"Go on," said Father Mac encouragingly. "Out with it."

"If you will excuse the expression Father, she said I could go to hell and mind my own—business."

"And she threatened if we kicked up a row to clear out of the house for good and all," added Mrs. Loftus.

"How old is the child?" asked Father Mac.

"Going into nineteen," replied her father.

"Does she still talk of going on the stage?" inquired the priest.

Her mother sighed.

"I'm afraid she doesn't tell us anything these days, Father," she said. "She's changed so. Joe's threatened if she comes in late again to *kick* her out of the house. It's eleven and twelve o'clock nearly every night."

"That might work with a boy—but with a girl, I don't know," said Father Mac.

ALTOGETHER it was a difficult if not unusual case; and for a further half-hour they investigated the domestic crisis from every angle.

Then Father Mac gave a brief summary.

"As far as I can see, Joe," he said, "the only way of approaching a girl like this is indirectly. I mean, its no use our trying. She wouldn't listen, not even to me. She admires the stage and all that she connects with it—money, fine clothes, and what she would call 'a good time.' If I interfered at this juncture she would probably insult me. She has no use for us at the moment."

The old priest lapsed into a reflective silence.

"I'll see what can be done," he continued at last. "Perhaps we can save her. God knows! Children who go this way are only past redemption when those who



love them give up hope. My experience is, Joe, that the return of the Prodigal is made very difficult, almost impossible, nowadays, because the father won't go out and meet him."

Father Mac stood up and knocked out the cold ashes from his pipe.

"If no one believes in Mary Loftus," he said quietly, "we must believe and pray, and by the help of God we will save her."

"Don't forget, both of you," he reminded them at the door. "We begin to pray as we have never prayed before. For the moment leave the rest to me. Good-night and God bless you."

With that he went away into the darkness.

THE following morning about eleven o'clock, Martha, the maid, all agape with excitement, knocked at Father McDonald's sitting-room door and announced that Miss Clare Loriman was waiting to see him in the reception-room. The priest thanked the girl and went downstairs.

"It is very good of you to come, Miss Loriman," said Father Mac after he had shaken hands with his visitor. "I hope it has been convenient and that you are not too tired. If you will take off your coat I will light the gas-fire."

"Thank you, very much," said the little lady, divesting herself of her fur coat and throwing it over the back of her chair.

Now, let me tell you why I rang you up and asked you to come. How long are you playing in town?"

"That depends upon the public, Father Mac. Might be for a week; might be for a year," said the actress. "But the show's going extremely well at present, and as far as one can tell it's good for several weeks, at least."

"I want you to help me to save a child of a friend of mine," said the priest. "The daughter of an old parishioner. Let me give you details and then we can perhaps discuss the ways and means."

Father McDonald carefully reviewed the whole case.

"Now I put this question to you," he concluded, "as a Catholic and an actress of experience. What do you think can be done to save such a girl?"

Miss Loriman reflected for a few moments and then shook her head.

"I'm sorry, Father, I can't think," she said simply.

"Well, let me tell you of an idea that has occurred to me. It might help. This girl has gone astray through her abnormal conceit. She is good-looking, I am told, beautiful. I've borrowed a photograph which I'll show you presently. She has got in with a fast crowd and she is anxious to go on the stage. What is the approach? It's no use arguing with her; nor is it any use making a fool or laughing-stock of the child. Even if that were

possible she would become sour and embittered. We have to help her to convince herself that she is a fool and a conceited fool; that the things she admires are on the picturesque surface of life and don't really matter, and the things she despises are deep down, tremendous and eternal. If you agree, we can begin there."

"It is going to be very difficult to convince the fool of her folly," said Miss Loriman. "It's no easy task, I assure you, Father, to convince a girl that such excessive conceit is a form of lunacy. I've been through pretty much the same experience myself," she added sorrowfully.

"Perfectly true," replied Father Mac, "and there I come to my second suggestion. The only person who will save Mary Loftus is someone very similar, someone who possesses all that she is and admires—the picturesque surface—but who is good all through and not merely good to look at. That is where you come in."

Miss Loriman threw her head back and laughed merrily.

"My dear Father Mac," she exclaimed, "we people on the stage might not be saints but, thank God, we are not hypocrites. I'm NOT good all through. The idea!"

The old priest seemed delighted.

"We are good all through when we want to be," he said. "It's the right person wanting to be good who will save Mary Loftus."

"Forgive me if I am personal for one moment longer," he went on, "I am sure that you possess all the qualities which this little person admires. Now hold tight! You possess beauty..."

"Sorry I can't blush, Father Mac," agreed the actress, with a smile. "I know that I am beautiful, at least, what my world calls beautiful. But thank God I don't overestimate it. I have some lines to say in the Second Act of the present show. Listen: I am speaking to an admirer over the dinner-table:

*"What you call beauty, my friend, has as much to do with the personality, with what a man or woman really is, as the shape of the glass has to do with the quality of the wine that you are drinking."*

Father McDonald clapped his hands like a schoolboy.

"That sums up the whole situation," he said enthusiastically. "Perfectly splendid! If we could only convince our young friend of the truth of that."

IMMEDIATELY the laughter had gone from his face. "And now, puzzle! find the lady."

He felt in his pocket and pulled out a photograph. "To help us, here is a photograph of Mary Loftus," he said. "Could you recognize the original?"

Miss Loriman made a brief inspection.

"I think so, Father," she replied. "Could you spot her in the front row of the orchestra?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Perhaps I'm going too fast," said the priest, "I'm sorry. But don't you think it would be a good scheme if I sent Mr. and Mrs. Loftus three tickets for the theatre tonight; there is just a chance that they might persuade Mary to accompany them."

Miss Loriman shook her head doubtfully. "It would be better I think, Father, if you sent only two tickets, for Mary and Friend. I could let you have them—two complimentary tickets; though I am very much afraid there will be no vacant seats in the orchestra this week. Anyway, I can let you know."

"Thank you very much," said Father Mac. "And more important still—this is the one favor I wanted to ask of you—would you mind when you have located the little woman, sending round for her and inviting her behind? Then afterwards..."

"I shall be delighted, Father," said Miss Loriman. "I shall know where she is sitting from the number of the ticket and send round for her after the performance. That would be more convenient. Then I could invite her alone to my flat."

"You have no idea how grateful I am," said the old man. "The rest I can leave in your hands."

THE time was midnight. The place a flat near Central Park. A young girl, excited and nervous, was sitting at a small table on which had been placed a decanter of wine and a golden box containing several brands of cigarettes.

"Now," said Clare Loriman, "please help yourself, my dear, while I change my dress. Perhaps I had better help you to the wine."

She poured out some for the girl.

"Now help yourself to the cigarettes. Matches behind you."

Clare Loriman left the room, and in perhaps ten minutes she reappeared. The wine-glass was empty.

"That's splendid," said the actress.

She poured herself out a glass of wine and selected a cigarette. "How did you like the show tonight, Mary?"

"I thought you were wonderful," said Mary adoringly. "Marvellous! Jack—the fellow I had with me..."

"Everybody is good in a play like that," said Clare with a frown. "Would you like to go on the stage?"

"One day I'm going to," said Mary, helping herself to another cigarette.

"Only..."

"Yes?"

"Do you think you could get me a job—chorus or something to begin with?"

"But what would your parents say? Think they'd agree?"



The girl swore.

"I go my own way, see?" she added nastily.

"And where do you work, Mary?" asked Clare.

"I don't work now," said the girl. "I live at home mostly."

"Your mother must have lots of money to buy you such fashionable clothes."

The girl laughed. "Mother doesn't buy my clothes," she replied brazenly.

There followed a silence.

Then Clare invited the girl to see her wardrobe, where they spent an interested quarter-of-an-hour.

"Well, that is all, Mary," said Clare as they reentered the dining-room. "I'm afraid you must go now."

Mary looked at her in astonishment. "Go?" she exclaimed.

"I'm afraid so," said Clare. "I've to turn in."

Mary began to laugh. "Turn in," she repeated. "Turn in! Where're you going tonight? Can't I come? Isn't there a party on and a bit o' fun?"

"Fraid not," said Clare patiently.

Mary winked, suggestively.

That was the moment! God help her! Clare looked at the girl, her eyes dancing fires. Then her voice rang out. "Woman, what do you think I am. Get out of my house! Do you hear! At once! Go! This house is *clean*!"

"What've I done?"

"You shameless Jezebel!"

Clare rang the bell furiously and instantly a maid appeared.

"Show this girl out, Annie. If she causes any trouble let me know. I thought she was *white* . . ."

A magnificent piece of acting! But would it succeed?

Clare Loriman understood the psychology of woman and she knew that the salvation of the girl depended on the impression received at that moment of exit and her own power to attract the child to the theatre again. Once she had got her there it would be easier; she could appeal to the child through the powerful histrionic medium and emphasize the lesson of the flat. She could make her understand what she, Clare Loriman, thought were the important things in life! "What you call Beauty, my friend, has as much to do with personality . . ."

If only she could attract the girl to the theatre. Clare felt confident of success. She wrote to Father Mac, and asked him to redouble his prayers.

A week passed, two, three weeks and nothing happened. The Press was speaking of the great acting of Clare Loriman. Never before had she played with such genius and power; never had she aroused such enthusiasm among her hosts of admirers.

Little did the public know that the zeal lifting the gifted actress to the heights she had never previously known

was the zeal of an apostle of Christ; that every evening she was appealing not to the great crowds gathered at her feet but to the little, beloved sinner who was tramping the streets and who might be in the auditorium. At no performance did she relax in her efforts. The little one might be there and she must come to her again—disillusioned.

**T**HEN, one morning early, about two, the bell rang at the flat near Central Park. Miss Loriman heard the night porter below speaking to her maid. What could it be?

"Miss Loriman," called the maid.

"What do you want, Annie?"

"There's a police-officer, downstairs, who wants to speak to you. Shall I let him in? He says it's urgent."

Ten minutes later the actress had left in a taxi, accompanied by the officer, for St. Mary's Hospital.

"What's wrong with the child, officer? Has she met with an accident?"

"As far as I could make out, lady, from the phone-message to the station she is ill. I don't think it's an accident."

The taxi drew up at the main entrance of the building and Clare was shown up to the Women's Ward.

"She is very ill, pneumonia," said the Sister quietly. "But ever since she came she has been worrying and talking incessantly of you, and asking the nurses to bring you. You will find her mother and father behind the screen."

Clare considered for a moment.

"Do you know, Sister," she said, "I think I could speak to the little lady best alone. Is it possible?"

"I'll see, Miss Loriman."

A moment afterwards the Sister was beckoning her to enter the darkened ward. Over the bed behind the screen a light glimmered.

Clare stooped and kissed the little white face.

"My dear Mary," she whispered, "are you very poorly, child?"

Mary looked at her, happiness radiating from her face.

"I'm very sorry," she said weakly, "that you had to be angry with me . . . I'm not a white woman . . ."

She held out her hand.

"Will you forgive me . . . if I try . . . try . . . to be white?"

There were tears in Clare Loriman's eyes. She dared not trust herself to speak.

"I went to your theatre . . . every night till—I had no money . . . Every night you spoke . . . to me . . . 'What you call Beauty, my friend . . .'"

"When you are better, my dear," said Clare at last, "you must come and live with me for a while . . ."

Mary shook her head sadly.

"It's the inside . . . of the glass . . . that matters," she said slowly, laboring for breath. "You taught me that . . . And inside I'm rotten."

"I'm glad you have learned that, Mary, darling," whispered Clare. "What a woman looks like doesn't matter; it's what she *is* and what she *does*. These are the things that count."

"You taught me that," breathed Mary, her big eyes fixed on the actress. "It's the quality of the wine . . ."

"Do you remember Who said, 'I am the true Vine,' Mary child?" whispered Clare.

"Our Lord."

"Don't you think He may have something to do with the inside of the glass?"

Mary held her hand tightly and sighed happily.

"I know now He has . . . Jesus has . . ."

And the next moment she was asleep.

**C**LARE remained. And when the gray morning broke over the ward, she was still holding the hand of her little friend, not having dared to move for fear of awakening her.

A few days afterwards Mrs. Loftus was again at the rectory.

"I only called to thank you, Father, for all you have done for Mary," she was saying. "They tell me she is mending nicely."

"I've done very little," said the priest, "very little indeed."

Then he told her the whole story.

"So you see the truth is, Mrs. Loftus, that Mary was saved, under the grace of God, by a Catholic actress, and I might even say by the *acting* of a Catholic actress. It was only such an apostle who could have saved her."

## Contrast

By Sister Miriam

**A** BOOK, a friend, a castle,  
Beside the roaring sea,  
My youthful dreams had pictured  
The heaven of age for me.

But, oh, the many hungry mouths  
And empty eyes I see,  
Convince me this bare tenement  
Is far too good for me.



# FACT *versus* GUESS

By George Rypins

**M**R. GUESS: When I read about all this activity in Washington, what with the devaluation of the dollar and the public works and the Government getting more and more into debt, I just wonder what the sense of all this is.

**MR. FACT:** Well, something's got to be done. You must admit that much regardless of whether you like President Roosevelt or not.

**MR. GUESS:** Yes, I know that. But the Government is the nation, isn't it? And the simple truth is, the nation is bankrupt. You know we have a nation debts of about 250 billion dollars? Now where would you get the money from to cover such a gigantic amount?

**MR. FACT:** You don't have to worry about that because we don't have any such debts as you mention. And you can figure it out for yourself. The largest debts are those of farm and city mortgages—43 billion dollars. Then you have the federal debt of 22 billions and that of local governments of 18 billion dollars, which makes a total of 83 billions. Then add the railroads and public utilities, about 24 billion dollars, industrial debts of around 11 billions and financial debts of 2 billions, and you arrive at a grand total of 120 billion dollars. You had more than twice as much. Just how you figured that out, is a mystery to me.

**MR. GUESS:** Somebody told me, that's all. But even 120 billions is plenty. You haven't proved to me yet how this amount is covered.

**MR. FACT:** That is not so difficult. You know, we have a few acres of forests and mines and farmland and real estate in this country. If you are interested in its value, let me tell you, it's worth about 89 billion dollars. In addition we have a couple of buildings and skyscrapers, we have machinery and equipment, we have highways and bridges and tunnels and a lot of other things. Then we have furniture in millions of homes. And besides we have possessions and wealth overseas.

**MR. GUESS:** What is all this worth?

**MR. FACT:** Oh, about 167 billion dollars. But that is not all. We have lots of material in the factories. There are great big values on the farms, and stocks and raw materials in millions of shops and stores and piers, and so on.

**MR. GUESS:** What is their value?

**MR. FACT:** Approximately 30 billion dollars. And then, don't forget that the

Government has a gold stock of about 5 billion dollars. So that makes our national wealth about 291 billion dollars, or considerably more than twice our debts.

**MR. GUESS:** You are right, I never looked at it in quite that light. Then, we are still what you might call a wealthy nation?

**MR. FACT:** By all means we are.

**MR. GUESS:** Why, all this calamity and misery and poverty and worry of millions of people?

**MR. FACT:** I suppose it's that famous maldistribution of wealth you hear so much about. It seems to me an essential of sound business that you must have two to make a good deal, one who makes all the things, and one who uses them. But we in America are different. We may like to buy a lot of good things but we certainly are much more interested in making and selling them. This seems a typically American attitude.

**MR. GUESS:** How did you get that idea?

**MR. FACT:** Well, it's just an idea. A few days ago I read a statistical survey which throws some light on the subject. Take oil as an instance. Our oil industry is in dire straits. And yet, from 1932 to 1933 we increased our production of crude oil about 14 per cent, beating the rest of the world by a fat margin. Or cotton, about which we have plenty of lamenting right now. Notwithstanding the plight of the American cotton farmer, he raised the crop by over 200,000 bales. And so you could go on and cover a number of industries. We certainly like to sell—if we can.

**MR. GUESS:** Of course, we as a nation like to make money. That's why we accumulated all that wealth you spoke about.

**MR. FACT:** Yes, but, as I said before, it takes two to make a business deal. And if people hadn't made money out of production, they couldn't have sustained that production by buying the goods.

**MR. GUESS:** With the exception of labor. That is the reason for this depression: the great mass of working people, nearly 50 million of them, did not earn the money to buy the products of the American industry.

**MR. FACT:** I don't know about that. In 1929 we had a national income of 83 billion dollars of which labor got nearly 64 per cent, management 20, and dividends

and interest 15 per cent. In contrast, three years later our national income was only a bit over 38 billion dollars, of which labor got fully 84 per cent, management about 24, and dividend and interest 21 per cent.

**MR. GUESS:** How is that? The national income was 38 billion dollars and they paid out 129 per cent? There must be something wrong.

**MR. FACT:** There is nothing wrong except that they made only 38 billions, but paid out 49 billion dollars.

**MR. GUESS:** So whoever made that money took the loss of 11 billion dollars?

**MR. FACT:** Yes, that's right. Now you can see from these figures that the labor income did not only maintain its share but actually raised it 20 per cent. In other words, people kick about the manufacturers and the bankers that they make a pile of money in good times. But people don't give them credit for the fact that, when a depression rolls around, they stand to lose an awful lot of money. Those who work for a wage or a salary, have a much steadier income.

**M**R. GUESS: Well, I see from the papers that the stockholders are still sipping the cream off the milk. I tell you it's true that all the big companies are still paying their dividends regularly. Because how could they exist if they wouldn't shake out the profits?

**MR. FACT:** Your name may be Guess, but here you have another guess coming: at the beginning of 1930 some 600 companies paid cash dividends to their commonstockholders at the rate of 2 billion 685 million. Two years later, this had shrunk to less than a billion. At the end of January of this year it stood at a bit over a billion dollars. Now you will have no trouble in seeing that the depression caused a deduction of about two-thirds in the annual rate of dividend payments. Not even 5 per cent of the lost income has been restored to the stockholders.

**MR. GUESS:** Yes, of course, the reason is that all the thousands of small companies have ceased paying dividends.

**MR. FACT:** It's just the other way around. Whatever increase there has been in dividend payments has been announced by small companies. The big corporations are very slow and modest when it comes to their stockholders because they don't see the light yet with the NRA, the codes and government in business.



# CROSS or SWASTIKA?

By Daniel B. Pulsford

THE iconoclasts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries tore down crucifixes from village churches and defaced the crosses that stood, to remind men of the law of love, in the market-places. The wayside Calvaries disappeared, and every symbol of the Passion on which they could lay their sacrilegious hands was rooted out and cast aside. This was not because the Reformers objected to that for which the symbol stood. It was not because they had ceased to profess reverence for the Divine Sufferer.

On the contrary, Puritan theology laid special emphasis on the Cross. Protestant Evangelicalism has made "pardon through the Blood of Christ" the centre of its Gospel. To whatever else it was faithless, to this at least it was true. It discounted the sign because it thought that thereby it would spiritualize worship. The absence of any outward reminder of the Faith, they thought, would concentrate attention on invisible realities. The Cross not being before men's eyes would be more vividly present to their inner vision.

They carried this prejudice against the outward token to strange lengths. A village pastor has been known to involve himself in trouble with his congregation because the book-mark which hung from the Bible on the pulpit cushion bore a silken emblem of the Passion! The cruciform in church architecture was abandoned in favor of a severe rectilinear design. If, in former days, folk sometimes regarded the emblematic Cross with superstitious reverence, its absence, at a later date, was no less supposed to ensure the protection of Heaven; a church over which it had been erected would seem to invite the lightning to destroy it!

But human nature abhors a vacuum. Since we are soul and body, and because the imagination demands the outward expression of inner realities, the "spiritual" ideal could not be maintained. If not the Cross, yet something else must testify to the Reformers' creed. Bareness of ornament itself came to be regarded as the hall-mark of a genuine Protestantism. Simplicity of worship and the wearing of drab colors soon came to be looked upon, as among the Quakers, much as Catholic ritual had been regarded. In place of positive conventions, we had negative ones. Architectural ugliness could symbolize a Puritan austerity as well as the dignity and loveliness of cathedrals had symbolized the beauty of holiness.

But this inverted ritualism and symbolism were not enough. The descend-

ants of the men who had hacked down the crucifixes and mutilated the crosses in the market-place might be observed wearing cryptic signs in their button-holes. Badges signifying some pledge or membership of some society so multiplied that certain individuals, from the number of these they displayed, looked like military-veterans or members of a diplomatic corps wearing all their insignia. Then the Salvation Army crowned the process by coming out with military titles and military uniform. Their very colors were supposed to represent the Fire of the Holy Spirit and the Blood of Christ. Thus did the ritualistic instinct, so deeply rooted in human nature, take its revenge!

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THE Cross is the hall-mark of Catholicism. Sooner or later those who appropriate it without authority to do so are found out and compelled to drop it and even to adopt another sign. A stern justice works through history exposing fraudulent appropriations of this kind. There is an exclusive proprietary right in these emblems which you cannot infringe with impunity. The piety, earnestness and zeal on behalf of orthodoxy of many Lutherans cannot be questioned. Yet it must be said that, strictly speaking, they have no claim to the Sign which they are now being compelled to surrender in favor of the Swastika. Truth will out. The replacement of the Cross by the Swastika is one more confirmation of that fact.

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The most devastating comment, however, on the Puritan attempt to destroy this kind of thing is to be found in the fact that the Nazis have succeeded in imposing on a large section of German Protestants, in place of the discarded Cross, their own symbol, the Swastika. While the emblem of the Christian Faith is insulted, "*hakenkreuz*" (or swastika) flags are boldly borne into church.

Nor is this a mere gesture without spiritual significance. It stands for a real change of outlook. The repudiation of the one symbol in favor of the other implies a revolutionary change of philosophy. In his book on *Twentieth*

*Century Mythology* (recently put on the Index) Herr Rosenberg advocated the abolition of the Crucifix since it stood for "the teaching of the Lamb of Sacrifice" and called for "the fiery spirit of the Hera," indicated by the Swastika, to take its place. In thus appealing to the spirit of Germany's pagan past and exalting the ideal of the bloody warrior, Herr Rosenberg explicitly opposed the spirit of love and forgiveness associated with the Cross. And Herr Rosenberg has been now appointed the supreme director of youthful culture. In his hands more than in those of any other lies the intellectual training of the Fatherland's younger generation. The Evangelical Youth organization (a distinctly religious and Protestant association) has been absorbed in the Hitler Youth which he controls. The change-over from Cross to Swastika therefore is something more than skin-deep. The vacuum created by the Puritan destruction of the Crucifix has been now filled. The abolition of the Thing Itself has followed the abolition of the Sign.

THE consequence of the iconoclasts' action might have been foretold. As I have said, men are body as well as soul. The physical and the spiritual constitute a whole, each aspect of which is dependent on the other. Take away the physical supports of faith and faith itself suffers. Medieval religion witnessed to the close connection between the symbolism which portrayed the Passion and the depth with which, confessedly, that great Event was realized by the popular mind. It is certainly not true to say that the ritual of devotion obscured the spiritual significance of the Passion, nor can we affirm that that devotion was independent of its ritualistic expression. Let me quote on this point a Protestant writer who has made a special study of the subject. In *The People's Faith in the Time of Wyclif*, Mr. Bernard Lord Manning, a distinguished Cambridge scholar, says:

"It was chiefly by means of pictures and symbolism that the Church tried to meet this need of the layman's. Rarely, if ever, has symbolism been more carefully studied and more exactly practised than in the fourteenth century. . . . In the ceremonial of the Mass there was set forth every detail and every aspect of the atonement of mankind. Not a dogma was omitted, not the minutest event in Christ's Passion but was commemorated there. It is doubtful whether in modern times—except in a few remarkable re-



ligious movements—the Divine tragedy has so powerfully possessed men's minds. In the fourteenth century whilst men were in church the Cross was ever before their eyes, the Crucifixion was continually in their thoughts. Each day the sacrifice was commemorated. Each day they were shown the Body and the Blood. In the later medieval meditations on the death of Christ there is a unique pathos and a peculiar appeal which can only be explained by the fact that the devout thought more about it, dwelt more exclusively upon it, and entered into a fuller appreciation of it, than they have since been able to do."

The close connection between this unique devotion to the Passion and the abundant means taken to represent it for the popular mind in ceremony and imagery is made clear. The interdependence of invisible and visible, in medieval times, is demonstrated by the words of this authority. And history has shown that when the external forms of worship are impoverished the religion which they expressed is, at the same time, spiritually impoverished. That is what is happening in Germany. Protestantism there has not only exchanged the Cross for the Swastika; it has also exchanged the Gospel of Divine Love for the cult of the "Blonde Brute"—the warrior god of pagan mythology.

**T**HERE is involved in this substitution a still further departure from the past. The attack on Catholic rites, Catholic imagery and Catholic ceremony was, and was meant to be, an attack on Catholic authority. It was in effect a Declaration of Independence: Practically the iconoclasts not only declared against the traditional usages of devotion but they declared against the Church which had encouraged such usages. The act of destruction was like the trampling underfoot of the national flag by a mob of rebels. By that act they affirmed their religious "freedom."

Henceforth private judgment exercised in the interpretation of the Bible was to be the criterion of truth. Each man was now at liberty to fashion his own private religion. The Reformation was regarded, and is still regarded, as emancipating from an oppressive religious tyranny. Even the division of opinion which, as we all know, resulted, was defended on the ground that it was the price that had to be paid for this precious liberty. Everywhere Protestantism was spoken of as delivering the conscience from the burden of external authority. No one, it was declared, should come between God and the individual Christian. It is, in fact, impossible to exaggerate the emphasis placed on the independence thus achieved.

It had, as I have suggested, dire results in multiplying sects. Those who had revolted from Rome were, in their turn

afflicted with seceders. The Reformers were themselves "reformed" by precisely the same methods they had adopted with regard to Catholicism. There ensued intolerable confusion and waste of effort. Ecclesiastical competition, the warring of sect with sect, drove out the spirit of peace. But during the latter part of the last century a desire to end this state of affairs by a reunion of the sects and the urgent need of a disciplinary power strong enough to put an end to division made themselves felt. One attempt after the other has essayed to solve the problem, but all in vain. Not only did the original divisions remain but new causes of dissension appeared. The rift between Fundamentalists and Modernists cut across the other dividing lines, and to bring these two into accord appeared more hopeless than the original problem of uniting the sects.

**A**ND then, in Germany, the Nazi State stepped in. It did not step in because religious discord was a scandal to Christendom. It stepped in because it was determined to unify the national life in all its departments and because it desired to substitute for traditional Christianity its own pagan cult. Unity has been achieved—a mechanical unity enforced by political power—and those who refused to acknowledge the authority of the Papacy because they declared it infringed their spiritual liberties have submitted to the authority of Reichsbishop Mueller. That is what is meant by the exchange of the Cross for the Swastika.

From one point of view, the step was inevitable and is even defensible. Discipline and unity are necessary. Authority is the very essence of religion. Just as Puritanism cannot long sustain itself without symbolism and, if it renounce traditional symbols, must countenance other, inferior symbols, so, if it repudiate the authority of Christ in His Church, sooner or later, in order to resolve the difficulties it has brought upon itself, Schism must have recourse to the State. Ultimately Protestants must either return to the Church or submit to an increasing control on the part of the secular authority. A condition which allows of endless diversity and unfettered eccentricity cannot be permanent.

The substitution of the State for the Papacy is no new thing. It is not new in the history of Lutheranism. It is bound up with the origin of the English Church. During the seventeenth century even those non-conforming bodies which had protested against the State control of religion came under the domineering power of Oliver Cromwell. That Puritan Dictator was, as a matter of fact, an anticipation of Hitler. A strong ruler, he saw the necessity of introducing order into the chaos which had followed the triumph of the sectaries and he took drastic measures to secure abso-

lute uniformity of belief and practice.

The choice, therefore, before the non-Catholic today is not, as he tries to imagine, that between submission to Rome and the "religious liberty" which has been the main plank in his platform. The day for that has gone by. The struggle now proceeding in Germany shows the helpless condition of those who endeavor to maintain orthodoxy against the autocracy of a Reichsbishop. German Protestants have not to deal with a Government, like that of Catholic Italy, which restores the Crucifix and protects it, but with a Government which, in effect, gives its support to the religion of racialism with the Swastika as its emblem. The choice between authority and "freedom" therefore is no longer available. The decision to be made today is that between a Divine and a human authority, between that of which the Cross is the symbol and that represented by the Swastika.

We must remember, however, that the Crucifix has been and is displayed by many bodies outside the Communion of Rome. Puritan iconoclasm has not been everywhere victorious. The Reformers in many cases, notably in Germany, carried off the banners of the Church from which they had gone out, and these banners they proudly bore aloft. The Cross has crowned the steeples of their churches and is celebrated in the fervent strains of their hymns. They have not hesitated to exhibit it on their "altars." But this use of it is irregular. It is like the wearing of a national uniform by those who do not claim citizenship of the nation. It is like the commercial employment of a trade-mark by others than the firm with which it is identified.

**T**HE Cross is the hall-mark of Catholicism. Sooner or later those who appropriate it without authority to do so are found out and compelled to drop it and even to adopt another sign. A stern justice works through history exposing fraudulent appropriations of this kind. There is an exclusive proprietary right in these emblems which you cannot infringe with impunity. The piety, earnestness and zeal on behalf of orthodoxy of many Lutherans cannot be questioned. Yet it must be said that, strictly speaking, they have no claim to the Sign which they are now being compelled to surrender in favor of the Swastika.

Unconsciously, in exercising this compulsion, the authorities are performing an act of poetic justice. The Sign of the Cross, engraved on the catacombs, is forever identified with the Faith which it is Rome's prerogative to safeguard. That others not professing that Faith should be prevented from using it is but one of those instances in which history confirms the Church's privileges. Truth will out. The replacement of the Cross by the Swastika is one more confirmation of that fact.



# RELIGION IN HOMESPUN

By Charles F. Ferguson

IN the mental picture I have formed of William Langland, author of *The Vision of Piers Plowman*, there follows always at his heels a nondescript, mongrel dog. It is one of those stray animals which attach themselves to strangers and, as the tattered and unkempt poet steers his way through the narrow, crooked streets of fourteenth century London, the dog keeps as close to him as his shadow. By and by they will reach an open space in front of a church and Long Will, as his associates call him, will seat himself on the porch while the dog squats between the lanky, outstretched legs, and, cocking his head on one side, look up into his master's face. There is a certain resemblance between the two. Both, save for each other's company, are friendless and find the crowd heedless of their humble wants. Both are evidently of the down-at-heel class.

Will is tonsured, for he belongs to one of the Minor Orders of the Church and he earns a precarious living for himself, his wife and daughter—and the dog—by saying prayers for the dead. This is his own account of the matter given in his rough, alliterative measure:

I live in London and I live on  
London.

The tools I labor with, to get my  
living by,  
Are the *Pater-noster*, my primer,  
my dirges and my vespers,  
And sometimes my Psalter and the  
Seven Psalms.

I sing for the souls of those that  
help me,  
And they that find me food, welcome  
me when I come,  
Man or woman, once a month, into  
their houses.  
No bag have I or bottle, only my  
belly.

Men held him a fool, he tells us, because he would not bow and scrape to the rich and powerful. One of the sections of his poem begins in this way:

Woe-weary, wetshod, went I forth  
afterwards,  
Like a reckless man that recketh not  
of sorrow.  
Like beggar went I, all the days of  
my life,  
Till I waxed weary of this world  
and wished that I could sleep.

He belongs to no party, is in the service of no rich patron. He has lost favor with those who might have assisted him by

lampooning the favorites of fortune, for, despite his humble position, Will is independent. Unlike his great contemporary, Chaucer, he does not write for the cultured, but for the under-dogs of society. You might call him the Laureate of the Poor. Not that he is a demagogue, inflaming popular passions against the rich. When the peasants rise and march on London, singing John Ball's communistic rhymes, he will have nothing to do with them. This does not mean however that he has no sympathy with their hard lot, as witness this description he has given us of a cottage interior:

The neediest are our neighbors if we  
heed them,

Prisoners in dungeons, poor in  
hovels

Charged with a crew of children and  
a landlord's rent.

What their spinning earns to make  
porridge with,

Milk and meal, to satisfy the babes—  
The babes that continually cry for  
food—

This they must give for the rent of  
their houses,

Yea, though they themselves go  
hungry

Woefully rising at night in winter  
In the narrow room to rock the  
cradle.

Carding, combing, clouting, rubbing,  
winding, peeling rushes,  
Pitiful it is to read the cottage  
women's woe.

Ay, and many another that puts a  
good face on it,  
Ashamed to beg or to let neighbors  
know

All that they need, noontide and  
evening.

Many the children, and nought but a  
man's hands

To clothe and feed them. Little  
money coming in

And many mouths to eat the pennies  
up.

It is easy to see that he knows what he is writing about when he describes the lot of the poor, but it is not the kind of writing to bring either wealth or fame, and so Long Will is obliged to hang on to the skirts of society, dodging blows and ignoring curses—much like a stray dog.

But the resemblance between him and the cur I have imagined following him goes deeper than this. Langland was no less lost in those bewildering times than was the dog in the streets of London. In

his youth, lying on Malvern Hills, he saw a vision of the world as a "faire field full of folk" and when he went down into the "field" and mingled with the crowd he found chicanery and hypocrisy, lying and idleness, in fact, all the seven sins. The poor are rebellious against authority, the King does not enforce the laws and is embarrassed with the debts his extravagance has incurred. Friars, priests, bishops have grown worldly and neglect their duties. It is a dismal time.

It was indeed a perplexing age for a thoughtful, earnest man like Langland. The old feudal order was breaking up. Ancient traditions of loyal service were crumbling before the new power of money. Instead of the sense of honor which had once united men the only power which could now procure faithful service was that of bribes. All classes were bribed. Dame Bribery was Queen of the situation. And distracting, subversive heresy was being talked. Wyclif and his preachers were undermining the Faith. And the Popes were practically prisoners at Avignon in France. Things had been made worse by the coming of the Black Death, that terrible scourge which, in a few years, halved the population of Europe. Folk had grown reckless. It seemed as if God was deaf to their prayers.

THE troubled Poet footed his weary way through these heart-breaking times, wondering what it behooved a man to do, asking himself where the truth lay, stumbling along as best he could but becoming sadly mired in that strange company of vagabonds, thieves and loose women in the stews of London which he has so graphically pictured.

But just as his dog, similarly situated, had one day found a master to follow and had stuck to him through thick and thin and so found someone to fondle and feed him, someone who would lay down a ragged coat for him to sleep on, so Long Will, too, found his Master.

We do not know how it was that there came to him that vision of Piers Plowman in which was revealed to him the true Master of men, the Lord to Whom he might attach himself and into whose eyes he might look for guidance. We know that this picture of the Peasant-Christ is one of the greatest things in the literature of the Middle Ages. Because of it Langland has been called "the English Dante," and recently Mr. Christo-



pher Dawson has termed him "perhaps our greatest religious poet." But that does not help us to understand how the human "stray" managed to conceive so wonderful a thing.

Yet we are not altogether in the dark. In those London churches which the Poet visited there burned a light and that light told of One present Who, though God, had walked the ways of this world as a Jewish Peasant. Was it so strange that He should be imagined walking the ways of medieval England as an English Peasant? The Christ of the Catholic Church is not a dead Christ. He accompanies his people down the centuries, adapting himself to their changing needs.

**M**OREOVER, there is something universal about the figures of the plowman. He is the permanent type of labor. It is not the mechanic in his blue jeans, still less the clerk or the lawyer or the soldier who best represents human industry, but this son of the soil, the man who performs the most necessary of all work. What the priest is in the spiritual sphere, consecrating the bread and wine so that they become food for the soul, the plowman is in the physical realm. By his toil he "consecrates" the soil and out of it brings food for the body.

Yet it needed a strong, independent mind and a profound poetic genius to conceive this. Dante, troubled by the state of the world in the earlier part of the same country, had placed his hope in an Emperor-Messiah. It was Henry of Germany, he thought, that would put matters right. But Henry failed him, as kings are apt to fail those who put their trust in them. More original and at the same time more Christian was Langland's vision of a Peasant-Messiah representing those simple virtues of the common people which are so likely to be obscured by showy scholarship and even by the ornate ceremonial of a wealthy Church. Langland knew by experience where the heart of his nation beat truest:

None sooner ravished from the  
right creed  
Than cunning clerks that con most  
books,  
None sooner saved, none surer in  
creed,  
Than plowmen, shepherds and poor  
common people,  
Cobblers and laborers, land-tilling  
folk,  
Pierce with a prayer the palace of  
Heaven.

and again:

The learned talk of God and his  
name is on their lips,  
But the poor have him in their  
hearts.

It was not unnatural therefore that when Christ came to him in the streets of London He should come in the guise of one of those peasants the Poet had known in his youth in far off Malvern. A modern Catholic poet, as poor as Langland, saw Christ in the same streets. It was not so long ago that Francis Thompson wrote:

But (when so sad thou canst not  
sadder)  
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's  
ladder,  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Char-  
ing Cross.  
Yea, in the night, my Soul, my  
Daughter,  
Cry—clinging Heaven by the hems;  
And lo, Christ walking on the water,  
Not of Genesareth but Thames."

But by Thompson's time the English Peasant had disappeared and with him the Faith and the homely virtues he had represented and the vision which the author of *The Hound of Heaven* saw could not be pictured in the form which the medieval poet gave him. Langland was more fortunate in that he lived at a time when men could recognize and love a Peasant Christ.

Like the homeless cur who has found an individual in the crowd the glance of whose eyes shows him to be a dog-lover, Langland knew when he beheld this vision, that he had found his Master. With Piers Plowman, he knows, he is safe. He looks up into His face and reads there of a divine charity that has pity on the weak and the sinful. There is a dog-like devotion in some of the lines in which he celebrates this Master. He wakes on Easter Morn to hear the church bells ringing their message of Divine Victory over sleeping London:

With that I woke and called to Kitty  
my wife,  
And to Calotte my daughter and  
said,  
Arise, do reverence to God's resur-  
rection.  
Creep on your knees to the Cross  
and kiss it for a jewel,  
And the most righteous relic, none  
richer on earth.  
For our redemption it bare God's  
blessed body.  
And so great is its power it  
frighteneth, every fiend.  
Where its shadow falls no grisly  
ghost may glide.

The poem ends with a survey of the miseries of the time. But the case is not hopeless.

"By Christ," quoth Conscience, "I  
will become a pilgrim  
And walk as wide as the world  
lasteth  
To seek Piers Plowman."

The "dog" has found his Master.

And what is the kind of guidance which Langland finds under the direction of his Leader? What clue is given him by which to thread the labyrinth of that perplexing age? Some hint has been given already of the character of Piers and something can be gathered from his very name and habit. It is no startling revelation which the Poet receives. Indeed, it might be said that what he is told he knew already. But these simple truths come now with a fresh and original force. To love God and one's neighbor, to labor honestly at the task given one, not as a hireling thinking of naught but the pay, nor as a servile drudge working only because one must, but as a servant of God and man—this is the gist of the matter.

Homely fare like bread, but, like bread, the staff of life. This is religion in homespun, "the Gospel" as it is discovered in the Gospels, involving no more than the performance of every day duties from a supernatural motive. A difficult thing to turn this prose of the Christian life into poetry, but it is precisely the fact that he managed to do so that gives us the measure of Langland's genius.

**T**HE achievement is worthy of note in more than one respect, but let me comment on the particular aspect of it which happens to strike me! It was the accusation of the Reformers that the Church promised men salvation in return for the performance of certain ritual acts or, even, for the payment of money. This was the account given by Foxe, the notorious author of *The Book of Martyrs*. "After the pope's catholic religion a true christian man," he wrote, "is thus defined: first to be baptized in the Latin tongue (where the godfathers profess they cannot tell what); then confirmed by the bishop; the mother of the child to be purified; after he be grown in years, then to come to the church; to keep his fasting-days; to fast in Lent; to come under *Benedicite* (that is, to be confessed of the priest); to do his penance; at Easter to take his rites; to hear mass and divine service; to set up candles before images; to creep to the cross. . . ." And so he goes on, naming only the externals of Catholicism and suggesting that it is entirely without spiritual or moral significance.

We may smile at this description but unfortunately it is this view which is held by tens of thousands of sincere Protestants. Dexter, an American author, in his book on *Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years* repeats the slander. It is true that all the things mentioned by Foxe have their place in the Catholic religion. They were practised in Langland's time, and he himself, as a loyal Catholic, gave them their due. But they constitute only the external husk. Says an authority



on medieval religion, Mr. Bernard Lord Manning, in his informative work on *The People's Faith in the Time of Wyclif*:

"It is difficult to remember that Foxe and Dexter were describing the same form of Christianity as the preacher who declared that the three things believed in the fourteenth century to be necessary for salvation were 'full contricion with shrift, full charite without feigning, and stable faith without flattering. And soothly,' he adds, 'without these three, there may no man have pardon at Rome or elsewhere.'"

After quoting other examples, Mr. Lord, an unbiased authority, declares: "They might have come from a Protestant clergyman inspired by the Evangelical Revival." Of course countless instances occur in which Catholic preachers and writers have insisted by

these truths. But they are particularly conspicuous in the Poet whose Vision we have been studying. Piers Plowman, as we have seen, embodies the homely and simple aspects of our religion, its everyday, working side. Occasionally that religion may clothe itself in gorgeous vestments, it may stage dramatic ceremonies, it may ordain picturesque practices. But the core is to be found in the faithful following of Him who said that the great commandments were those that bid us love God and our neighbor.

That he gave his humble, dog-like disciple these simple directions is the distinction of Piers Plowman. As a Plowman, he talked no subtle scholasticism—though subtle scholasticism may be necessary for those who can understand it—nor did he prescribe painful penances such as lengthy pilgrimages—though such things may have their use—

but he talked Divine common-sense such as peasants and other simple folk can understand and which all, be they learned or ignorant, can practice. Piers Plowman is called the People's Christ not simply because he wore a plowman's smock but because he taught those central, universal truths which belong to all.

Such was the direction given the bewildered Poet. How far he heeded it we do not know. But we do know that England did not heed Piers Plowman. It even pretended that he did not exist, and heretics and schismatics set out to preach as something new what he had already proclaimed. Such tactics cannot serve for ever, and it is now becoming clear, even to the prejudiced, that the Reformers when they proclaimed "the simple Gospel" did but borrow it from the lips of Catholic preachers and poets.

# IT WAS GOD'S GRACE

## *The Story of a Conversion*

By Grace Brewster

IT began with my birthday—the Feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help—though of that my dear Methodist parents knew nothing. But they did know that in this saddest year of their lives—a little girl of five died just before my birth, a little boy of two died just after it—their only help was in the Grace of God; and so I received my sweet auspicious name. From my heart I thank them for placing me under the blue-mantled protection of her who is "full of grace."

My father and mother were deeply devout in their religious faith and practise—sunny-humored and beauty-loving, withal. Belief in God and prayer and the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Resurrection was instilled in us children from babyhood. Our family life is a joy to remember.

In our Protestant household there was usually one Catholic member—a young Irish girl in the kitchen—whose high spirits were in delightful contrast to the rather heavy solemnity of most of the people in our little Puritanical world. To these gay and faithful servitors I owe a vague yet happy first impression of the Catholic Religion. This first impression, dormant through years of indifference and misunderstanding, brought a bright picture in later years to my awakening thought.

Sincere and kindly tolerance marked my family's attitude toward the alien Faith. And yet it was held to be alien, and I grew up with the current prejudice that the Catholic Faith belonged to the past and would surely die out as people became more "enlightened." It was years before I myself became sufficiently enlightened to know the shallowness and ignorance of that opinion.

On the other hand, I never had any liking or sympathy for the Methodist Church in which I was reared. In contrast to the Episcopal Churches which I sometimes visited, our church seemed very bare and crude. I wanted pictures, vestments, the dignity of liturgy, the beautiful rhythm of the Christian Year with its feasts and fasts. I detested the Puritanical attitude toward life, long before I could reason it out. A few years later came a rationalist rebelling against Protestant theology. I was in the paradoxical state of those who wish to disown the Supernatural, yet keep the beauty it has given to the world. For years Reason and Imagination were at war within me. It took me half a lifetime to discover that there is One Church which satisfies every craving of mind and heart and soul, where Beauty is no decoration from without, but the Flower of the living Truth within.

The voracious reading and earnest study of my school and college years brought me no knowledge of Catholic Faith and only misinformation on Catholic history. They did, however, impart a keen delight in the romance of the mediæval. The stories of the Morte d'Arthur, the history of the Crusades, the rich lore of Chivalry, the legends of the so-called "Ages of Faith," formed the very stuff of my imagination. But it never occurred to me that there might be any vital connection between the Christian Church of the Middle Ages and Catholics of today. I never dreamed that the historic Church was still satisfying the needs of men in these modern times as truly as in the days of St. Bernard or St. Louis. I assumed that its rites and ceremonies had become cold convention—as had my own Protestantism and that of many other people whom I knew.

My interest in the Christian Past was æsthetic not religious. Indeed, I felt no religious need whatever. In common with most of my friends, I subscribed to the current creed of the 'Nineties, namely that:—The Catholic Church had received a deathblow at the Reformation, from which it was slowly dying; that Protestantism was being gradually purged of supernatural beliefs; that progress and



liberty involved a constant shedding of creeds, dogmas, forms. Where this process was to stop, short of complete atheism and materialism, I doubt if I ever thought out.

Yet this belief was at war with my deepest instincts, as was proved by my constant gropings after some new supernaturalism: such as "New Thought," "Yogi," Occultism, and later on, Christian Science.

**T**HE Catholic Church never crossed my thought as a possible answer for me. Yet I had a strange and unaccountable feeling of pleasure when a cousin, of whom I was very fond, married a Catholic and himself became a convert. There was something magnetic in their sound conviction, compared to my own shifting about with every wind of doctrine.

When I was thirty-five, I married. My husband's religious capital was much the same as mine, except that he was an Episcopalian. With a laudable desire to start our family life upon a substantial basis, we began attending a church of that communion, and I was confirmed.

The clergyman of the parish was broad-minded, modern and anti-clerical. His collars buttoned in the front and he prided himself upon being taken for a business man. He told me that my early religious teaching (much of which I had rejected!) was ample, and I needed no Confirmation instruction. He gave me a book by Dean Hodges to read, and let it go at that. Under the circumstances it is not strange that Church and sacraments meant little or nothing to me, and that when sickness and trouble came to our home I turned for the spiritual help I craved, not to my nominal faith, but to Christian Science.

I cannot dwell upon my Christian Science experience. It was the saddest and costliest chapter in my life.

At 43, I was a widow with two children of six and five years. I was completely disillusioned in religious matters, bitterly remorseful. I was lonely and crushed without my husband's gallant company, and terrified at the thought of bringing up my girl and boy without his help and counsel. Yet I carried on somehow: what else could I do?

By good fortune I was able to continue my husband's work, and so could bear my share in the home which my dear mother-in-law opened to me, and in which we lived for five years. My children were the dearest of companions, and a constant source of wonder and delight.

And in getting down to rock-bottom, as one does in the stress of a crisis, I discovered that in spite of all my religious and irreligious wanderings, my early training had left with me a firm faith in goodness and right, and a

staunch belief that God IS, even though one might know no more about Him than Matthew Arnold's famous definition: "A Power not ourselves that makes for Righteousness." Realizing the support that I had unconsciously received from my all-but-forgotten teaching, I became, in course of time, seriously concerned that I had nothing to give my children but this vague agnostic creed. Yet it seemed impossible to return to the discarded beliefs of the past.

As it turned out, the closest friends I made in my husband's old home town were Catholics. Religion was scarcely mentioned between us until shortly before I went away; yet I could not help but learn from those dear people; and I know now that their prayers were helping me.

One day, in the winter of 1925, in a sort of desperate mood, I took up the New Testament and read straight through at a sitting, the Gospel of St. John, and on another day the Gospel of St. Luke. It was an event. I had knocked and the door was opened. Here was Truth. Jesus Christ was GOD, or the whole amazing Gospel meant nothing—an alternative which was unthinkable. Moreover it was plain to me that His words and works were intended as the foundation of an enduring Church: "Lo, I am with you in all ways, even unto the end of the world." Somewhere Christ was to be found *now*.

With this new light, I took the most immediately obvious step: renewed my communion in the church in which I had been confirmed.

In a diary which I occasionally put pen to, I find a Sunday carefully indicated as Quinquagesima, which I noted as "The first real Sunday I have spent in years," followed by these words, "I am going to try it this Lent. I surely need something. Perhaps this is it."

I went to Communion on Ash Wednesday and again on the following Sunday. But that week all plans went to pieces: I came down ill with bronchial pneumonia, and was ailing and convalescent up to Pentecost. What long hours to think and think and re-value the matters of my life!

**T**HAT same year a combination of circumstances pointed to a return to my home-city, and thither I went with my children. There my boy had an opportunity to enter the choir of a prominent Episcopal Church, probably the largest "Anglo-Catholic" parish in the diocese, and very different from the church in which I had been confirmed. There I became a regular communicant, and for a time it seemed as though I had found everything my heart desired. I responded to the Catholic observances, the regard for the Sacraments, the privilege of confession, the fasting communions. At long last it seemed as

though I had at last found the connection between the Truth of the Gospel, the beauty of the historic Church and the hunger of my own heart.

**Y**ET it was a false dawn. Doubts and questions continually forced themselves upon me. Why should we pick and choose among Christ's words, making much of "This is My Body," but fumbling over "Thou art Peter"? And why should some of the good Church folk, enjoying their Catholic devotions, be so unsympathetic toward "Romanists"? And what were we anyway? If Catholic, why the hyphen? If Protestant, by what authority did we depart from Prayer-book usage and from the character of the Church as expressed in the name Protestant Episcopal? And how can a church so divided on the teaching of the Gospel go out and effectively preach that Gospel "to every creature" in a world so tragically in need not only of evangelization but of re-evangelization?

These questions drove me to study in earnest the past history and present activity of the Catholic Church, and I entered upon a course of re-education. I read as a hungry man devours food. I wolfed volume after volume, making up for lost time. Some one at church lent me an Anglican history of the Oxford movement. Feeling its incompleteness, I made straight for Newman's *Apologia*, which strangely enough I had never read, though I had majored in College in English Literature! From then on, Newman was a guiding star for me.

Articles and reviews in the Catholic magazines led me to more treasures—old classics of the Faith, stirring biographies, and a wealth of modern Catholic authors. I read *Apologiae* from St. Augustine to Father Knox and Father Delaney. Chesterton had been a favorite of mine for years. Now I caught up with his more recent books, reading with new understanding. Hilaire Belloc and Wyndham Lewis, Karl Adam and Jacques Maritain, Sigrid Undset, Christopher Hollis: words can not repay my debt to these and many other writers of the present-day Catholic Renaissance, whose varied gifts of humor, charm, satire, and scholarship flower from the rich soil of a sure conviction and a constant standard of values.

The clearing up of Reformation History was an important matter, especially for an Anglican. As I read from a broader point of view, I gradually became convinced that the breaking-up of Christendom, far from being a forward step in civilization, was a colossal blunder, the cause of a large part of present-day evils. Cardinal Gasquet's scholarly work gave me convincing proof of the real nature of the breach: the work largely of a self-seeking minority. Belloc's historical writings shed new



light into dark corners. I had already sensed vaguely the weakness of the Anglo-Catholic argument. Soon the *via media* became as impossible for me as it was for Newman.

As the scholars convinced my reason, the poets charmed my heart. In my years of discovery I met singers but little known to me before: Villon, Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell, Louise Guiney, Paul Claudel, and that new voice from the far Antipodes, Eileen Duggan.

**N**ATURALLY this reading and study was accompanied by increasing attendance at Catholic Churches. At first it was just dropping in occasionally to say a Rosary or the Stations, or to light a candle with the intention that I might be led to see and follow the Truth. Then I began going to Mass now and then, offering to my Episcopalian conscience the excuse that the hours were more convenient. I got myself a Missal and studied the liturgy for myself.

And so at last I found the continuity my reason had demanded, to link the Gospel Revelation and the Historic Church with the living, serving Church of today. Here was the root of the beauty which had entranced my youthful enthusiasm. Here was a reason for Cathedrals and Crusades. From this ever-living Vine flowered the courage of the martyrs, the humility of the Catacombs, the bold sanctity of Francis and of Joan, and the serene poise which I loved in Catholics I knew. Here was the Truth: as real and operative now as it was in Galilee and Rome and Assisi.

All the supposedly dead past came alive. Tourists may Baedeker their way through old Cathedrals, but the Catholic still goes there to pray. Chaucer is long dead; but folk still go on pilgrimages. Did I not have the pleasure of reading about the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago during the very time that my eyes were being opened to the faith around me? And one of my English cousin's boys was a bearer at Lourdes. As for Saints, the Calendar has never been closed. In my own time of awakening, I read of the Canonization of the Maid of Orleans, Father Isaac Jogues, the English Martyrs and the Little Flower. And the martyrs that Nero made are still welcoming their brothers from Mexico and Russia.

The oft-heard words, "Apostolic Succession" and "Communion of Saints," began now to have more than an academic interest for me. With all my heart I longed to share in that 2,000-year continuity and share the Gift of the Incarnate Christ.

At some time during this period of growing conviction I told our curate that the time was coming when I should become a Catholic. His answer marked a crisis: "To the Roman Catholic

Church! What can you find there that you cannot get here?"

What a challenge! For weeks I kept finding answers. I can find a Church which is One, in doctrine, in discipline, in leadership. I can find a Church which knows where it stands on questions of Faith and Morals and makes no compromises. I can find a Church which has not diluted the Faith as taught in the Gospel. I can find a Church which, like Our Lord, meets the needs of everyone, from Nicodemus in his study to the beggar at the gate. I can find the Church which offers a clear-cut program for a spiritually-impooverished, pagan world. I can find Sacraments about which I shall feel no doubts. I shall find the Real Thing.

The time had come when conviction demanded action. Yet now, upon the very threshold, I hesitated, doubtful of myself.

For years I had had a fatalistic feeling about things I desired. To be a Catholic was simply too good to be true. The old Puritanical notion laid hold of me, that the thing I wanted was without doubt the thing I ought not to have. I was far from well; could I really trust my judgment? Then there were my children—my sixteen-year-old girl; my big boy—both too firmly established in their church for me to take them with me on the strength of my own conviction. But if I left them, might they not, without their mother, drift away from church entirely?

My Church itself: was I not splitting hairs to want to change to another? Would it not be disloyal? If I had not humored my wandering foot, I might still be well content. Father K. had told me that it took more courage to be a Catholic in the Episcopal Church than to change. Perhaps all my apparent conviction was simply self-will—wanting what I wanted.

Trifles, trifles, and all of them the masquerade of my lack of courage at making the actual break.

**A**T this point, a good Catholic friend came to my rescue and took me to a very wise and understanding priest, chaplain of Catholic students in a nearby college. He was wonderfully kind, heard all my story, listened patiently to all the foolish "reasons" why I couldn't seem to follow where desire and conviction led the way; and told me to be patient—that the Grace of God would show me how to surmount my difficulties. In a way I was disappointed. I wanted to be shamed into action. But this wise Father K. knew me better than I knew myself. For with all my carefully reasoned conviction, I still lacked the humility of contrition.

In my diary, I find these notes scribbled about New Year's time. They reveal my state of mind better than I can from memory. "God never gives us

what we want, until we have made full use of what we have.' Here am I scorning what I have, and expecting to climb into the Fold burdened with pride and self-will. I will go humbly and patiently to my own Sacraments until God shows me that the time is ripe."

**I**NDEED, things turned out as the good Father had said; the obstacles seemed to melt away. It was silly to fancy myself the victim of a nervous condition; my courage might falter, but my conviction never did; on the contrary, everything strengthened it. None of God's gifts could ever be too good to be true, if one asked in humility and accepted with gratitude. And in the matter of the Episcopal Church, it simply became impossible to stay any longer. It was no more a question of loyalty; it was like water seeking its level, or the sprouting seed bursting the acorn shell.

As for my children, I perceived that my best service to them was to be honest, rather than to strive for an outward unity. And indeed it has proved true that the inner unity in our little family has been closer and tenderer ever since I gave up trying to serve two masters. My dear daughter is now married. She and her husband have a happy, truly Christian home. My son, still in his student years, is the joy of my heart. Needless to say, my constant prayer is that by the Grace of God they too may be Catholics. But one must be patient and hold ever the memory of St. Monica, of whom it is written that she "spoke little, preached never, loved much, and prayed always."

But I run ahead of my story. The time came soon when, even by the outward circumstances of our daily life, the Grace of God led me. We moved to another town, snapping the old parish tie. The first Sunday I sought out the Catholic Church in this new parish. And on the Feast of the Assumption I offered myself for instruction.

With joy I record my thanks to the saintly Father who taught me my Catechism and prepared me for my Baptism and Communion. As much through his own sanctity, geniality, and love of God, as through any words he said, he gave me my lessons in the practise of religion. Devotions and prayers that had appealed only to sentiment before, began to unfold their very practical meaning.

By the Grace of God, I received my first Communion on All Saints Day, 1931.

Since then, not a day passes without giving me new cause to thank God for the Mercy which led me to the Fold of Christ, for the friends whose prayers and example helped me on my way, for the constant protection of our Blessed Mother, and for the joy and strength of the Sacraments.



# WOMAN TO WOMAN

A WRITER on the psychology and education of children, Marion Morton, recently published an article called "The Religion of the Child." It certainly takes first prize for at least one thing: she has, ably and at length, written an article on religion and never once named God! This practically equals the record of the Rockefeller City people who wanted a painting of the Sermon on the Mount without putting Our Lord in it. The article is common-sense in spots. It is good in that it begs the parents to send the children to some church every Sunday, since the child is bound to learn something there of morality and truth. She nullifies all this, however, by her attitude toward anything that even faintly resembles a creed. One gleans from her interesting arguments on this that creeds are all right for shepherds but bad for business men. Shepherds and other bucolics can run their lives much better if they are hitched to a creed, but business men and city fellers—well, they simply can't; that's all. Her arguments remind me of one of Emily Dickenson's poems on a certain clergyman who was so wise that "confusion would cover the innocent Jesus to meet so enabled a man," and whose creed "was so wide that it argued him narrow." So it is with Miss Morton.

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SPEAKING of the education of the young, here is a good story. He was eight years old and he was getting ready for his day at one of those schools where the child is supposed to express himself when, how, and as often as he likes. If he wants to swear at his teachers, that is just part of his expressing himself and they smile and wait for him to finish. If after ten minutes of it he decides he does not like the arithmetic he is doing he leaves it and goes on to something else, say, making a wagon. If that fails to please he goes on to the next thing—pulling his neighbor's hair perhaps; any one of those things for doing which a grown up world will one day sit on him hard to his great surprise. Anyway, this particular boy said, wearily and wistfully to his mother as she was putting him into his coat, "Mother, do I have to do just what I want again all day today?"

\* \* \* \* \*

A CERTAIN portion of Westchester, N. Y., has for its Poor Commissioner a very charming woman who spends more on the job every year than the salary it nets her. But she is of old New England and Dutch blood and when she took the job she decided to make good on it. She seldom runs into diffi-

By  
Katherine Burton

culties for she does not play politics, she will rise in the middle of the night if she is needed, and she knows how to be hard-boiled in the right place. But a month or so ago she was pretty well stumped. It was while the Government was going through the experiment of buying pork from the farmers and giving it to the needy. She was informed by the authorities that thirty-two hundred pounds of pork was being shipped to her for distribution. It came right on time and she had to find a place to store it. She practically ordered the unwilling meat men who had refrigerating systems to hold it for her and then she began getting ready to give it away. After three days of trying to be Lady Bountiful with the pork she was asked by the meat men to, please, take it out of their boxes so they could put their own meat in. As for the notoriously polite Italians who make up most of her poor they accepted it after a while with smiles and thanks but the garbage collectors reported that much of it was reposing in the cans next day. What the moral is I don't know but I do know that the Poor Commissioner is very apprehensive of what a generous Government will wish on her flock next.

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I WISH sometimes a little more attention were paid to those lists that Senior classes get out every year at graduation time, especially the item concerning the choice of favorite books and plays. Last year at Hunter College, in New York City, which has a large number of Catholic young women as students, the most popular actress and actor were Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. This refers, of course, to their acting in that silly play called "Design for Living," a play whose real viciousness is successfully hidden by the excellent acting of three persons—these two and Noel Coward himself. Its theme deals with a delightfully witty exposition of the amusement to be found in polyandry, and the conversation is so charming that the real filth of the plot is not easily apparent. But, of course, it is just that sort of thing that can do the most harm. And if these two actors are to be known as our most popular, it is to be hoped that their next play will have a decent theme.

At Hunter College the favorite book was *Ann Vickers*. This is an unhappy and astounding thing, for it is a book that deals with one immoral question after

the other, and never once is there any idea of the immorality being, if I may so put it, immoral. The first part of the book may have interested the girls because it deals with prison reforms, but I imagine it was the latter part of the book which they liked, for there woman's freedom in life and love is the theme, but what Ann does with life and love is certainly something that not only prudes may blush at. I know some hardened readers who thought it very raw. Mr. Wells's *Ann Veronica* is a little Victorian beside this Ann.

At another school, this time a Catholic university for men, the Seniors picked that as their favorite book too, but when this fact was called to the attention of one of the professors, he said excusingly that only fourteen had voted for it and they did it, most of them, for fun, and without really knowing what they were voting for. Well, really I don't know which is worse or sillier—to have a class, after four years of college training, and Catholic training at that, vote for so bad a book as *Ann Vickers* and have them know they are doing it, or have them vote for a book and now know what it is all about.

This leads me to mention the White List, issued by the Cardinal's Committee in New York City, and how the contents of this list appear tragic or funny as you happen to consider it. There have been weeks when, out of the dozens of productions running at the time, one play only or at most two were listed. There were a few hearteningly long ones, however, which contained Shakespearean productions, the Abbey Players, two current plays, and one had four plays by the Civic Repertory Theater. It is interesting to note that it is a woman producer who has managed to accomplish this—the same Eva Le Gallienne, who keeps on running her plays in a moth-eaten old theatre, down where people never go any more and who keeps her prices at a point where people can afford them. She has shown, very clearly, that one can be both clean and successful in the theatre.

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A RECENT verse in the New York *Herald Tribune* offers an excellent rebuke to those who think advertising and religion are closely related:

WELL-ENDOWED SAINT

He peddled grace for a profit:  
The universe concurred:  
God spoke henceforth from the whirlwind  
At seventy cents a word;  
The Pleiades, enlightened,  
Bartered their diadem;  
And the Angel that troubled the waters  
Remained to fish in them.

—GEORGE WHICHER.



# The Foundation of Our Hierarchy

By  
Louise Malloy

IT may be news to many that Benjamin Franklin was intimately connected with the establishment of the American hierarchy, for it was he who recommended the appointment of the Rev. John Carroll as first bishop of the Church in America, and he to whom were addressed letters on the subject by the Papal Nuncio for Pope Pius VI.

In Dr. Franklin's private journal which he kept while in France, under date of July 1, 1784, he says: "The Pope's Nuncio called and acquainted me that the Pope had, on my recommendation, appointed Mr. John Carroll superior of the Catholic clergy in America, with many of the powers of a bishop, and that probably he would be made a bishop *in partibus* before the end of the year. He asked which would be more convenient for him, to come to France, or to go to St. Domingo for ordination by another bishop, which was necessary. I mentioned Quebec as more convenient than either. He asked whether, as that was an English province, our government might not take offense at his going thither. I thought not, unless the ordination by that bishop should give him some authority over our bishop. He said not in the least, that when our bishop was once ordained, he would be independent of the other, and even of the Pope—which I did not clearly understand. He said the Congregation de Propaganda Fide had agreed to receive and maintain two young Americans in the languages and sciences in Rome (he had formerly told me that none would be educated gratis in France). He added they had written from America that there are twenty priests, but that they are not sufficient, as the new settlements near the Mississippi have need of some.

"The nuncio said that we should find that the Catholics were not so intolerant as they had been represented; that the inquisition in Rome had not now so much power as that in Spain, and that in Spain it was used chiefly as a prison of state. That the congregation would have undertaken the education of more American youths, and may hereafter, but that at present they are overburdened, having some from all parts of the world."

The foundation of the friendship which Dr. Franklin so clearly felt for Father Carroll was laid when the prelate was asked to join the commission consisting of Franklin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton (his cousin) and Samuel Chase, sent

by the Continental Congress to Canada to secure the friendship or, at least, the neutrality of the province in the difficulties between Great Britain and her American colonies. This mission was, as is well known, unsuccessful. Father Carroll was not officially a member, but his part was to convince the Canadian clergy of the propriety of the mission, and secure their influence in its favor. But he was not more successful with his spiritual brethren than the commissioners were with their political ones. The Canadian clergy replied to his arguments that the government of England had secured to them all rights and privileges in the exercise of their religion, and that while they were enjoying this protection, they could not remain neutral when the government extending it was threatened.

Moreover, they deeply resented the address of the American Congress to the people of Great Britain in October, 1774, in which the following language concerning the Catholic religion was used: "We cannot suppress our astonishment that a British parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world . . . that we think the legislature of Great Britain is not authorized by the constitution to establish a religion fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets." (This was the First Continental or second Colonial Congress, not the Continental Congress which adopted the Declaration of Independence.) John Jay was the president of this congress and prepared the address.

IT is small wonder that even the winning personality and ability of Father Carroll failed to overcome the animosity excited by this address, especially as it had been preceded by other hostile acts towards the Catholics, such as the declaration of the provincial congress in Boston in 1773 that "the late act establishing the Catholic religion in Canada is dangerous in an extreme degree to the Protestant religion and to the civil rights and liberties of America."

Other colonies had similarly expressed themselves. It was chiefly the mission of the commission to counteract the unfavorable impression produced, and this was the reason why Congress asked its

members to persuade Father Carroll to undertake this unofficial task. On the way to Canada Franklin fell ill and was assiduously nursed back to health by his clerical friend. He said himself, "I think I could hardly have got along so far but for Mr. Carroll's friendly assistance and tender care of me."

THE commission started on its work about four months before the Declaration of Independence which finally severed all ties between the colonies and the mother country, although at the time of its appointment, reconciliation rather than complete revolution was still desired by many Americans. In fact, the commission was instructed "that you do not without the previous knowledge and approbation of the convention of this province, assent to any proposition declaring these colonies independent of the crown of Great Britain." The ardent desire to be a minister of peace was one of the reasons which urged Father Carroll to accept the invitation of Congress.

John Carroll, with his cousin, afterwards famous as Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and another young Marylander, Robert Brent, was sent for his education to the Jesuit college of St. Omers in French Flanders. He entered the Society of Jesus, and after his ordination was appointed professor of philosophy and divinity at the college of Liège. He was prefect at Bruges whither the Jesuits had removed their schools on their expulsion from St. Omers, and when, in 1773, the Society was suppressed by the brief of Pope Clement XIV, he was driven to seek refuge in England where he accepted the pressing invitation of Lord Arundel to become his chaplain at Wardour Castle.

When the quarrel between England and her American colonies drew near a crisis, he returned to Maryland to share the fortunes of his native land. His intense patriotism may be judged from a letter which he wrote to one of his English correspondents who had denounced the American leaders and allies: "If your other kind letters never came to hand, you have only to blame the unsleeping avidity of your own cruisers whom I should call pirates were I inclined to follow your example of abusing the political measures of our adversaries. For since the object of the war on your side, the right of parliamentary taxation, is



now confessedly, and by every moderate man on both continents acknowledged to have been unjust, surely every means to attain that object must have been likewise unjust; and consequently your cruisers with all their commissions were nothing more than pirates. Thus much to retaliate for your stroke at our *faithless leaders* and *faithless allies*, after which we will be done with politics."

ONE of the privations of his missionary life in Maryland was the loss of his library. Of his few books one of the most interesting was a treasure he had come across in a second-hand book shop in London—the Bible which had been the constant companion of Sir Walter Raleigh during his long imprisonment, and which had on its blank leaf the original verses written by the famous prisoner the night before his execution:

"Even such is time which takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys and all we have,  
And pays us nought but age and dust  
Which in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days;  
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,  
The Lord shall raise me up I trust."

One of his English friends with whom he kept up an intimate correspondence was the Rev. Charles Plowden, long associated with him both as student and professor. The latter was tutor to the sons of Mr. Thomas Weld, the head of an old and illustrious English family who had given to the Church from his own immediate descendants nuns, priests, bishops, archbishops and cardinals in unprecedented number. Cardinal Weld, his eldest son who had entered the priesthood after his wife's death, was known in the Sacred College as "the Cardinal of the Seven Sacraments," since he had received them all. Another descendant was the celebrated Cardinal Vaughan. His residence, Lulworth Castle, has been called the cradle of the American hierarchy from Bishop Carroll's consecration there.

Father Carroll wrote to Father Plowden in 1779: "You inquire how congress intend to treat the Catholics in this country. To this I must answer you that congress have no authority or jurisdiction relative to the internal government or concerns of the particular states of the Union; these are all settled by the constitutions and laws of the states themselves. I am glad, however, to inform you that the fullest and largest system of toleration is adopted in almost all the American states; public protection and encouragement are extended alike to all denominations, and Roman Catholics are members of congress, assemblies, and hold civil and military posts, as well as others. For the sake of your and many other families, I am heartily glad to see the same policy beginning to be adopted

in England and Ireland; and I cannot help thinking that you are indebted to America for this piece of service. I hope it will soon be extended as far with you as with us."

Father Carroll's pride in this liberality of his country must have been gratified by the fact that his brother Daniel was one of the authors of the Constitution of the United States.

The successful conclusion of the Revolutionary War brought about a change in the conditions of Catholicity in America. The clergy had been governed from London but, as citizens of an independent nation, it was felt that they should not longer be under English jurisdiction. A meeting of the clergy was called to arrange for the preservation and government of their concerns and for the general benefit of religion in the new country, and to this meeting the Rev. Mr. Lewis, vicar of the Bishop of London who had jurisdiction over Maryland and Pennsylvania, was invited to discuss what was thought essentially necessary arrangements.

Mr. Lewis gave his approval to the idea, and the meeting was held at White-marsh, Prince George's County, Md., at which Father Carroll and other priests were present. The object was to establish a form of government for the clergy and formulate rules for the administration of their property. These regulations were signed by Joseph Mosely, deputy of Mr. Lewis, and the priests interested. The government adopted called for one general procurator to be chosen by a representative body or chapter of the clergy, and all members of this body were required to submit differences or grievances to the chapter or to a standing committee to be appointed for that purpose.

The Rev. John Ashton was unanimously chosen procurator general. It was resolved "that a bishop is at present unnecessary, and that superior in spiritualibus, with powers to give confirmation, grant faculties, bless oils, etc., would be adequate to the present exigencies of religion in this country, and that if a bishop should be sent, it is decided by the majority of the chapter that he shall not be entitled to any support from the estates of the clergy." The chapter fixed the salary of the procurator general at 40 pounds (\$160), and that of the superior in spirituals at 100 pounds (\$400) per annum, together with a servant and a chair and horse, these salaries to be subject to further determination of the chapter. Very moderate salaries were also fixed for the priests.

A COMMITTEE of three, of which the London deputy was one, was appointed to send a letter to Rome concerning these regulations. A memorial was also addressed to Rome asking that a superior in spirituals should be appointed directly by the Holy See to succeed the Rev. Mr. Lewis with all necessary powers.

It was a remarkable coincidence that at the very time the American clergy were thus organizing for their own government, a movement started in Europe to establish a hierarchy for the Catholic Church in the United States. The defeat of the most powerful European country by the new nation, the enthusiastic admiration of the French, the high character and sterling worth of Washington and Franklin and the liberality of its constitution especially towards religion, had focussed attention abroad on the United States as showing a brilliant potential destiny. Rome recognized that the Church in America would play a prominent part in the new republic, and resolved to support it accordingly.

CARDINAL DORIA, Nuncio at Paris, wrote to Franklin, then American minister to France: "The nuncio apostolic has the honor to transmit to Mr. Franklin the subjoined note. He requests him to cause it to be presented to the congress of the United States of North America, and to support it with his influence." The note read in part as follows:

"Previous to the revolution which has just been completed in the United States of North America, the Catholics and missionaries of those provinces depended, in spiritual matters, on the vicar apostolic, residing in London. It is now evident, that this arrangement can be no longer maintained; but, as it is necessary that the Catholic Christians of the United States should have an ecclesiastic to govern them in matters pertaining to religion, the Congregation de Propaganda de Fide, existing at Rome, for the establishment and preservation of missions, have come to the determination to propose to congress to establish in one of the cities of the United States of North America, one of their Catholic brethren, with the authority and power of vicar apostolic. And, as it may sometimes happen, that among the members of the Catholic body in the United States, no one may be found qualified to undertake the charge of the spiritual government, either as bishop or prefect apostolic, it may be necessary, under such circumstances, that congress should consent to have one selected from some foreign nation, on close terms of friendship with the United States."

In connection with this last clause, the Nuncio suggested, in the event of this contingency, a French ecclesiastic should be chosen, and Franklin assented, for which act, without consulting his Catholic compatriots, he has been criticised. It is intimated that Talleyrand was behind this apparent effort to obtain French control of Catholic interests in the United States. The scheme fell through. The reply was that Congress could not act in the matter as it rested with the individual states, and Franklin was evi-



dently satisfied that no foreign head would have to be selected as long as one so eminently qualified as Father Carroll was available for the position.

There was still great diversity of opinion on the appointment of a head to the Church in America. Many of the clergy, as has been said, were opposed to the appointment of a bishop for various reasons. The main point of dispute seemed to be whether there should be an ordinary bishop, or a vicar apostolic or bishop *in partibus* appointed, as was the custom in England and other Protestant countries. Opponents of the latter action argued that this arrangement would be unsuitable for the United States, where Catholics held the free exercise of their religion as a constitutional right and not as a privilege by grace of the civil authorities; so that if a bishop were necessary he should be a bishop with ordinary powers instead of a bishop *in partibus infidelium*, or vicar apostolic.

They thought the latter would be too much under the control of the Congregation de Propaganda de Fide, whose members were natives of different countries, liable to be influenced by their respective governments who might be hostile to the Jesuits of whom the American clergy were largely composed. The idea, in any event, of a foreign bishop, as suggested in case of a default of a native prelate, was distasteful.

THIS latter complexity, however, was not at all likely to occur, for both in America and at Rome the Rev. John Carroll was already regarded as the man of the hour and Franklin's endorsement settled his selection. To Father Carroll himself the idea was very unpleasant; he wrote on the subject to his friend, Father Plowden: "When I first heard the nuncio was treating with my old friend, Dr. Franklin, I had thoughts of writing to him, and should certainly have done it, had I not been afraid of placing myself in a conspicuous point of view, and brought upon myself what I now find is come to pass. Had I received timely information before congress sent their answer, I flatter myself it would have been even more satisfactory to us than the one which was sent, though a good one."

In June, 1784, the Rev. J. Thorpe, a great friend of Father Carroll residing in Rome, sent him word of the decision of the Pope in his favor. "This evening ample facilities are sent by the Congregation de Propaganda Fide empowering you to confer the sacrament of confirmation, bless oils, etc., until such time as the necessary information shall be taken in North America and sent hither for promoting you to the dignity and character of a bishop. On their arrival here you will be accordingly so nominated by the Pope and the place determined for your consecration. Cardinal Borromeo sent for me to give me this intelligence,

on the veracity of which you may entirely depend, though you should not, by any mistake, have received it from other hands. When the nuncio, M. Doria, at Paris, applied to Mr. Franklin, the old gentleman remembered you."

DE MARBOIS, French minister to the United States, wrote Father Carroll from New York, congratulating himself on being one of the first to assure him that the Pope's choice had given general satisfaction. Cardinal Antonelli wrote him under date of June, 1784: "As then, Rev. Sir, you have given conspicuous proofs of piety and zeal, and it is known your appointment will please and gratify many members of that republic (the American) and especially Mr. Franklin, the eminent individual who represents the same republic at the court of the Most Christian King, the sacred congregation, with the approbation of His Holiness, has appointed you the superior of the mission in the thirteen United States of America."

In the same note he was requested to forward to Rome exhaustive information of the state of the orthodox religion in those thirteen states, the number of Catholics in each state, their condition, their piety, what abuses existed and the number of missionary priests, their qualifications and means of support. "For though the sacred congregation wish not to meddle with temporal things, it is important for the establishment of laborers that we should know what are the ecclesiastical revenues, if any there are."

After his appointment as superior, the chapter prepared a letter to the Pope, protesting again against the appointment of a bishop, giving among other reasons that it would probably excite a feeling of jealousy among the Protestant majority who were opposed to a Roman Catholic bishop, and that there was not revenue enough to support the episcopal dignity properly and at the same time provide for the necessary wants of the general clergy. The members sent a copy of this letter to Father Carroll, hoping "it will not be disagreeable to you as your intended promotion seemed to give you much uneasiness." They added, if a bishop should be appointed, he would be their selection, so the opposition was not to him personally.

Another objection arose. In the faculties sent from Rome, there was a clause which in its literal interpretation restricted his authority to the employment only of such clergymen as had been approved by the Propaganda. As events turned out, the inclusion of this clause was an accidental mistake, but it suggested embarrassment, and actually caused it in one or two instances. Father Carroll himself was not satisfied with restrictions of his powers, nor indeed with the status of a vicar apostolic, and consulted some of his friends on whose judgment he relied,

as to what course he should pursue. They agreed with him; one suggested his sending a letter by the Marquis de la Fayette to the Nuncio at Paris, asking an explanation of the approval of missionaries by the Propaganda.

Father Carroll wrote to his venerable friend, Father Plowden: "Your sentiments concerning our rights as a national clergy coincide entirely with my own. I have written to Cardinal Antonelli that the dependence of the Roman Catholics of this country on any foreign tribunal or office as to the appointment of their ecclesiastical superior, will not be tolerated by our jealous governments; that if the clergy here are not allowed to choose and present for approbation the person whom in their judgment they approve as best qualified, the consequences to religion may be fatal."

His friend at Rome, Father Thorpe, wrote in reference to his action in this matter: "M. Borgia (cardinal secretary to the Propaganda) is eager to serve you. He said your letters had convinced both Cardinal Antonelli and himself that you are eminently qualified for the dignity to which Dr. Franklin has recommended you, he added that your authority would be extended and your written faculties would be enlarged according to your desire, and that the cramping clauses against which you had with great reason remonstrated, should be struck out of the printed faculties and that they were never meant to be where you found them left by an oversight in the secretary's office."

ON the reception of his faculties, the new superior made a tour of Maryland, Philadelphia, New York and the upper counties of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, to administer confirmation, for this sacrament had never before been conferred in any of the thirteen United States of America. But this status of vicarious authority could not last.

The Nugent schism in New York which threatened great scandal to the Church, the move to establish national churches, the necessity of more authority over refractory priests, determined Father Carroll to take vigorous measures; with Fathers Molyneux and John Ashton, he signed an address to the Pope stating that as Cardinal Antonelli had said in his letter of July 23, 1785, that it was the design of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide to appoint a bishop as soon as possible when seasonable, the time had come when episcopal dignity and authority were greatly to be desired. He stated that rebellious clergymen, chafing under ecclesiastical discipline, made as an excuse that they were not bound to obey a mere priest acting with vicarious jurisdiction but only a bishop exercising his own authority.

The Pope readily allowed the clergy of the United States to select a city for



the see and to elect the bishop. Twenty-six votes were cast, two only against Father Carroll, one of these being his own. Baltimore as the principal town of Maryland, the first Catholic colony, was named, and the bull creating this city as the primal see of the United States was issued on November 6, 1789. The Bishop of Quebec at this time had jurisdiction over Maine, New York and the section northwest of the Ohio River, and the Bishop of Santiago de Cuba over the southern portions of the country. This situation was referred to Rome, and the Sacred Congregation decided that the whole of the United States should be placed under the jurisdiction of Bishop Carroll.

As there was no church in which the consecration of the bishop-elect could have taken place in England, he would have gone to Ireland or Canada for the purpose save for a promise he had given in his earlier days to Mr. Thomas Weld, so the consecration took place in the chapel of that gentleman's estate of Lulworth Castle, on the Feast of the Assumption, 1790, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Walmsley, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, assisted by Father Carroll's old friend, Father Plowden, the occasion being marked by great pomp and ceremony.

In his sermon, Father Plowden, alluding to the dedication of the chapel to the Blessed Virgin Mary, spoke of it as "the holy sanctuary which would be venerated as the spot where the American hierarchy would take its rise, a precious distinction justly to be attributed to the protection and favor of the glorious Mother of God whose house it was." Bishop Carroll named his Cathedral in Baltimore after the Assumption, and built it from the design of the chapel at Lulworth in grateful memory of "the cradle of the American Episcopate."

AS his diocese grew, Bishop Carroll asked for and was given a coadjutor in the person of the Rev. Leonard Neale. But as his increasingly large charge weighed heavily upon him, he applied to Rome for a division of the diocese, and on his report of the condition of affairs, Cardinal Borgia, Prefect of the Propaganda, decided that to meet the situation it would be necessary to create four or five suffragan dioceses, with Baltimore as the metropolitan see of the United States.

On April 8, 1808, Pope Pius VII. divided the diocese of Baltimore, erecting the sees of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown (Kentucky), at the same time raising Bishop Carroll to arch-episcopal rank. The bishops chosen for the new sees were respectively John Cheverus, D. D., Richard Luke Concanen, O.P., Michael Egan, O.F.M., Benedict Joseph Flaget, S.S. It became impossible for Bishop-elect Concanen,

then in Rome, to come to the United States, owing to difficulties in sailing on account of the Napoleonic campaign and, after fruitless attempts, his health gave way and he died in Italy. After a long delay, Father John Connolly, a Dominican, was named as the successor of Father Concanen. He arrived in this country from Rome shortly after Archbishop's death. The Archbishop-elect consecrated his three suffragan bishops in Baltimore in 1810. He was himself installed as Archbishop in 1811 by Bishop Neale. He had placed the young hierarchy on a firm foundation by establishing a seminary for the training of a native clergy, a college at Georgetown for the education of Catholic young men, and had begun the construction of a cathedral.

The Patriarch of the American Church, as he has been called, was a man

of unusual gifts and possessed the general esteem of the nation, irrespective of denomination. He was unanimously chosen by Congress, at popular demand, to pronounce the panegyric on Washington on the first anniversary of the latter's death. His oration was generally hailed as a masterpiece. Incidentally, it was a coincidence that he was chosen first bishop of the American Church about the same time that Washington was elected first President of the American Republic. Archbishop Carroll was a profound scholar and a finished writer. His "Prayer for the Authorities," aside from its devotional qualities, has always attracted admiration as a model of literary excellence in the beauty and perfection of its English. As priest, patriot and man, the founder of the American hierarchy is one of the outstanding figures of our national history.

## The Sixth Station

By Matthew Richardson

**V**ERONICA wipes His face.

Ah, Simon, you were forced, she runs right in.  
She kneels, the soldiers laugh and clear a space.  
Outside they hush, and hear Him breathe within.  
He thanks her; she goes out: her napkin bears  
That desolate Face of sorrows, marred and dim,  
Drawn there in sweat and blood and dust and tears  
And all the nameless filth we flung at Him.

**J**ESUS, by everything I loathe

Just for its taint of mortal corruption;  
Shrink from, as from death forsooth,  
Not from sin, which brought them both;  
By my pampered heart that's hurt  
Less at my sin than others' squalor;  
By the smug easements of life that avert  
Eyes from Thy Face, so fouled with our dirt;

By disease in revolting guise  
Of deformity and madness;  
By the smiling idiot's sighs  
And the leper's lonely eyes:

Let me never again ignore  
These true relics of Thy Passion,  
Or for tender sense abhor  
What Thy tenderest-hearted bore.

Come, redeem to beauty and grace  
All life's wretchedness and horror;  
Stamp forever the ugly and base,  
Jesus, with Thy suffering Face.

**G**LORY to Jesus Christ

For Sisters of His Poor,  
Who keep in desperate slums His daily tryst  
And go with Him from door to door.

Their garments are His graces;  
And on their life's white lawn,  
For all the filth it wipes from human faces,  
Only His dying Face is drawn.



# THE ORIENT AWAKES

ONE of the hopeful signs of our times, despite its many regrettable lapses into paganism, irreligion and anarchy, is the religious awakening among the Christian nations of the East, and the great move they are heading towards Rome—the heart and centre of all Christendom. In fact throughout Syria, Egypt, the Holy Land, Malabar, Turkey, Greece, Roumania and Bulgaria, small Catholic chapels are being built, refugee settlements are thrown open, and schools are beckoning to the young to come and learn of Jesus Christ and His True Church. We might almost say, for certain, that never since the sixteenth century has there been such a powerful Romeward movement among the Oriental Christians. A brief examination of the nature of this movement and of the influences that accelerate the same salutary step, may be of some use to the inquisitive Catholic reader in the West.

THE chief causes that have imparted strength and momentum to the Catholic Reunion Movement in our days are the benevolence and paternal solicitude of the Holy See for the welfare of Oriental nations. Indeed, Rome had never been wanting in a spirit of sympathy towards those who had strayed away from home; but this spirit has seldom shone forth with greater brilliance than during the glorious pontificates of Leo XIII and Pius XI. Pope Leo XIII, in 1894, in the evening of his life, looking out across the world from the throne that for so many centuries has stood above the nations, addressed an epistle to the Oriental Churches, which it would be impossible to read without emotion. The great Pope recalls how "from the East salvation came and spread over the whole world," and assures the Oriental nations that "no Roman Pope ever wishes to lessen the rights and dignity of the great Patriarchs."

Though there was not one harsh word, nor the shadow of any blame in the Pontiff's encyclical, and though all controversial points were studiously excluded from the text of the same, the reception that the saintly Pontiff's epistle had at the hands of the so-called Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople was anything but gentlemanly. "The devil has prompted the Bishops of Rome to feelings of unbearable pride" retorts the Orthodox Patriarch, Lord Anthimos VIII, in his ungracious reply to Leo XIII, "through which they have introduced a number of impious novelties contrary to the Gospels," these latter being, the *Filioque*, unleavened bread, Communion under one kind, the Immaculate Conception, etc. These charges have been successfully refuted by Catholic theologians for centuries. Considering the trivial influence that the Pope's epistle had on the Orientals at that time,

By K. E. Job, M.A.

and in view of the highly insulting reply that it provoked from those it wanted to benefit, the Papal zeal and diplomacy that prompted this zealous letter might easily have been called in question.

Judging, however, by the Romeward steps taken by the Orientals subsequently, Leo XIII's diplomacy stands out wise and blameless. Ever since the dawn of the sixteenth century, the Latin missionary working among the Oriental Christians had looked at the Oriental rites and languages as the channels through which all heresies flowed, and had aimed at a complete Latinization of the Oriental nations, probably with the purest of motives. But such an imprudent zeal of the Western missionary only spoiled the cause of Rome, and even succeeded in abetting schisms, notably among the St. Thomas Christians of Malabar. The comparatively recent importation of Jacobitism and Nestorianism into this ancient seat of Catholicity in the East traces its cause to the conflict between the Latin missionaries and the native Syrian Christians. With his characteristic clearness of perception and with a judgment that rose above all racial barriers Leo XIII harkened to the appeals of his Malabar Syrian flock, and gave them ample satisfaction by providing them with native Syrian prelates, who justified their appointment within a short period by bringing down the strength of Nestorianism to a very low ebb.

Similarly, owing to the broadminded benevolence of the present Holy Father, a tremendous Romeward Movement has been started among the Jacobite schismatics of Malabar. On hearing about the intentions of Mar Ivanios and Mar Theophilos to enter Catholic Unity, His Holiness extended them a cordial welcome, and, in pursuance of the wise and liberal policy foreshadowed in the aforesaid letter of Leo XIII, sanctioned for them the use of the Syro-Antiochene Liturgy, which had been used by them for the last three centuries. Nay more, he blessed them even beyond their expectation by erecting a Syro-Antiochene Hierarchy in India, with Mar Invanios as the Archbishop Primate of Trivandrum and Mar Theophilos as his suffragan Bishop of Tiruvella.

WITH these signal favors granted to them by the Holy Father, the petty persecutions directed against these prelates, in local circles, have died down, like mists before the rising sun; and the Malabar schismatics and even the pagans gather round these prelates in large numbers seeking admission to the True Church of Christ. The Papal Constitution *Christo Pastorum*

*Principi*, dated June 11, 1932, had been executed at Trivandrum and Tiruvella with great éclat and it has publicly demonstrated the generous treatment that men of good-will receive at the hands of the Sovereign Pontiffs. As these lines are being written, the actual number of converts under the newly created dioceses of Trivandrum and Tiruvella reaches to nearly twenty thousand. It need hardly be said that these rapid conversions among the Oriental Christians is to a great extent due to the warm-hearted policy of our present Pope. His solicitude for the salvation of souls and the glory of God is no less than his respect for the venerable rites and customs of the Oriental Churches.

HIS Holiness realizes that the Oriental nations love their time-honored rites and liturgies, as dear as the very breath of their nostrils. The chief fear of an Oriental Christian, full of admiration for the Catholic Church and its ecclesiastical discipline, is that his time-honored rites of worship and ancient Canon Law might be tampered with to suit the Occidental standards of Rome. Nor are their suspicions entirely without foundation, considering the vast modifications undergone by the Syro-Malabarians of South India and the Maronites of Syria. Let them only be convinced that their strange chants would still echo backwards and forwards through the gleaming Ikonostasis, while the deacon waves his ripidion over the Holy Gifts, and the clouds of incense are borne through their church doors, even after their submission to the Western Patriarchate, and the chief obstacle to their reunion is removed. This, at any rate, is the experience of the reunited prelates of Malabar, whose ranks are being constantly reinforced by members of their former Jacobite flock.

Such sympathetic gestures of the Holy See produce wonderful results among the Oriental schismatics, mainly because they had never strayed far away from the Catholic Faith. "No great gulf separates us," said Leo XIII in his epistle to the Oriental Churches; "except for a few smaller points, we agree so entirely with you, that it is from your teaching, your customs and rites, that we often take proofs for Catholic dogma."

Most of the Oriental Churches constantly make use of passages in their Canons or breviaries that strongly assert the primacy, supremacy and even the infallibility of the successors of Peter. For example, the *Namo Canon*, collected and codified by Bar Hebraeus, the leading Doctor and Father of the Jacobite Church, has the following unequivocal statement about the Popes: "There shall be four Patriarchs in the four Corners of the



world, and the head and chief of them all shall be the Patriarch of Rome." (*Vide* Verse 1, chapter 7 of *Namo Canon*.) Again, the breviary that is in every day use among the Monophysites is more emphatic on the same point: "Moses is the head of the Old Covenant, while Simon (Peter) is the head of the new (Covenant.) They both resemble each other, and God abides in both. Moses brought (from God) the Keys of the Kingdom. Moses built the Tabernacle; Simon built the Church. May there be glory to Thee, Lord, from both the Old and the New. Allelujah. May their prayers help us." Again, "I am built on that Rock of Simon, the Prince of the Apostles," says the Church. "Billows and tempests struck against Me; but they could not shake me. Heretics (names of heretics are often substituted here) fought against me. But they were vanquished."

AS for the so-called Nestorians of East Syria, and their dependent churches in India and Chica, they never formally repudiated the supremacy of the Popes. All that impartial history records is that they were forced by the political influences of Persians and Turks to discontinue their communion with Rome and, for the matter of that, with all the Christian Occident. Despite these political obstacles, however, several Eastern patriarchs have sent in their submissions to the See of Peter, the chief of which are Mar Mariamme (758-62), Mar Sabar Jesu V (1226), Mar Makia II (1247) and Mar Yabballaha III (1281-1317). After a break of three hundred years, the Mesopotamian Syrians sent one of their patriarchs-elect to the Pope, with a letter which explains the cause of the discontinuance of homage to Rome. It says: "Our priesthood comes from Rome, which is the seat of Power. But since the time that the order of Christians has been disturbed by the Sons of Hagar, the Egyptian, our way to you has been interrupted these last three hundred years up to the present day." (*Vide Oriens Christianus* (4:27, 1904). Cardinal Maffei, who recommended their candidate, Mar John Sulaka, for the pallium, testifies to the veracity of the above statement and says that "these Nestorians seem to have kept rather the name of the heretic Nestorius, than his heresies" (Bessarione Lc. 55).

As regards the Immaculate Conception of "the all holy Mother of God," the Eastern Fathers seem to exceed the Occidental Doctors in their fervent defense of this purely Catholic doctrine. St. Ephrem of Edessa plainly implies the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady in his well-known hymn: "You indeed and Your Mother are the only ones who are beautiful in every way. For in You, O Lord, there is no spot, and in Your Mother there is no stain." Again it has to be carefully noted that the devotion that culminated in the Papal definition of 1854, came to us from the

churches round about Jerusalem, which used to celebrate the Conception of Our Lady, as distinguished from the commemoration of her birth on September 8.

Even in the matter of the *Filioque* and the famous Christological controversy that once raged so fiercely, the modern Oriental theologian finds little difference between his own stand and the Catholic position. No wonder, therefore, that the Oriental Christians find in the Catholic doctrines none of those innovations that were made much of in the earlier years of this century.

The chief obstacle to the progress of the Reunion Movement has all along been, not one of doctrines, but one of national prejudices and individual idiosyncrasies, fossilized into principles that seem too obvious to allow discussion. The Greek schisms under Photius and Cerularius were the bitter fruits of the unhealthy rivalry between Old Rome and New Rome, that is to say, between the Latins and the Greeks. Similarly, the Christological heresies of the fifth century were due to the differing ideals of the Schools of Antioch and Alexandria, and to the indiscreet discussions of subtle doctrines by incompetent theologians of these two schools. The Malabar Schism of the seventeenth century, again, resulted from the antagonism between the Portuguese Jesuit prelates and the freedom-loving conservative Malabar Christians. The din and bustle of the controversialists have been long since silenced; and the dusts of centuries have settled upon the unknown graves of Photius and Cerularius, Nestorius and Dioscorus. And yet these schisms have so long continued, owing mainly to the strength they have attained by sheer inertia; and they are naturally bound to lose this strength with the progress of culture among the masses, and with the onward march of time.

THE Oriental Christians have, by this time, reaped the bitter fruits of their disloyalty to the head and chief of other patriarchs. The truth is that they have forsaken the tiara of the Popes and have found in its place the turban of the Turkish Sultans, who, however, have displayed little scruple in filching their children and in desecrating their churches. The oecumenical patriarch of New Rome vainly hoped that his See would become the Queen of the East, under the never failing support of the Byzantine Emperors; but the ruthless march of events had made it the capital of the Islamic power for several succeeding centuries. Violent persecutions and indescribable tortures that are meted out to the Russian Orthodox Church are too well known to need any special mention in this connection. Even the Malabar schismatics of the seventeenth century are reaping the plentiful fruits of their disobedience to their legally constituted authorities. The Jacobite patriarchs from Antioch have involved them in a protracted civil struggle for the last

twenty-five years on the question of the administration of ecclesiastical properties.

Surely the hand of God seems to have been drawn away from this unhappy group of Christian nations in the East. If the Great Fathers, whom they honor so much, could come back and see the troubles that have befallen their children now, what would they suggest, except that a council should be summoned and that the successor of St. Peter should send his legates to make peace among them? They might with one voice cry out with St. Theodore of Byzantium, "Now is the acceptable time, that we should unite ourselves with Rome, the summit of the Churches of God." The rapid steps that are being taken towards Rome, in Syria, Egypt, the Holy Land, Malabar, Turkey, Greece, Roumania and Bulgaria are sufficient indications to prove that the blood of the Catholic forefathers is still coursing through the veins of these Oriental Christians.

IT behooves us to examine how far this awakening of the Orient affects those of us who have had the privilege of being born within the True Fold of Our Lord. For us, indeed, the reunion of the Orientals would mean the greatest of blessings. Would it not be a proud day for us, when we get into the Communion of those to whom St. Paul brought the Faith at Ephesus and Corinth, the children of the men of Antioch, who first were called by the name of Christian in which we all glory? While the Orientals have everything to gain by reuniting with the Divinely ordained head of Christendom, these conservative Orientals themselves have to teach us certain valuable lessons, like the love of the ancient rites of the Church. With the advance of civilization in the Orient, and the progress of Oriental knowledge in the West, the gulf between the two portions of Christendom is shrinking slowly but steadily.

But it has to be borne in mind, that the Oriental schismatics as a corporate body are still violently hostile to the claims of Rome. "Evidently," says Msgr. Duchesne, "they are still sore and hurt, and will have nothing to do with us, and are not at all embarrassed in saying so, quite plainly." Though mass conversions are, therefore, not to be expected, individual conversions with greater frequency are taking place in several parts of the East; and, with the hearty coöperation of the West, this steady flow of Catholic reunion is bound to increase in strength and volume. While the pious associations and charitable societies of the West can promote the awakening of their Oriental brethren, by their prayers and financial contributions. The members of the Western religious Orders can render immense service by working in the schools, colleges and mission fields of the Eastern Christians, adapting the rites of the locality during the period of their mission labors, for as Rudyard Kipling has remarked:

"East is East and West is West,

But East plus West is much the best."



# NAILED *to the* CROSS

## *The Thirteenth of a Series of Devotional Papers on the Stations of the Cross*

By Hugh F.  
Blunt, LL.D.

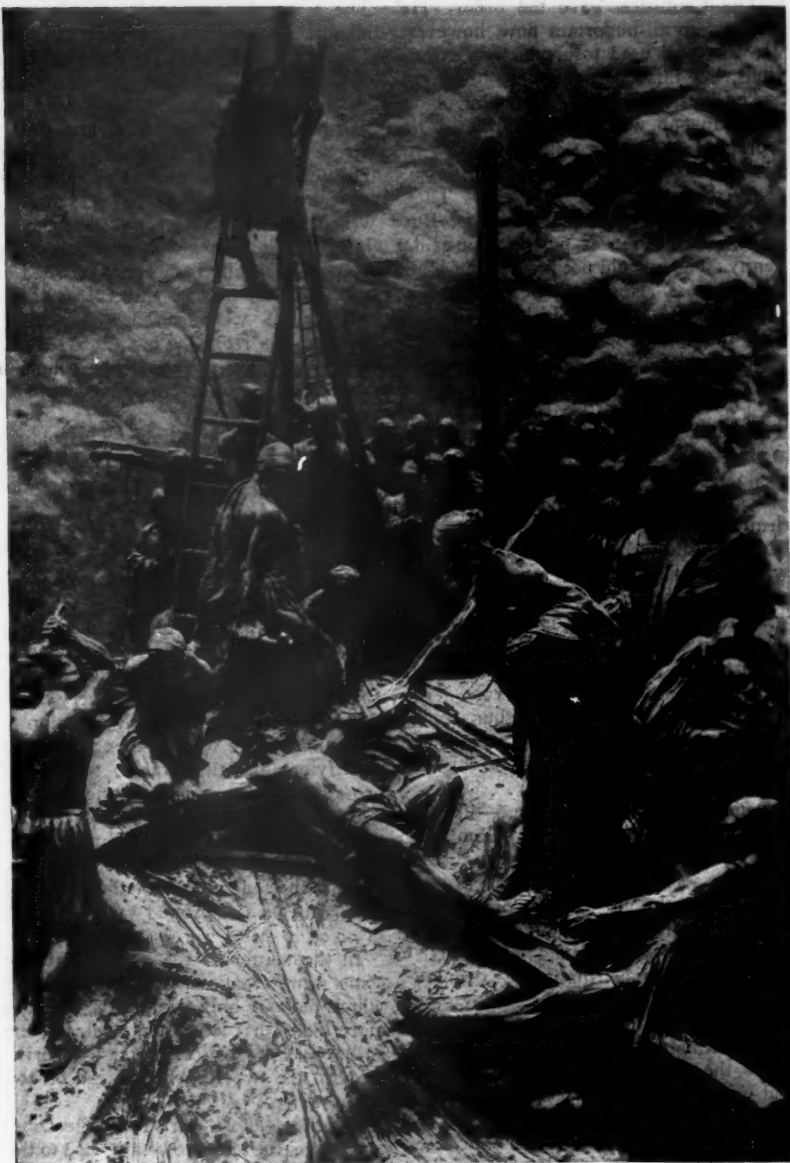
JESUS was stripped of His clothes. The soldiers bundled them together and threw them in a heap, close by, where they could keep one eye on them until such time as the Victim was out of their way and they would have leisure to make the division of the spoils. They then set about their work of getting the cross ready for Him.

There is an old tradition that while these preparations were being made Jesus, for fear that He might escape in some way or be rescued by His friends, was imprisoned in a little cave. This cave has been called the "Prison of Our Lord," and a chapel was built there in commemoration of the incident. The jailing was made more secure by putting His feet in stocks. Little chance had He to escape. He was exhausted. Even a seat in this prison was a relief from that never-ending standing and walking and climbing.

It was while He was waiting for His bed of death to be made ready that the usual opiate drink was brought to Him. It was the office of some of the leading women of the city to prepare this drink, which was in reality a great mercy. The drink was wine, and in it were dissolved some grains of incense and myrrh, and orange juice was added. The purpose of the drink was to make it act as a deadener of the senses and so save the crucified victim from feeling too much pain. Jesus took a sip, but realizing what it was, refused to drink it. He would have no opiate. He wished to retain consciousness all through His sufferings even to the end.

Meanwhile the soldiers had set to work. After the long march they were dry. They took their refreshment from the jug of cheap wine that had been provided for them. The drink gave them new energy. The first thing was to dig the hole into which the cross was to be set. That was soon done. The spades were thrown together with a great clatter.

Now, how about the cross? They picked up their hammers and tried them



ELEVENTH STATION: JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS

against the wood: The blows made a singing noise against the beams of pine. They lifted up the cross and let it drop again. Good! It was fine and solid. Strong enough to hold a couple of criminals. Now bring on your Man! We're all set for Him.

The Centurion in charge gave the order and Jesus was brought forth from the prison cave. He was dragged over to where the cross was lying on the ground. He stood there in the glare of the noon-day sun. He was a sorry spectacle—His face and body livid and covered with blood and dirt. A moving sight, but He stirred no pity in the hearts of that angry

mob. They had no sympathy to waste on Him. It was not a time for pity. It was just a good show, a comedy, a farce, and they were going to get all the fun possible out of it. They jeered at Him, made fun of His appearance, cracked ribald jokes at His expense.

Jesus looked out at the crowd. There, a short distance away, He saw His Mother with His beloved John at her side and behind them Magdalen and the other loyal women. She was looking at Him. Their eyes met. She tried to make her way through the crowd to come and stand at His side, He seemed to need her so. But the mob would not let her



through. They had the grandstand seats, they were not going to give them up for any one. So they pushed her back and Jesus lost sight of her in the crowd.

The Centurion gave the order. He was not so all-important now, however. He was well used to conducting executions, but this one seemed to be pretty bad business. There was something about this Man—ah, well, it was all in the day's work. He had to go through with it. He gave the order. Come on, You, snapped the soldiers to Jesus. They grabbed Him by the arms and legs. But Jesus, weak as He was, pushed them aside gently. They would not have to lay Him on the cross. He would lie down on it Himself. He fell to His knees, leaned over and kissed the cross, then lay down upon it and stretched out His arms.

**N**O time lost. The soldiers got on their knees, too; on their knees, not to pray but to curse. The soldier who was to do the nailing spit on his hand and picked up the hammer. He gripped it firmly. Another soldier took the right hand of Jesus and pulled it over into place where it would rest in the centre of the right part of the cross-beam. The soldier with the hammer picked up a nail, a long, thick nail. He jabbed it into the hand of Jesus. The blood spouted forth and trickled along the wood of the cross. The hammer fell. Pound, pound, thud, thud. Over on the other side, the same performance was going on with the thieves Dismas and Gestas.

Pound, pound, thud, thud—like a chorus of hammers. Yells from the thieves, curses from the thieves, curses from the soldiers, laughs and jeers and cheers from the mob, moans of anguish from the sorrowing women. And amid the clamor of it all Jesus did not open His mouth. The nail, tearing its way through the flesh, through the nerves, through the ligaments, was at last driven home. Then to the left hand. And the same chorus of blows, the same horrible clamor of curses and cries of pain, and jeers and cheers and sobs. Driven home at length. The hands of this Malefactor were safe. He could not escape now. The nail in the right foot was driven home, still to the accompaniment of yells and sobs and thuds and jeers and cheers and pound, pound, thud, thud.

The soldiers rested for a second. The work was not yet done. The nails, four of them—it is the tradition that four were used and not three only—would not be able to hold the body on the cross. The heavy pull would tear the hands away from them. To prevent this it was necessary to bind the arms with ropes to the wood and in the same way make the body fast so that it would not fall from the cross.

The agony endured by Jesus was excruciating. The driving of the nails, the stretching of the arms and legs to make

them fit the cross, and now the tight binding of the ropes filled His cup of pain. Every knot was tied fast. He was secure.

Out of the way now! Hoist it up! The Centurion snapped out his commands. The soldiers knew their business. They were well used to executions. Two of them braced their feet against the foot of the cross; the other two tugged and sweated at the cross-beam, and finally succeeded in getting the cross upright. The four of them lifted it up, and then let it drop into the hole they had dug. It went down with a thud, and the body of Jesus shook in pain. A cheer went up from the crowd. They were satisfied at last. In a like manner the crosses of the two thieves were raised and planted. More shouts from the mob. Curses and snarls from the thieves. The sound of the spades shoveling the earth into the holes of the crosses.

And the work was done. The soldiers wiped the sweat from their faces. They were content. They could have another drink now.

This is the manner in which Jesus was nailed to the cross and lifted up. It is the common opinion of commentators, as well as the old Jerusalem tradition. It is of course a doctrine of faith that He was *nailed* to the cross, not merely bound to the cross with ropes as was the general custom in Egypt, though it is very likely that ropes were also used in addition to the nails. There was another manner of crucifying, and that was to set up the cross first and then nail the victim to it. Thus St. Bridget tells in her revelations that Jesus was standing upright on a platform when He was nailed to the cross. But it is the general opinion that the cross was lying on the ground when He was fastened to it.

In the matter of the nails, there are some representations of the crucifixion which indicate only three nails, but it is more likely that four were used, for one nail would not be long enough to drive through the two feet, one placed on top of the other.

No, the soldiers were not quite done. There was the tablet to be attached to the cross. They had forgotten that. They dragged over a ladder, set it against the cross. One of them climbed up and nailed the sign over the head of Jesus. It ran,

"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," and was done in three different forms, in Aramaic, in order that the common ordinary Jews might read it, in Greek for the benefit of the educated classes and the foreigners who would be in Jerusalem during these Passover days, and in Latin, the language of the Roman conquerors. There was an old saying of the Jews, that there are three languages; Hebrew for prayer, Latin for war, and Greek for eloquence and polite society.

**T**HE white sign with red letters stood out prominently, so that even those at a distance might read it. And read it, they did, the Jews with indignation. What did it say? King of the Jews? He is not *our* King! That's one of Pilate's little jokes, his way of sneering at us. Something's got to be done about it. That sign has got to be changed or we'll know the reason why. Send someone to Pilate and tell him we demand a new sign. Make him write a sign saying not that Jesus was King of the Jews, but that He claimed to be King. There's all the difference in the world.

It was deemed a matter of so much importance that the chief priests themselves hurried to Pilate and told him the change they wanted made. But Pilate practically threw them out. He'd make no change. "What I have written, I have written," he said. That's that!

And so closed the drama of the Eleventh Station when Jesus was laid upon His bed of death. Out in the crowd His Mother was standing, her eyes flooded with tears as every thud of the hammer pounded through her brain and mangled her heart. What a bed they were making for Jesus! How many times she had laid Him to rest in the manger, or tucked Him in in the dear house at Nazareth! And now brutal hands could give him no resting place but the cross of a criminal.

She gasped with the agony of it when she saw the cross raised and go plunging into the hole. The cross was driven like a stake through her heart. It was the fifth great dolor of her life of perpetual dolours.

The soldiers had nailed not only Jesus to the cross, but there at His feet they had pinioned to it with seven swords the heart of His Mother.

## Careless April

By Earl Lawson Sydnor

**A**PRIL dabs her  
Snow in places—  
Like powder blown on  
Laughing faces.  
Then she rinses  
Out her hair  
And shakes its sweetness  
On the air.



# NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

**HOW TO TEACH CATECHISM,**  
By Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. A. Schumacher, M. A. Benziger Brothers, New York. 3 vols. \$2.00 per vol.

The aim of Monsignor Schumacher's scholarly volumes is fourfold: 1) to provide a teaching outline, not only for the entire year, but for every day of each month, every theological and moral point being thoroughly defined; 2) to provide the teacher with ample supplementary notes, examples and illustrations; 3) to coordinate Liturgy, Bible History, Lives of the Saints and Church History with the Catechism; 4) to provide cycling plans, thus obviating the monotony of repeating the same matter, a thing quite common in catechism classes.

Perhaps the greatest advantage to be obtained from the use of these handbooks will be an escape from the dry-as-dust presentation of matter so generally the bane of both teacher and pupil. The use of the hints and helps offered in these volumes will put new life into catechism class work. Each contains a number of historical anecdotes, little poems and rhymes accommodated to child minds, apt figures and appealing bits of devotion which should help immeasurably in impressing and driving home essential points.

They furnish a complete and admirable course for grade schools. More than that, they fill a long felt need among our loyal Catholic teachers, religious and lay. As Monsignor Schumacher said in a recent letter to *America*: "If we give more attention to the method of teaching religion in these schools and do not diminish interest in them while we expend effort on the higher schools, this writer believes that we can eventually produce boy and girl graduates who, while still in their teens, will already be men and women for Catholic action." This is a condition to be prayed for. The adoption of these three excellent volumes by parochial schools should be a big step in that direction.

**MARY STUART, Forgotten Forgeries; More Casket Letters?** By Sir George Turner, K. B. E., C. B. Rich and Cowan, 27 Maiden Lane, London, W. C. 2, England. 10/6, net.

It is gratifying to see that the tide is turning in favor of Mary Queen of Scots, after having been so long running against her. Several books have ap-

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peared recently in which she is shown as the victim of personal hate and religious prejudice, and on the stage Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland" is a brilliantly acted and beautifully presented defense of the most maligned and unfortunate Queen.

In this volume Sir George Turner furnishes another link in the chain of defense. He finds her innocence confirmed in a series of letters which he calls the Simmonds-Campbell Letters. He claims that they are closely related to, if they are not really part of, the famous Casket Letters, on the testimony of which Mary was condemned to death by the judges in the pay of Queen Elizabeth, without the aid of even one to act as her counsel. They are called "Forgotten Forgeries" because they have been published only twice before, by Simmonds in 1724 and by Campbell in 1824. It is the author's opinion that they were probably written in 1567 by that arch forger and trickster, "facing-both-ways" William Maitland of Lethington. These letters incriminate Moray and Morton, while the celebrated Casket Letters used in the trial tell against Mary and Bothwell.

Sir George confesses that he began his inquiries with an open mind, but was not long in becoming a partisan in Mary's favor. He feels that he is a partisan in a good cause—"the vindication of one of the most unhappy and innocent of women." He has written a book which will be of great interest to every student of the question. It must be confessed, however, that the author makes no pretensions to literary excellence (in parts the book is clumsily written) and consequently the student will not expect to find it herein. Yet the work furnishes such a well-balanced defense of Mary that we recommend it to all interested readers.

**A GREAT AND HUMBLE SOUL.**  
By Rev. Henry Perroy, S. J. Translated from the French by Rev. John J. Burke, C. S. P. The Paulist Press, New York, \$1.50.

This is a simple story of the life and sufferings of Mother Marie Victoire Thérèse Coudere, foundress of the Society of our Lady of the Retreat in the Cenacle. The institute was born in the poorest and humblest surroundings at La Louvesc, France, in the early years of the nineteenth century. Today it has



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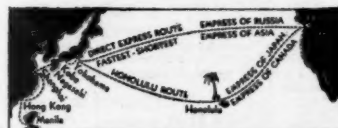
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Non-Catholics desirous of knowing the teaching of the Church on Marriage, especially in regard to divorce and annulment, will also profit from reading this book.

A seminary Rector writes: "I think very highly of it. It is clear, compact, practical, and the most useful little directory that one could possibly have. I must have a copy as soon as it is available. I advise all my seminarians to be sure to get a copy."—Dr. Oestreich, O.S.B., Belmont Abbey.

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houses of retreat for girls and women in almost every country in the world. In these Cenacles the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius are given by a community which learned them from the French Jesuits.

When Father Terme, the founder of the little community, passed away, while it was still in its infancy, he bequeathed it to "the glorious Patron, Saint Regis, to the Right Reverend Bishop of Viviers, and to the Jesuit Fathers." The part which the Jesuits played in the development of the community is brought out in detail. Although some of the Fathers who were delegated to direct the Sisters, acted, we may suppose, with the best of intentions, God permitted "that some of the decisive rulings by the Fathers of the Society shall be for the Sisters veritable crucifixions." Of a truth, they were the occasion of Mother Couderc living in silent, humiliating obscurity for about forty years. When Father Fouillot, S. J., took charge of the community he deposed Mother Couderc in favor of Madame de la Villeurnoy, who possessed "an immense fortune but beyond that her virtues are admirable." He thought that her great name would give prestige to the obscure sisterhood and draw novices to it, and that her great wealth would lift the community from debt. So, when a novice of only a few days, she was made Superior General. Her appointment turned out to be a great mistake. Dissatisfaction and disorder followed in her wake. Her short tenure of office (eleven months) furnished Mother Couderc with ample opportunity for the practice of heroic virtue. There were other appointments and rulings by the spiritual directors of the community which were equally occasions of merit for the humiliated woman. But in the end she was vindicated, and, as during her life she had been obscured, so at the end of her days her true worth shone with greater splendor.

**MIXED MARRIAGES AND THEIR REMEDIES.** By the Rev. Francis Ter Haar, C. SS. R. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. Aloysius Walter, C. SS. R. With an Appendix on recent ecclesiastical legislation concerning mixed marriages by the Editor, Rev. Francis J. Connell, C. SS. R., S. T. D. Frederick Pustet Co. New York and Cincinnati. \$1.75.

This work appeared originally in Latin a few years ago. It is worthy of special study by those who wish to obtain a fairly comprehensive idea of the question of mixed marriages. The reverend author has labored with great pains to present them with such a book. The whole question has been effectively covered. After pointing out the law of the Church against the contracting of mixed marriages and the reasons there-

for, he treats of dispensations from the prohibition, the remedies to be employed against such unions, and the duties of the parochial clergy to see that those who have contracted marriages of this kind live according to their promises. Father Connell, C. SS. R., contributes an Appendix giving the recent legislation concerning mixed marriage, which includes the Decree of the Congregation of the Holy Office of January, 1932, concerning the conditions for obtaining a dispensation from the impediment—a Decree which was wretchedly garbled by the secular Press.

There is no doubt that mixed marriages are the cause of great leakage in the Church, and the Church in her Canon Law declares that she "most severely forbids" them. On the other hand dispensations may be granted on the fulfillment of certain conditions. The dilemma of the pastor is "What to do?" *Mixed Marriages and Their Remedies* will afford him methods of action, and means of procuring the good of the Church and of souls. While the clergy may not agree with all that the author recommends, they can at least thank him for giving the thorny question a good airing. The book is worthy of recommendation, especially to the clergy and the studious laity. Parents who wish to keep their children from mixed marriages will here find plenty of matter for their consideration.

**TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?** By Rev. Frederick MacDonnell, S. J. Benziger Bros., New York. \$1.25.

The author of this volume has hit upon the novel idea of taking a number of the highlights of the encyclical of the Holy Father, *Lux Veritatis*, and by expatiating on them produced a logical and sincere "appeal to men of good will." As a veteran missionary among non-Catholics in the South, Father MacDonnell is admirably fitted for the task. He pleads and argues tactfully and persuasively without becoming controversial, but always conclusively and irrefutably. The language is simple and pleasing. Especially worthy of note is the chapter on Matrimony wherein the stand of the Church on this much misunderstood subject is explained in a lucid and uncompromising manner, albeit briefly.

While there is really nothing new treated in these pages, there is in them a decided freshness and timeliness. The entire encyclical is appended. One thing which is noticeably lacking and which would be of benefit to the inquiring reader is an index.

**THE POPE AND CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.** By the Rev. Otto Cohauz, S. J. Translated from the German by the Rev. George Smith, Ph. D.



D. D. Benziger Brothers, New York. Paper covers. \$0.40, net. Special prices for quantity lots.

The purpose of this book is to interpret the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI, *Casti Connubii* (On Chaste Wedlock), which was issued in December, 1930. The laity have in it an intelligible study of the papal document—one which will enable them to grasp its meaning more readily. Catholics cannot excuse themselves today from the necessity of understanding the Christian concept of marriage. It is especially imperative that they understand the position of the Church on the matters which are being so viciously attacked today—indissolubility, birth control, abortion, sterilization, etc. The more they know of the nature of marriage according to the Christian doctrine, the more will they be encouraged to live up to it and to defend it. Father Cohauz's booklet will aid them to do so.

**COMPENDIUM OF THEOLOGY.** By Very Rev. J. Berthier, Founder of the Missionaries of the Holy Family. Authorized translation from the fifth French edition, by Rev. Sidney A. Raemers, M. A., Ph. D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. \$2.75.

This is the fourth volume of the Compendium, which covers "the essential doctrinal points of both Dogmatic and Moral Theology, together with the more important notions of Canon Law, Pastoral and Mystical Theology, and Christian Philosophy." Surely, a pretentious work.

Volume Four embraces the General and Particular Laws of the Church, and the Obligations of the Different States. There are two Appendices on the Indulgences of the Way of the Cross, and Conditions for Obtaining a Dispensation for Mixed Marriages. The same general excellence prevails throughout this, as in the previous volumes. It ought to prove a handy reference work for those who have already gone through a complete course in the subjects of which it treats. A good index adds to its usefulness.

**MY FAITH—What Does It Mean to Me?** By Dom Hilaire Duesberg, O. S. B. Translated by Ada Lane, M. A. Oxon. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.00.

The reviewer took up this book with alacrity, expecting to find in it something worthwhile on the necessity of joining good works to faith, an ever-pressing necessity. But his expectations were not fulfilled. Perhaps the reason is that the author has not quite clearly fixed in his mind what he wishes to say (the first requirement for writing a good book) and as a result he says a great deal, but

in a rambling, confused sort of way which wears the reader. Then, too, the text is printed solid, and tires the eye.

**RELIGIOUS CERTAINTY.** By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J., Litt. D. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$1.50.

Father Scott here adds another readable volume to his already long list of popular and useful apologetic works. As a fundamental, he posits three questions: 1) Is there a God? 2) Who is Jesus Christ? 3) Did He establish a Church and, if He did, is it in the world today? After proving the existence of God, the Divinity of Jesus Christ and the existence of the Church of Christ today, the author takes up the four distinguishing marks of Unity, Sanctity, Universality and Apostolic Origin. The arguments are presented in an able, orderly and convincing manner and in language that is clear and dignified.

**LIFE RETURNS TO DIE.** By Edward A. Herron. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.00.

There is a triangle in this love story, but a triangle somewhat different from the ordinary. Two girls, Barbara Allen and Anne Farrel (not Farrell), love the same man, Arnold Paige. Arnold left a seminary and is staying with the family of Bob Farrel in the Berkshires. Bob is Arnold's best friend and is still in the seminary. Arnold meets Barbara under peculiar circumstances, falls in love with her at first sight, and finally becomes engaged to her. She dies suddenly of tuberculosis. Arnold runs away after the funeral, goes to France with the Canadian troops to fight in the World War in order to "forget," is wounded severely but survives. He recovers only to find Anne is his nurse. He marries her and has a daughter, whom Anne names Barbara, to please Arnold. They return to Stoughton in the Berkshires. But Arnold feels again the old love for his Barbara, buried in the cemetery of old Saint Mary's. He dashes out of the Farrel home and dies upon Barbara's grave. This incident may account for the paradoxical title.

In leading up to this melodramatic ending the author labors mightily and at interminable length. When Arnold died this reviewer heaved a sigh of intense relief, for the hero was decidedly on his nerves. Arnold seems an insufferable cad. The manner in which he acts towards Anne, out of a foolish devotion to Barbara in Heaven, is simply absurd. The author builds up Anne into such a beautiful and lovable character that it is inexplicable the way in which Arnold reacts towards her. Well, love, they say, is blind. It is certainly blind in this case. Instead of devotion lasting beyond the grave, the love of Arnold for Barbara looks very like a form of mild insanity.



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It was fortunate that he did not continue in the seminary, for had he been ordained he would very likely have become a menace in the priesthood.

This is a first novel. It is not our intention to be too severe, but an author must remember to observe proportion in his portraits of character, and that the conception of a melodramatic finale, intriguing as it may be, does not entitle him to pass the bounds of credibility. Two more remarks may be in order. The blessing of a priest is not *Benedictio Omnipotentis Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti*, but *Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti*. The *et* between the names of the Persons of the Holy Trinity is very significant, as it emphasizes the distinction of Persons in the unity of Essence. Another point is—why must Catholics in novels always clutch at their beads when they intend to pray? Are there no other methods of prayer?

Mr. Herron has talent and he has the ability to produce a more convincing story than the present one. Here's hoping he may exercise it.

**THOMAS DONGAN.** By Rev. Thomas P. Phelan, M.A., Litt.D. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$2.00.

Although it does not seem to be a very well known fact, nevertheless the truth is that a surprisingly large number of Irish names adorn headstones in New York City's oldest cemeteries. This being so, it is not strange that the first Colonial Governor of New York should have been an Irishman and a Catholic, Thomas Dongan. The year 1933 marked the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of Governor Dongan in New York. Father Phelan's scholarly and informative volume comes as a timely commemoration of that important event of Colonial times.

The book is mainly concerned with Dongan and his accomplishments and trials as Governor. A brief sketch of his family ancestry is given together with a short account of his declining years which were spent in England. Like so many great and noble men of history, Thomas Dongan was a victim of prejudice, jealousy and his own generosity. He died far away from the scene of his triumphs, discouraged, weary and impoverished.

Governor Dongan is, perhaps, best known for his splendid work in having the famous "Charter of Rights and Privileges" passed by the Assembly. That document "... enunciated truths which became in after years, the corner stone of American liberty, the foundation of its just and equitable laws. It defined principles which have become the symbols of American liberty." Thomas Dongan in his efforts to have this bill put through was, "... a seer, peering eagerly

into the future, a prophet before his time displaying an intimate conception of Catholic teachings, a modern appreciation of individual rights, an innate grasp of the theories of government."

It is an engaging narrative that Father Phelan writes, intensely interesting and indicative of much study and careful research. His style is happily free from the ponderousness so frequently found in biographies and historical monographs. The book is a valuable contribution to early American Catholic history both for the able account it gives of Thomas Dongan and for the true picture it gives of the formative days of the nation. "Historians are agreed that Dongan was one of the ablest if not the ablest of the colonial rulers. May our Catholic citizens learn the same lesson and be proud of his name and fame."

**S. T. THÉRÈSE OF THE CHILD JESUS.** An oratorio in three parts. Words and music by Evangeline Lehman. Theo. Presser Co., Philadelphia, Penna.

The premier of this oratorio took place in the Church of Notre Dame in Caen, France, where it had a most enthusiastic reception. Performances in this country have been no less warmly commended. The composer is an American who has written numerous compositions for the piano, but has never before attempted anything of such magnitude. She has succeeded remarkably well.

The work opens with a prelude for orchestra which gives a calm and peaceful suggestion of the childhood of St. Thérèse. It is a musical interpretation of sunrise on the hills of Normandy, giving an effective play to the increasing massing of *crescendo*. Charming melodies by the chorus offer a description of the little town of her childhood. This part closes with a fine chorus which strongly suggests the modality of plainchant.

The second part sets forth the life of Thérèse from her first Communion to her entrance into Carmel. Throughout, Miss Lehman has made a very appealing use of old French chants and Noël's for thematic material. These contrast quite happily with more modern and more serious musical phrases.

The final part extends from the beginning of her religious life to the death of the Saint. Here we find a constant alternation of solo passages and choruses of Angels and Archangels. The supple quality of the music lends itself readily to the varying emotions. The ending is effective. There is the death-bed prayer of St. Thérèse, a brief orchestral passage and a distant chorus singing *pianissimo*, "Amen."

This oratorio is sufficiently easy for rendition by school and college choral societies and glee clubs. It is modern in spirit, but happily balanced by a generous

and judicious use of folk songs which give a subdued religious atmosphere. Sincerity is in evidence throughout. There is none of that straining after effect found in many of the moderns. It could be wished, however, that there had been more use made of plainchant, particularly at the closing of the second part. While plainchant is for the church only, it does provide thematic material which could be put to excellent use in a quasi-sacred drama such as an oratorio.

**MANUAL OF THE MARRIAGE LAWS OF THE CODE OF CANON LAW.** By Rt. Rev. Louis J. Nau, S. T. D., LL. D. Frederick Pustet Co., New York and Cincinnati. \$3.00.

The author's Foreword says that "this Manual is published as a practical guide for priests who have charge of the care of souls," and that he "has purposely omitted the theoretical study of historical evolution of the canonical legislation on marriage."

Monsignor Nau brings to his task the fruits of many years' teaching in Mount Saint Mary's Seminary in Cincinnati, O., and also the experience gained as *Officialis* in the Metropolitan Curia. He has also the advantage of the recent papal Encyclical on the Sacrament of Marriage, *Casti Connubii*, and decisions of the Holy See in reference to sterilization and eugenics. Furthermore, he has consulted the latest editions of Cardinal Gasparri, Cappello, and De Becker on the subject of marriage. The clergy will find the Manual a useful summary of the matrimonial legislation of the Code of Canon Law.

**THE SPIRIT OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT,** by Christopher Dawson. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.50.

This book is an historical interpretation of the principal actors in the Oxford Movement. The author finds much inspiration in the poems of the leaders of the Movement as published in *Lyra Apostolica* because in his view "the language of poetry, even though minor poetry, is more universal than the language of theological controversy, and the *Lyra* express the spirit of the Oxford Movement even more clearly and directly than the Tracts for the Times themselves."

It is especially informative to learn that Hurrell Froude was the inspiration and directing genius of the Movement until, after his death, Newman became its leader and mouthpiece.

Dawson writes with clarity and understanding of the men and spirit of the Movement. He furnishes the reader with the necessary background, both of persons and motives, so necessary in order to grasp the significance of the Movement itself.



**CHARLES THE FIRST.** By Hilaire Belloc. (\$4.20.) In his forceful style the author reviews the life and times of Charles Stuart, last reigning and governing King of England, from the day of his birth in Scotland to the day when he bravely faced the hangman.

**WEeping CROSS.** By Henry Longan Stuart. (\$2.10.) A vivid and penetrating story of love and intrigue in early Puritan New England. Powerfully and beautifully written, and with consummate artistry. Without doubt the finest Catholic novel in recent years.

**PREFACE TO POETRY.** By Theodore Maynard. (\$2.90.) A book of valuable information. It introduces one to the beauty and magic of poetry, and helps one to derive from poetry much that, perhaps, has been heretofore missed or unappreciated.

**BY POST TO THE APOSTLES.** By Helen Walker Homan. (\$2.75.) Wherein the human qualities of the Twelve are caught in all their naive frankness and translated into modern terms to bring them home. The author combines lightness of touch with an amazing breadth of vision.

**OUR MOVIE MADE CHILDREN.** By Henry James Forman. (\$2.75.) No priest or teacher should be without a copy of this startling and informative volume. An exceptionally timely study of one of the nation's most serious contemporary problems.

**THIS IS CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.** By Adrian Lynch, C.P. (\$1.60.) A veritable mine of pertinent information on a misunderstood subject. Practical, understandable, instructive and up-to-date. There is no other book like it in English. The Question-and-Answer method used throughout.

**LIFE OF IGNATIUS SPENCER,** C.P. By Urban Young, C.P. (\$2.25.) A splendid biography of one of the most picturesque and influential figures in the early days of the Oxford Movement. Particularly valuable for the graphic and remarkable view it gives of those memorable days.

**BROADCAST MINDS.** By Ronald Knox. (\$2.75.) The irrepressible Father Knox here turns the guns of his keen wit and sure logic upon several of our better known intellectual lights, as well as upon some of the more prominent "isms" of the day. The result is devastating.

**UNDER HIS SHADOW.** By Francis Shea, C.P. (\$1.60.) There is an unction in these pages that cannot but warm the heart with love for Jesus Crucified. The author presents sublime thoughts in a striking and appealing manner. For priests, for religious, for lay-folk.

## WORTHWHILE BOOKS

**CATHOLIC** writers are producing many fine books from month to month, books that establish a viewpoint on the many questions of modern life; books that should not be missed by intelligent Catholics. **THE SIGN** has selected the works named below as some of the best examples of the Catholic literature being created today. To facilitate its readers in obtaining these books, **THE SIGN** is offering a new service. Simply send a card to **THE SIGN**, Union City, N. J., for any of the books named below. Prices in parentheses include free delivery.

**GREAT MAGDALENES.** By Hugh Blunt, LL.D. (\$1.10.) Thrilling and dramatic stories of lives which have furnished material for many a scarlet page in the world's literature. Father Blunt describes a feature of their lives seldom dwelt upon—their return to God as humble penitents.

**THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN TEXT AND PICTURES.** By Herbert McDewitt, C.P. (\$1.10.) The sublimely simple story of the Gospels in vivid and picturesque form. The text is made up of the combined narratives of the four Gospels; the pictures are from plastic models by Domenico Mastroianni.

**THEONAS.** By Jacques Maritain. (\$2.10.) The conversations of a sage explaining the key points of Scholastic Philosophy to a critical modern mind—On the Myth of Progress—the Superman, Christian Humanism, etc.

**HAPPINESS FOR PATIENTS.** By John J. Croke. (\$1.10.) Just the book for the infirm and shut-ins, as well as for those who help them on the road to recovery. It will instill the proper attitude towards illness in those who face the trials of physical suffering.

**THE LONG ROAD HOME.** By John Moody. (\$2.20.) The life story of a familiar and successful Wall Street figure, tracing his course down the long road that led to Home in the

bosom of the Catholic Church. Replete with colorful anecdote and richly sprinkled with the salt of experience and the wisdom of maturity.

**A COMPANION TO MR. WELLS' OUTLINE OF HISTORY.** By Hilaire Belloc. (\$1.35.) An answer to many questions asked by non-Catholics—to the easy objections that seem difficult to answer—a handbook for adequate defense of the Church in daily conversation.

**SAINTS FOR SINNERS.** By Archbishop Goodier. (\$1.60.) Character studies of the Saints who were first sinners or failures—how their sanctity was developed on this foundation.

**THE NEW PSYCHOLOGIES.** By Rudolph Allers. (\$1.60.) A valuable criticism of this new "science" by a Catholic Adlerian—an examination of psychoanalysis, etc.

**AFRICAN ANGELUS.** By C. C. Martindale. (\$2.10.) The unveiling of a world, bringing home the ambition to "christen a continent" with the author's own beauty of style and energy of purpose.

**THE SECRET OF THE CURE D'ARS.** By Henri Gheon. (\$1.60.) The high adventure of a parish priest in a little French village—with the values of eternity—makes these values the reader's own as far as a book can.

**THE MODERN DILEMMA.** By Christopher Dawson. (\$1.10.) Is our civilization now breaking up? What are the dangers and the possibilities of modern trends? These questions are discussed by the foremost Christian Sociologist of the day.

**THE QUEEN OF SEVEN SWORDS.** By G. K. Chesterton. (\$1.10.) An act of homage in poetry to Our Lady, by the best known Catholic English writer, inspires poetry with the truth of theology, theology with the beauty of poetry.

**THE NATURE OF SANCTITY.** By Ida Coudenove. (\$1.10.) How can anyone become a saint without ceasing to be human? The Leader of the Youth Movement in Germany defends humanity and sanctity.

**IN DEFENCE OF PURITY.** By Dietrich von Hildebrand. (\$1.60.) An analysis and explanation of the Catholic ideals of purity and virginity—a Catholic mind on this subject is an absolute necessity today.

**SANCTIONS.** By Ronald Knox. (\$1.60.) A house party discusses its own and other people's problems—how we do argue with our non-Catholic friends, and how we might do so, on the Ideal Man, the State, Education, as they are defined around a tea-table.

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MR. COLEMAN, GENT . . . . .	\$2.00
SHEPHERD TO WEEPINGWOLD . . . . .	\$2.10
THE ROAD TO SOMEWHERE . . . . .	\$1.35
ONCE UPON ETERNITY . . . . .	\$1.60
GOD'S FAIRY TALES . . . . .	\$1.60
THE THREE ROSES . . . . .	\$2.10
TRAVELLERS' TALES . . . . .	\$1.60
THE ANCHORHOLD . . . . .	\$2.10
MYSTICS ALL . . . . .	\$1.60
MORE MYSTICS . . . . .	\$1.60
OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE . . . . .	\$1.60



# Who Will Die Tonight?—

**T**HOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

## LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.*



*In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this..... day of ....., 19.....*

*Signed..... Witness.....  
Witness..... Witness.....*

# Painless Giving ♦ ♦ ♦



**GOOD THING** to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.**

*Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!*

*Please write or print Name and Address very plain.*



# FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

## —≡ 3 SUGGESTIONS ≡—

### MISSION NEEDS



### STUDENT BURSES



### YOUR LAST WILL



**1** Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

**2** Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

**3** It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... { \$ } Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

## YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.



# Where Put Your Money?

## GET A LIFE INCOME

### What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

### What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

### What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

♦ ♦ ♦

### What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

### When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

♦ ♦ ♦

### When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

### If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

### What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

♦ ♦ ♦

### Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

You can't take it  
with you!

—

Will you hoard it  
or spend it?

—

Give it away or  
make a Will?

—

Why not buy Life  
Annuities?

## HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

### Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

♦ ♦ ♦

### How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

♦ ♦ ♦

### What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

♦ ♦ ♦

### What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

♦ ♦ ♦

### What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **PERMANENCE:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **ABUNDANT YIELD:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **SECURITY:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **FREEDOM FROM WORRY:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **ECONOMY:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **STEADY INCOME:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

**PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY**



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